

NO. 1.

OYSTERS

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14

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

"Oh, mamma, do!" said Nell, whose heart was even softer than Fred's.

It was necessary, in order to do so, to go back from the river about a mile and a half to

rich now, and I'd give my whole fortune for
my child if I could but find her."

 A man of spirit—The distiller.

and to obtain from class legislation.—*Ly*
Transcript.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
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The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

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EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

The old year has gone with all of its joy and sorrow, and as we sit down to write 80 after the 18 we are reminded that we have entered another decade of the century, and as the years go the twentieth century will soon be here. Looking forward with hope into the future we foresee a better year. The prospect is encouraging in every way, and the new year cannot fail to be a happier one than its predecessor. There is a more cheerful tone in business circles, and every one is saying the times will be better. They will be so, if this tone is kept up, for cheerfulness and confidence are important factors of success.

We arrive at the entrance of a new volume of the Journal and to-day write Vol. XXX on our title. We are proud of the fact that many of the original subscribers have followed the fortunes of their favorite newspaper through the twenty-nine years that are gone, and are still reckoned among our readers. The kindly relations so long existing we hope may longer continue, and we shall spare no pains to make the weekly visits to their homes pleasant and profitable. An earnest effort will be made this year to enlarge our circle of readers, and if the old friends will aid us by introducing new ones they will confer favors upon us of which they will reap a part of the benefit, and for which they shall have our hearty thanks. The hard times strike a newspaper first of all, for the prudent reader imagines he can best spare his journal. Perhaps he stops his subscription and buys single numbers as his desires call for them, only to find that he has expended more by the latter method than the former cost him. With returning prosperity good reading is sought, and we trust that in making the selection for the year the Journal may not be forgotten.

We hope the New Year, which opened on Thursday so auspiciously, with bright and cheerful skies, and mild and genial temperature, may prove to be a bright and cheerful one throughout, with all that is genial and pleasant, in fact, as well as in name.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WOBURN SAVINGS BANK.—The meeting of the W. F. C. Savings Bank, which will be held this Friday evening is an important one. The officers of the Bank are confident of their ability to reopen their doors, and pay those depositors who may desire it their money in full. Their real estate, bank stock, mortgages, and cash amount to about \$10,000 more than the amount due to the depositors, and there is no doubt but what every demand will be met. They expect to resume business, not only paying out, but receiving deposits, and with confidence restored there can be no doubt of a successful career for the Bank. That such an institution is a necessity is recognized by all, and for those who have small earnings a Savings Bank is the best place for their deposit. The use of the bank by capitalists ought to be discouraged, as a prominent banker recently remarked, a man who has ability enough to accumulate \$500 has ability enough to take care of it himself, and ought not to trouble a savings bank with it. Ambition to do a large business has injured many savings institutions, and the lessons of the past few years will have been vain if they do not teach them to be less desirous of large profits and more mindful of security.

LECTURE.—Mr. James Burrows, who will be remembered as the orator in Woburn on last Decoration Day, will deliver a lecture in Woburn on the 15th inst., entitled "Batie Echoes," the proceeds to go to the Boston Charity fund. This lecture is not from the lofty standpoint of a General officer, nor in the "Dryadist" method of the average lecturer treating of battles fought in a past age. The lecture is full of human interest, and consists of vivid and eloquent recollections of actual personal experience in some of the great battles of the war for the Union. The speaker will exhibit many curious relics gathered by himself from historic fields, the whole forming a discourse of unusual interest to all who feel kindly towards the services of the Grand Army of the Republic.

KINDLY GREETINGS.—The meetings of the Ladies' Charitable Reading Society at the First Congregational Church, and the Ladies' Charitable Society at the Unitarian Church, occurred on Thursday evening. Dr. March of the former sent by the hands of Hon. J. G. Pollard a friendly note of New Years greeting to the friends across the Green, and Hon. Charles Choate was made the bearer of a fraternal note from Rev. Mr. Young in reply. Mr. Choate's appearance in the old church was the occasion by Dr. March of some very pleasant remarks, to which Mr. Choate made a very happy response.

Remember the little sparrows and feed them kindly, as Mr. Eli Cooper is so careful to do this cold weather. We observed him on New Year's day spreading seeds and crumbs on some of the church steps for his little wards who twittered their thanks in the most cheerful manner. A good example, which it is safe to commend and to follow.

NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION.—Rev. Dr. March received the children of the infant Sunday School of his church in the parlor and study on New Year's Day. He exhibited some stereoscopic views, and gave the little ones a treat, much to their delight.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

OUR NEW QUARTERS.

We cordially invite the readers of the Journal to call and see us in our new quarters. The mechanical department formerly occupied the second floor of the building, with a press room on the ground floor. The upper floor having been vacant for some time we decided to remove to that floor, and our only wonder is that we did not sooner take that course. All our material is on one floor, conveniently arranged, with due regard to economy of space and economy of time. As the visitor opens the door he is confronted by a powerful little Buel engine, which carries with perfect ease the various presses attached to it. Looming above and behind it is the boiler, which is the home of the giant who puts life into the wheels, making steam enough to run the engine, and at the same time fill the pipes which extend around the room and keep the office at a summer temperature. On the left is the patriarchal Adams hand press, no longer called upon to print newspapers, but very handy in the matter of posters and placards. Next is the small Globe press which is capable of doing certain kinds of work better than any other press in use. The power press on which the large editions of the Journal are printed is next in line, and flanked by a large size Globe press, on which we print handbills, pamphlets, circulars &c. At the front of the office are stands for the compositors. The room is lighted by fourteen windows, and its location above the adjoining buildings makes it one of the lightest printing offices in the county.

The editorial and counting rooms remain in their old location at the head of the first flight from the street, and customers will not be obliged to go any higher than before in making their calls. The rooms have been partitioned off, are lighted with three windows, and the walls papered and whitened, so that the dingy effect sometimes observed in newspaper offices is no longer visible here. A neat oil cloth upon the floor gives the counting room a tidy appearance, and the file racks and cases are grained in unison with the general effect. The counting room is warmed by steam supplied from the boiler in the printing office. The editorial room is in its old familiar corner, and is papered and grained like the counting-room and the floor covered with a carpet of a beautiful design. The editorial room is connected with the composing room by dumb waiters and speaking tube, and communication between the editor and the compositors may be maintained without either taking more than a step from their work. The Journal office taken as a whole is one of the pleasantest offices in Woburn, and we repeat the invitation with which we began to all our friends, come in and see us, any time from seven in the morning until eight in the evening.

We ought not to leave the subject of "our new quarters" without a word of commendation to those who have contributed to make them so agreeable and attractive. Our landlord, Mr. G. F. Jones, has spared no pains to make the change a pleasant one. Messrs. Goodley and J. H. Dean and their workmen have attended to the carpentry, adding and cooking the masonry and whitening, Henry Young the steam and gas piping, Charles E. Smith the painting, graining, and papering, A. E. Thompson, and Wm. Woodberry, and C. A. Smith furnished the floor coverings, L. Thompson, Jr., the office hardware, C. M. Strout the speaking tubes, L. W. Perham the dumb waiters, and G. W. Pollock the upholstery, and all combined have made our business home the costliest place in town.

HIGH SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.—The next entertainment in the High School course will be given next Monday evening. Mrs. Susan C. Pinder is the essayist, and she will present the following programme illustrative of the Augustan Era of English literature:—Sketch of Swift, Miss M. J. Wendell; Reading—Gulliver's Travels (containing a solution of the Maine difficulty), H. B. Wood; Sketch of Addison and Steele, Mrs. Pinder; Soliloquy in "Cato," H. W. Winkley; Dialogue from "Cato," Miss Emma A. Putnam; "Love's Leap," Mr. Geo. Perkins; Sketch of Pope, Mr. Winkley; Sketch of Pope, Mr. Winkley; Epistle of Elvira to Abeland, Miss E. T. Bond; Essay on Man, W. Scott Ward; Sketch of Gray, Prior, &c., Miss M. J. Packer; Shepherd and Philosopher, Miss S. A. Russell; Scene from Comedy, Miss Mary D. Converse.

The entertainment will commence promptly at quarter of eight, when it is hoped the audience will be in their seats, and the exercises will not extend beyond quarter past nine o'clock.

G. A. R.—The officers of Post 33 were installed on Thursday evening by Commander Ames, of Post 12, as follows:—A. L. Richardson, Commander; W. H. Matthews, S. V. C.; W. H. Arnold, J. V. C.; Joseph Johnson, Surgeon; James Carlton, O. of D.; T. H. Hill, Q. M.; John Devlin, O. of G.; Jeremiah McCarthy, Sergeant Major; H. F. Smith, Q. M. S.; Rev. J. H. Mason, Chaplain; John S. Mann, Adj. The Commander also appointed the following committees:—Trustees of the Hall, T. H. Hill, John L. Parker, W. H. Matthews; Relief Committee, C. T. Wood, H. Porter, Jere. McCarthy, W. H. Arnold, John J. Kelley; Employment Committee, T. H. Hill, W. H. Matthews, H. F. Smith; Auditors, A. P. Barrett, James Walker, N. Z. Tabor; Visiting Committee, J. F. Leslie, Amos E. Cutler, J. H. Mason, W. C. C. Colegate, G. H. Ayer, C. H. Harding, E. W. Hadley.

EGYPTIAN MASONIC RITE OF MEMPHIS.—A chapter of Rose Croix under this rite was instituted at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 23. The following officers were installed by Deputy Grand Representative Charles A. Jones, 95th degree, under a special dispensation:—Illustrus Brothers W. F. Davis, Most Wise; S. F. Trull, Senior Warden; Leonard Fowle, Junior Warden; Geo. P. Bartlett, Orator; Sir Knights James Reed, Prelate; T. S. Spurr, Conductor; J. H. Ropes, Architect; Geo. H. Conn, Treasurer; G. M. Buchanan, Capt. of the Guard; T. J. White, Guard of the Tower; C. F. Kelley, Sentinel.

DEMOCRATIC H. Q.—The Democrats of Woburn have secured a headquarters the room formerly occupied in Kelley's Block as a box factory.

EARLY MEETING.—There was a New Year's prayer meeting at the Congregational Church, from 6 to 7 o'clock Thursday morning.

DR. MARCH'S LECTURE.—The fifth and last lecture in the course was given by Dr. March, Wednesday evening, the subject being "Jerusalem." The severe storm prevented as large an attendance as on the former ones, but all who ventured out were well repaid for going. This ancient city, which to the reflective mind appears the saddest and most sacred of any spot on earth, does not show as complete desolation as some others, but when we consider that within the space of fifteen hundred years, it has been besieged seventeen times, and its walls leveled with the ground four times, we can imagine what changes it must have gone through. The houses being built mostly of unburnt brick, when one is to be removed to make room for another, it is torn down, and the ruins leveled so that a new one can be built. In this way each successive rebuilding has been higher than the former one, and all the houses now standing in the city are supposed to be as high above the roads which were traveled by the Son of God, David and Solomon as from the foundation to the roof of the present buildings. One English surveyor is said to have sunk a shaft in one place seventy-five and in another eighty-five feet before reaching the old streets. The city in its present condition has a gloomy look, and what was once described by the prophets as the beauty of the whole earth, looks now to the traveler, with its brown and gray hills, like funeral monuments.

In many of the wars in which its population has been engaged, the losses have been terrible. In one siege the loss was more than in our civil war, and in the attack by the Crusaders another million lost their lives. The city which is now probably nearly as large as it ever was, contains only two hundred and nine acres, portions of which are entirely occupied, and yet this small territory has more interesting and important events connected with it; has a record of more value to mankind, than any other place, and will continue to be a central point of attraction to millions as long as the world shall stand. Fine views of the principal points of interest in the city were shown by the aid of the stereopticon, and we think that all present realized the benefit to be gained by a more careful study of its past history, and all regretted that so instructive a course of lectures could not be continued.

REV. DR. HUNT.—The tenth anniversary of the settlement of Rev. George L. Hunt, D. D., as pastor of the Unitarian Baptist church, of Mystic Bridge, Conn., was celebrated on Thursday. During his pastorate Dr. Hunt has preached 782 sermons, attended 1804 devotional meetings, married 101 couples, attended 213 funerals. The membership of his church has increased from 500 to 719; there have been 233 baptisms and 100 deaths. Dr. Hunt was for several years a resident of Woburn, and graduated at our High School, and his friends here will be glad to hear of his successful ministry in "the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

FOUND HIS WATCH.—Mr. O. F. Bryant, who has begun his twentieth year at Chauncey Hall School, Boston, as teacher of physics and modern history, received from the students on Wednesday of last week a watch costing \$120. The money was raised in two days. Mr. Bryant's house, it will be remembered, was entered by burglars a short time ago, and his watch stolen. We congratulate him on finding, in so agreeable manner, another watch.

A NEW TIME TABLE.—It will be seen by reference to another column that a new time table has been issued by the Boston & Lowell R. R. The only change for Woburn is that the last train Friday night correspond with those of Wednesday. This is not quite what was foreshadowed a few weeks ago, but is undoubtedly a convenience to those who desire to attend entertainments in Boston on more than one evening of the week.

IMPROVEMENT.—A large boulder that for several years has pushed its hard head above ground in Mr. Pleasant street, much to the discomfort of teamsters, had about a foot of surface removed the other day, on the attention of Mr. Jones being called to it. Mr. Kennedy's powder and drill did the business.

A GOLDEN PRESENT.—Some of the friends of Lawrence Reed, undertaker, met at his house on Christmas Eve, and presented him with one hundred dollars in gold. Rev. M. D. Murphy made the presentation speech, and Mr. Reed replied with many thanks and good wishes to the liberal donors.

SELECTMEN.—Regular meeting, Thursday evening, Cummings absent. Application of Elizabeth Keenan for permission to keep an intelligence office referred to the committee on policy. Wm. Lynch recommended to the Secretary of State for peddler's license. Usual monthly bills approved.

WEEK OF PRAYER.—During next week union meetings will be held Monday evening at the Congregational Church, Tuesday at the Baptist, Thursday at the Methodist. During the other evenings of the week the different churches will hold their meetings as usual.

ATLAS OF WOBURN WANTED.—Any person having an Atlas of Woburn in good condition which they are willing to sell at a fair price, can hear of a customer by addressing "Atlas," at the Journal office, stating price.

GOOD SIGN.—A new sign has been put up at the corner of Main and Salem Streets, which will be found very convenient by strangers.

ACCIDENT.—Katie Coughlin had the middle finger of the left hand cut off in a machine at Simond's factory last Saturday.

DRAMATIC.—The St. Charles Dramatic Club will present their first performance next Tuesday evening.

POLICE COURT.—Wm. Tobin drunk \$3 and costs. Margaret Kelley drunk \$3 and costs, committed.

A GOOD SIGN.—T. H. Hill & Co. have put out their sign on the Fox Building. It is a neat affair.

LETTER FROM UTAH.

We have been permitted to copy a private letter from a gentleman in Utah, which will be found to contain points of interest.

OGDEN, UTAH, Dec. 14, 1879.

Friend — Believing myself in your debt to the extent of a letter, and with a few spare moments snatched from my busy office hours, I sit me down to endeavor to pen (or stylus) something which may serve to while away a tedious five minutes in its perusal. I have given the Mormons the benefit (?) of my attentions with a view to discovering something of their ways and manners, and the result of my observations to this date proves them in my estimation a very poor apology for upright and moral people such as they claim to be. The male portion of the sect are coarse, uneducated, and brutal, penurious to the last degree, and clannish in the extreme, with a set purpose to work harm to any and all who are not votaries of Mormonism. The women are beings of very slender intellect and large pedal extremities. I would consider it sufficient punishment for any crime less than murder to be compelled to kiss one of them. This city is the market place for everywhere within a radius of 20 miles, and of a Saturday the Mormon families come in with produce to exchange for commodities. They are all of a stamp, vulgar and insolent. You know they believe that the Indian is to be the means in the hands of God for exterminating the "proud Gentile race" as they are pleased to call all not of the faith; rather an extensive job for poor Lo. Through several women who have worked for us, cleaning house, etc., we have learned several instances of their inside actions—one case in particular, being that of an Englishwoman. Two years ago she was an inhabitant of a suburban town of London; being approached by a Mormon "missionary," she readily fell in with his teachings, and consented to make the pilgrimage to Zion (viz. Utah); charmed, no doubt, by his glowing pictures of that mysterious Mecca. Well, when husband and wife got to figuring up assets and liabilities, it was discovered the former would not pay the way of the whole family. Consultation with the "elder" followed, and through his advice the wife and three or four children started, leaving husband to follow when the money was forthcoming. I might here state that the policy adopted towards new converts is to get them to Zion by fair means or otherwise. They say to them (the converts), "Come on foot, by wagon or in any way, so that you get to Zion." Well, the wife arrived here, well housed and fed by the church, and in course of time was married to an Elder, probably under the spell of a "revelation." They do everything by "revelations" here which are scattered broadcast by the head revelation-slinger, or bishop. But to return to our mission. The husband arrived from England and was disowned by his faithless spouse. He is an object of charity in the city at the present time. There is a sort of European plan extant, in the manner of distributing the attentions of the polygamist gentlemen among their families; some remain in the house of No. 1 from 8 P. M. one day to 8 P. M. the following, and then go to No. 2 for a like period, and so on till he has gravitated round the cheerful circle, and then back to No. 1; others adopt the plan of remaining a week at each house; while others after a short period never send the house of some of their wives, merely sending necessary supplies, never allowing her to handle money, and jealous of even a lady friend visiting her. Can a more forlorn and lonely state of existence be imagined? If conversation with strangers they invariably refer to their unlawful consorts as their women, never wife, unless referring to the one who can rightfully claim that title, the first wedded. This is to avoid being prosecuted. Agents of the U. S. Government are here collecting evidence and making it very terrible for some of them.

But enough of this subject for the present. There are several peculiarities of trade here which may interest you. Potatoes, apples, wheat, corn, oats, etc., all sold by the pound. I've come in packages of one-half pound each, can scarcely ever be bought loose. I have entered into poultry raising with a zest worthy of success, but I fear with too much warmth. Eggs are very high here, so I bought me 20 birds and commenced operations by dosing them with red pepper. This treatment was pursued with an eye to business, to make them lay, until now my advent into the barnyard is hailed by a chorus of sneezes which are truly heart-rending, and the anxiety with which I peer into the newly-laid but still empty boxes, I have no doubt is regarded—by the hens—as a huge joke on me. In short, I don't see my way clear to a speedy return from my investment, not by the most eggs-ack calculation.

Living is on the whole cheaper than back East, the choicest steaks can be bought three pounds for twenty-five cents. Rents are 75 per cent cheaper than East. A good, substantial house can be erected for \$1,000, including price of land. Articles which have to be imported are very scarce and high, but the cheapness of home products more than compensates for this. I saw a beautiful pony with saddle and bridle complete sold at auction yesterday, for \$15. One can purchase a pony from the Indians for a gallon of firewater. Can't say I have made up my mind to remain here the rest of my days, but think it will suit me for a couple of years yet.

OUR CALENDAR.—We present our patrons to-day with a calendar for 1880, which they will find both pleasing to look at, and convenient for reference. Some of our new styles of type show off to good advantage upon it. We hope our friends will bear in mind the Journal job office is the oldest, largest, and best appointed office in town, and that any printing they may entrust to us will be faithfully and expeditiously done.

VALUABLE PRESENT.—The school teachers in town, in recognition of many favors at the hands of Mr. G. R. Gage, in his capacity as Treasurer, presented him on Christmas Day with a copy of the Rime of the Ancient Mariner, illustrated by Dore. Mr. Gage wisely regards it as the finest book in town.

PEDESTRIANISM.—John Weaver, champion of Woburn, and John Conway, champion of Stoneham, have put up \$15 a side, and will run five miles in Lyceum Hall this Saturday evening. There will be other races by ambitious amateurs.

PRESERVATION OF NEWSPAPERS.—Mr. C. B. Tillinghast, the State Librarian, makes the following suggestion in his annual report:—"The Library now possesses valuable files of several of the daily newspapers published in the city of Boston; but the press of other sections of the State is almost entirely unrepresented. If a suitable room could be provided, and assurance given that the files would be suitably bound and preserved, it is probable that many, if not all, the publishers of local newspapers throughout the State, would gladly contribute their issues, and assist in the formation of a collection that would be of inestimable value in the illustration of the local history and progress of the State. Such a collection would afford the richest mine of materials for the student of our history or political and social economy. No such collection, upon any systematic and adequate scale, has ever been attempted in the State; and, as there is no department of the Library more frequently called upon in requisition than its newspaper files, a general collection of the issues of the periodical press throughout the State would greatly enhance its value." We hope the Legislature will make the necessary provision. Mr. Tillinghast, as a journalist, realizes the importance of this matter, and every one who has ever attempted to prepare historical articles for publication will appreciate its value. The files of daily papers we have frequently found of great service, and local files would be even more so.

DISASTROUS FIRE IN BOSTON.—Last Sunday night a fire occurred in Boston in the "Burnt District," involving a loss of a million dollars. It started on Federal street, in the store of Rice, Kendall & Co., worked its way through to Devonshire and Franklin streets, destroying the Heliotype Co.'s works, J. Houghton, Osgood & Co., the Union Express Co., S. K. Abbott & Co., and several other firms. Mr. William M. Miller, who was burned out in '72, again suffered a total loss of plates, presses, &c. S. K. Abbott, pamphlet binder, did an extensive business, including the State work, and several important documents in his hands were destroyed. Mr. Abbott has for years done all the binding for this office, and only a few days before the fire, some of our work was received from him. The history of the Fifth Regiment with the plates was destroyed. Hart & Co. have desk room in the Union Express Co.'s office but lost nothing. The night was calm and the fire, or a greater blaze would have occurred. They have not yet reached the perfection of fire-proof structures in Boston, and the fire-alarm telegraph needs a little more attention.

THE NEW STATE GOVERNMENT.—The Legislature of 1879 will be organized Wednesday, Jan. 7, and Gov. Long will be inaugurated the next day. An order from the Adjutant General's office directs Lieutenant Colonel Edmunds of the First Corps of Cadets to report with his command and band at the State House, Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1880, at 12.30 P. M., for the purpose of escort to No. 2, for a like period, and so on till he has gravitated round the cheerful circle, and then back to No. 1; others adopt the plan of remaining a week at each house; while others after a short period never send the house of some of their wives, merely sending necessary supplies, never allowing her to handle money, and jealous of even a lady friend visiting her. Can a more forlorn and lonely state of existence be imagined? If conversation with strangers they invariably refer to their unlawful consorts as their women, never wife, unless referring to the one who can rightfully claim that title, the first wedded. This is to avoid being prosecuted. Agents of the U. S. Government are here collecting evidence and making it very terrible for some of them.

CALENDARS.—We are in receipt of a very pretty assortment of calendars for 1880 from the insurance agency of George H. Conn, Adkins Brothers, of New Britain, Conn., send a very convenient one, with a leaf for each month. F. A. Searle, poster printer, 262 Washington St., Boston, represent the days with figures one-fourth of an inch long, and all the months on one sheet, making a large but quite convenient calendar. T. C. Evans, the advertising agent, sends us a very pretty one. Also one from Wild & Stevens, the roller makers.

A HAPPY OCCASION.—This is what the Manchester, N. H. Union of last Wednesday calls the fourth piano-forte recital by the pupils of Mr. F. H. Lewis in that city on the previous evening. A very fine programme was offered. The Union says:—"At the close of the exercises, Mr. Lewis was warmly congratulated by the guests for the excellent entertainment which he had provided, and it is evident that his popularity, already great, is on the increase."

EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.—The South Carolina and Georgia Almanac for 1794, a copy of which has fallen into the hands of the Charleston, (S. C.) News, contains a table in which the populations of the chief cities of the United States are set down as follows:—Philadelphia, 42,520; New York, 30,000; Charleston, 20,000; Boston, 18,000; Baltimore, 13,503; Newport, 6,000. At that time the entire population of the country was less than 4,000,000.

THE LAST WALKING MATCH has shown that the scale of distance that can be covered in six days' tramp is steadily increasing; for, while the longest distance has not been surpassed, the average is better than that made at any other contest of this character.

ENLARGEMENT.—The Quincy Patriot commenced its 44th volume with the new year, and has been so prospered as to be able to enlarge. The Patriot is an excellent paper, and seems to be highly appreciated.

SKATING.—The ice is strong enough on Horn Pond to bear up the horses of the ice harvesters, and the skaters are also enjoying the icy season.

NORTH WOBURN.—The North Congregational and Unitarian Sunday Schools held their Christmas concerts last Sabbath evening. Rev. Mr. Young was present at the Chapel, and addressed the children in a very interesting manner.

READINGS.—Monday evening a large and attentive audience gathered at the church to listen to select readings by M. M. Cutter, of Medford, assisted by Miss Amelia McFarland, with song. The selections were well made, and listened to with great attention.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PLINNIUS PROGRESS.—By John Bunyan. Houghton, Osgood & Co., pp. 385, \$1.00.
In this reprint of a work probably as well known and widely circulated in different languages as any one except the Bible, the publishers have done themselves much credit. The illustrations are excellent and far better than those in editions issued years ago. This singular description of every grade of religious experience which has often been credited with doing as much good as any uninspired work ever published, was written under peculiar circumstances which give to it additional interest. Its style of treating the various transactions described are so original and unlike anything that has followed it, that it will always stand by itself as a masterly production of a most gifted mind. Rich in that Christian experience which enabled Bunyan to triumph over all trials and sufferings while bearing crosses most men would have sunk under, his pen was ever employed for the good of others.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT AND COOKING.—By Marion Parlin. Houghton, Osgood & Co., pp. 127, 75 cents.
Here is indeed the housekeeper's true friend and the long looked-for plain answer to the numerous questions so often asked by the young lady who has assumed responsibilities, for which she may not feel competent and the inexperienced cook who would know just how to prepare food and successfully perform the many duties so closely allied to the health, happiness and general welfare of every family. After a careful reading of this small book, our wonder is that so much could be gathered into so small a space, but one reason is that the author commences at the very beginning of house-keeping and explains every detail without one superfluous word. The recipes for cooking are so plain all can understand them and while rich enough to satisfy any taste short of the epicurean who totally ignores all the laws of health, are so economical that they can be used by all. Any one who reads this book will not wonder at the author's success in her efforts to spread a correct knowledge of and, as far as possible, lighten the work of housekeeping.

THE LOVER'S FRIEND AND OTHER POEMS.—By Nora Perry. Houghton, Osgood & Co., pp. 152, \$1.50.
A volume of sweet poems over thirty in number, and so varied in their subject that they show the ability of their author, to successfully change, from grave to gay, from scenes of loveliness and peace to the dread recital of the clash of arms with an ease and freedom possible only to the natural poet. Through the whole book runs that beauty of expression and style which gains the interest of the reader and ensures it a place among those works of which we never tire. The poems are so far from any chance for criticism that they must be welcomed by all, except that small class who cannot appreciate anything above the trash misnamed poetry which is discreditable to its authors, and worthless to any one.

St. Nicholas for January contains lively installments of the two serials, "Jack and Jill," by Miss Alcott, and "Among the Lakes," by W. O. Stoddard, and opens with a brief history of "The Proud Little Grain of Wheat," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass of Lowrie's." Mary Hallcock Foote has a stirring tale of a brave boy and girl in a Colorado forest-fire, with a full-page picture taken on the spot by the author. Frank R. Stockton contributes one of his "unexpected" fairy-tales, about a "Sprig of Holly," and Charles Barnard describes the heroism of a poor little girl who was a "Practical" Fairy in a theatre. Among the poems is one about Russian child-life, by Paul H. Hayne, with three striking pictures Ivan Panishnickoff. For the boys especially, there is a full description, with diagrams, of how to build a snow-fort, make shields and ammunition sleds, and carry on "Snow-ball Warfare," besides a picture of the storming of a snow-fort. For the girls, there is a description of a "Dolls' Baby-show," and how fifty little girls in an asylum were made perfectly happy; six pictures, by Jessie Curtis, illustrate this story. For the boys and girls together there are: an opera, based on the fairy-tale of the Sleeping Beauty, with a picture showing the costumes; a description, with plain pictures, of how to make and exhibit "The Boys' Own Photograph"; and account of the curious music and musical instruments of China, by Louise C. Elson, with nine illustrations. The art features of the number comprise a copy of George's painting, "The Relay in the Desert," and the story of the wonderful career of Giotto, "The Shepherd-boy of Vespi-nano." There are bright and comical poems here and there; and the departments, "For Very Little Folk," "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," "Letter-Box," and "Riddle-Box," are full of short and interesting tales, poems, items, boys' and girls' letters, and puzzles.

FUNERAL OF GENERAL EDMUNDS.—Gen. J. Cushing Edmunds, who died at Hotel Huntington, Boston, last Sunday, was buried on Wednesday, from his mother's house in Newton. The services were of a very simple and impressive nature and were conducted by the Rev. S. M. Freeland, of Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly of the Eliot Church, Newton, and the Rev. D. L. Furbur, D. D., of the First Church, Newton Centre. Among those persons in attendance outside the family were many of the old army associates of the deceased, including His Honor Mayor Fowle, General Adin B. Underwood, twenty members of Charles Ward Post 62, G. A. R., and ex-Adjutant General Col. James A. Cunningham, General Col. Isaac F. Kingsbury, Colonel Francis J. Parker, Colonel Shepard, Major E. S. Farnsworth, Captains Reed and Lauriat and Lieutenants Bowers and Hoyt of the Massachusetts Thirty-second Regiment Volunteer Association. The floral tributes lying upon the casket were elegant and profuse, the most prominent being the army emblem of the Old Fifth Corps—a Maltese cross—each of the two military organizations present having contributed two beautiful crosses in this peculiar design—one given by the Regiment Association being handsomely composed of red and white carnations and the other by the Charles Ward Post of roses with beautifully blended colors. The remains were followed to the burial place in Mount Auburn by the relatives and a committee from each of the two above-mentioned organizations.

Wilmington.
CHRISTMAS TREES.—The residents of the south part of the town together with Lexington people, assembled at the residence of Mr. Fernald E. Ham, Christmas night, and were entertained with a fine literary and musical programme, after which, Rev. E. G. Porter, of Lexington, and Mr. Ham distributed the presents from a well-filled tree.

ALMSHOUSE.—The foundation of the new almshouse is well under way, and Mr. Brown of Cambridgeport, having secured the contract, will commence building operations at once.

Wilmington.
A very interesting glass ball shooting match took place on Mr. E. Bradley Eames' grounds on Christmas day. A large concourse of visitors and friends assembled to watch the proceedings. The score stood as follows:—

Herman Eames,	0111100110000101-8
Frank Eames,	01111011011111-12
Ed O. Gowing,	011200010000110-7
Arthur Eames,	101001010000110-7
Allen Eames,	111011100001110-14
A. B. Perham,	11100001101111-10
Gardner Eames,	11010011000100-8
E. Bradley Eames,	11110101111111-14
Ed W. Eames,	10101110111110-9
John Weston,	11001101111000-5

The following premiums were awarded:—First premium, E. Bradley Eames, a silver mug worth \$5; second premium, Frank Eames, a silver mug worth \$3; third premium, A. B. Perham, napkin ring worth \$1.50. One more premium of a tin cup for the poorest shot was competed for by Ed. Gowing, Arthur Eames and Gardner Eames. Ed Gowing missed, and was awarded the premium.

CHILDREN'S PARTY.—The little folks of our town were made happy on Friday, the 26th. On this auspicious day Mr. George Thompson Eames arranged a children's party on the occasion of the birthday of his little daughter. The young folks enjoyed themselves immensely and went home full of excitement, one little maid remarking, "I had such a good time, I should like it to happen every day."

IMPROVED TIME TABLE.—Everybody in town feels happy over the improvement in the time table of the B. & L. R. R. Under the new arrangement we have gained three trains during the day, the 7 P. M. train out of Boston being the most important and desirable addition. Mr. Hosford is nobly redeeming his promise of giving our town additional railway facilities. This wise policy will in course of time build up this place and make it equal to any other town on the line of the road.

THE BOSTON HOME JOURNAL has won a deservedly high reputation as a high-class society journal, full of fresh fashion, musical and dramatic news and gossip, well written, with no offensive personalities or silly adulation, and beautifully printed, and is justly a favorite with the public, and one of the best family papers published. Our readers will do well to send for a sample copy, and those desirous of getting up a club may communicate with the manager, W. Wallace Waugh, 2 Music Hall Building, Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

GEORGE CLEMENT'S WIFE.

"Of all things this is the worst! If I ever in my life expected to hear such news! Why, our George has gone and got married! Dye hear?"

Good Mrs. Clements pushed her steel-bowed spectacles off her bright eyes, and dropped her letters in her lap, as she turned round to her husband, the stout, clever old farmer, who was contentedly stroking an old white cat.

"Deacon, dye hear?"

"This time when she asked the question there was a touch of sadness in her voice."

"Yes; what if he is married? I'm sure it's natural enough. It kind o' runs in the family, 'pears to me."

But Mrs. Clements would take no notice of this little pleasantry.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I don't. He needsn't think he's coming here with his fine, city-bred lady, all airs and graces and flounces and ruffles. There's plenty of good girls hereabout that wanted him. Right in the middle of work, too! To talk of bringing her here hoo-killin' time! I do declare, I think George is a fool."

A graceful, dainty little lady in a garnet poplin and ruffled apron, with a small, proudly-poised head, covered with short, dusky curls, having a pair of dark-blue eyes, so wistful and tender, a tiny rose-bud of a mouth, and a dimple in each pink cheek.

That was Mrs. Marion Clements. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her?

She sat in the bright little parlor, close beside the lace-curtained window, watching for the loved husband's return; and then, when she heard the click of the latch-key in the hall, flew for the welcome kiss. Looking up, she asked:

"Haven't you the letter this time, George? I've felt sure of it all day. Indeed, I've quite decided what dresses to take with me."

He smiled and shook his head. A cloud passed over her pretty face.

"Oh, George, isn't it too bad? And I do believe they won't write because they are sorry you married me."

He put his arm around her neck.

"And supposing such be the case, do you think it would make any difference with me?"

"Oh, no, no! only it would grieve me so if I knew I had alienated your own parents from you."

"And a one-sided alienation it would be, too! They have never seen you. And when they know you, they can't help loving you."

"Oh, George!"

The exclamation was caused by the kiss accompanying his own flattery.

"That's true as preaching. By-the-by, my dear, what would you say if the firm sent me off on a traveling tour of six weeks?"

A little dismayed cry answered him.

"You won't stay here alone, eh? But, Marion, it would be five hundred dollars clear gain to us."

"What need we care for money? I'd rather have you."

A mischievous smile played over the young man's lips; he was more matter-of-fact than this romantic, tender little wife of his.

"I think the addition to our balance at the banker's would be very consoling for the absence. But never mind, little pet. Let's go down to dinner. I hope we'll get a letter from home soon."

And soon it was; for Marion snatched it from his pocket the very next night. But her husband's face looked very grave and stern, and his eyes looked angry when she looked gleefully over the envelope.

"My dear, you must remember I care very little what the letter contains. Remember I did not write it; that you are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me, first, while I watch you."

A little pang of misadventure troubled her when she glanced over the note; then tears stole from under her lashes, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then, when she had finished it, she laid her head upon his shoulder and cried.

"It was cruel to let you see it, my wounded birdie. Let me burn it. And don't forget, darling, when our Bible says, that a man shall leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife. You are my precious wife, Marion, and to you I turn for all the happiness my life will ever hold."

He dried her tears and then they talked it over.

"Just because I am city-bred, she thinks I am lazy, haughty and dainty, and—"

"Never mind, Marion. She will find out some day. My father—"

"Yes, bless the dear old man. He has added: 'My love to my daughter Marion.' Oh, I know I should love him, and your mother, too, if she would let me."

"We will invite them down when I come home. By the way, Marion, I will stop at the farm on my way home and invite them down and bring them home with me."

"George, dear, I've been thinking about that trip West. I think you had better go and leave me at home. It won't be so very long."

Marion was eating her egg while she spoke across the cosy little *table-d'ôte* breakfast table.

"Spoken like my true little Marion, and when I come back I'll bring you a present. What shall it be, dearest?"

"Your father and mother from the farm. It shall be that hope that will bear me company when you are gone."

A fortnight after that Marion Clements ate her breakfast alone, the traces of a tear or so on her pink cheeks; then she dashed them away with a merry, joyous little laugh.

"This will never do, and now, that George has gone for six weeks, to prepare for his return. And I pray heaven it shall be such a coming as shall delight his soul."

"I don't know what to say. The land knows I need help had enough; but it 'pears to me such a slender little midget as you couldn't earn your salt. What did you say your name was?"

"Mary Smith. And, indeed, if you will try me for a week, I'm sure you will keep me till the season's over."

Mrs. Clements looked up at the window at the great clouds that were piling gloomily up; and then the wind gave a great wailing shriek around the corners of the house.

"You can cook, ken you? or shake up

feather beds—good big ones, forty pounders?"

A gleeful little laugh came from Mary's lips.

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to suit you, but I can learn."

Mrs. Clements walked out to the huge open fireplace in the kitchen where the deacon was shelling corn.

"What dye say, deacon; keep her or not? I kind o' like her looks, and the dear knows it 'ud be a good lift while we're killin', if she couldn't do more'n set the table or make mush for the bread."

"Take her, of course Hannah. You are hard driv', I know. Let her stop a week or so, anyhow."

So Mrs. Clements came slowly back and sat down again.

"You can't get away to-night, anyhow—there's a snow storm been brewin' these three days, and its on us now, sure enough. See them 'ere flakes, fine and thick. You may as well take your things up stairs to the west garret, and then come down and help me get supper."

Then followed directions to the west garret, and when she was gone Mrs. Clements turned to the deacon, and said:

"I never saw a girl before I'd trust up stairs alone. But such as her don't steal; I can tell you that, if nothing else."

Directly she came down in a purple print dress and white apron; her hair brushed off from her face into a net; a narrow linen collar, fastened with a sailor's loop of narrow ribbon. It seemed as if she had life, too, so handsly she flitted in and out of the pantry, and then down the cellar.

Then after the meal she gathered the dishes in a neat, quiet way, that was perfect bliss to old Mrs. Clement's ears.

"She's determined to earn her bread, anyhow, and I like her turn, too."

And the deacon had "taken a shine" to Mary Smith. One by one the days wore on; the hog-killing time was over and done; long strings of sausages hung in fantastic rings, arranged by Mary's deft fingers; sweet hams and shoulders were piled away in true house-wifely manner, and now Mary and Mrs. Clements were sitting in the sunny dining-room, darning, patching and mending.

"I don't know what I'm going to do without you Mary. I dread to see you pick up your clothes."

A blush of pleasure overspread Mary's face.

"I am so glad you have been suited with my work. Indeed I have tried."

"It ain't the work altogether, though goodness knows, you're the smartest gal I've seen this many a day. As I say, it ain't the work, it's you, Mary—me and deacon—"

Mary's voice trembled at the kindness of the old lady's voice, but she sewed rapidly on.

"It's so uncommon lonesome since the boy left the farm," she went on; "but it's worse since he got married. It seems like deserting us altogether."

"Have you a son? You never mentioned him."

"No, George has gone his way, and we must go ours. Yes, he married one of those crack-headed boarding-school people, who can't tell the difference between a rolling-pin and a milk-pan."

But despite her scorn, Mrs. Clements dashed off the tears with her brown fist.

"Is his wife pretty? I suppose you love her dearly?"

"I don't know anything about her, and never want to know. He's left us for her, and us old folks will leave him for her, too. Mary, just turn them cakes around; seems as if they're burning."

When Mary had turned the cakes, Mrs. Clements was leaning on the arm of her chair.

"Mary supposin' you stop with us another month yet, anyhow? The deacon will make it all right."

"It isn't the money I care for, Mrs. Clements, I only wish I might stay always. You don't know how much I love you."

"Love us? do you? Bless your heart. If poor George had only picked you out, what a comfort it would be to us all. But it can't be helped now."

She sighed wearily, then glanced out at the window, looked a moment, and then threw down her work.

"Bless my soul, if there ain't our son George coming up the lane! Deacon! deacon! George is coming!"

With all her mother-love rushing to her heart she hurried out to meet him. Oh, the welcoming, the reproaches, the caresses, the determination to love him still, despite poor innocent little Marion. Then, when the table had been set in the next room by Mary's deft fingers, and she had returned to her "west garret," Mrs. Clements opened her heart.

"There's no use talking, George, this fine fancy lady o' yours 'll never suit me. Give me a smart young girl like Mary Smith, and I'll ask no more. Come in to supper now. Mary! Mary!"

She raised her voice to call the girl, when a low voice near surprised her.

"Oh, you dressed up in honor of my son! Well, I must confess I never knew you had such a handsome dress, and you look like a picture with your net off, and them short, bobbing curls! George, this is Mary Smith, my—"

George came through the door and glanced curiously at the corner where the young woman stood. Then, with a cry, sprang with outstretched arms to meet the little figure that sprang into them. The deacon and Mrs. Clements stood in speechless amazement. Then Marion, all blushes and tearful smiles, went over to the old pair and took both their hands.

"I am George's wife. I was so afraid you would never love me, so I came determined to win you if I could. Mother, father, may I be your daughter?"

And a happier family, when they had exhausted their powers of surprise, amazement and pride in the beautiful Marion, never gave thanks over a supper table.

THE REASON.—"I can't get coin for greenbacks!" yelled a stump orator, while denouncing John Sherman. "I know the reason," said a small boy. "Why?" "Because ye haven't got the greenbacks," was the answer.

A matter of form—The newspaper.

A THRILLING APPEAL.—One hot day in July, 1860, a herdman was moving his cattle to a new ranch further north, near Helena, Texas, and passing down the bank of a stream, his herd became mixed with other cattle that were grazing in the valley, and some of them failed to be separated. The next day, about noon, a band of a dozen mounted Texan rangers overtook the herdman and demanded their cattle, which they said were stolen.

It was before the day of law and court-houses in Texas, and one had better kill men than to steal a mule worth five dollars, and the herdman knew it. He tried to explain, but they told him to cut it short. He offered to turn over all the cattle not his own, but they laughed at the proposition, and hinted that they usually confiscated the whole herd, and left the thief hanging on a tree as a warning to others in like cases.

The poor fellow was completely over come. They consulted apart a few moments, and then told him if he had any explanation to make or business to do they would allow him ten minutes to do so, and defend himself.

He turned to the rough faces and commenced:—

"How many of you have wives?" Two or three nodded.

"How many of you have children?" They nodded again.

"Then I know who I am talking to, and you'll hear me," and he continued: "I never stole any cattle. I have lived in these parts over three years. I came from New Hampshire. I failed there in the fall of '57, during the panic; I have been saying: I lived on hard fare; I slept on the ground. I have no home here; my family remain east; I go from place to place; these clothes I wear are rough, and I am a hard-looking customer; but this is a hard country. Days seem like months, and months like years. Married men, you know that but for the letters from home—(here he pulled out a handful of well-worn envelopes from his wife).—I should get discouraged. I have paid part of my debts. Here are the receipts," and he unfolded the letters of acknowledgment. "I expected to go home in November. Here is the testament my good old mother gave me; here is my little girl's picture, and he kissed it tenderly and continued:—'Now, men, if you have decided to kill me for what I am innocent of, send as much as you can from the cattle when I'm dead. Can't you send half the value? My family will need it.'"

"Hold on, now; stop right there!" said a rough ranger. "Now I say, boys," he continued, "I say, let him go. Give us your hand, my boy. That picture and those letters did the business. You can go free; but you're lucky, mind you."

"We'll do more than that," said a man with a big heart, in Texan garb, and the customary brace of pistols in his belt, "let's buy his cattle here and let him go."

They did, and when the money was paid over, and the man about to start, he was too weak to stand. The long strain of hopes and fears; being away from home under such trying circumstances; the sudden deliverance from death, had combined to make him helpless as a child. He sank to the ground completely overcome. An hour later, however, he left on horseback for the nearest stage route, and as they shook hands and bade him good-bye, they looked the happiest band of men I ever saw.

ALWAYS THUS.—It is so in politics, business, and everywhere else in life. The man whom you boost up the tree not only forgets to toss you down some of the fruit, but is as likely as not to pull you with the clawings.

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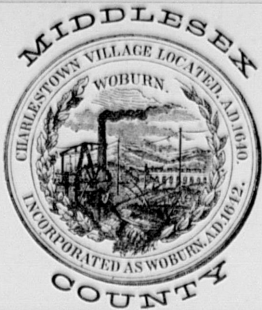
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WOBURN



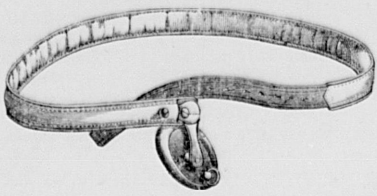
JOURNAL

VOL. XXX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1880.

NO. 2.

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Leave Woburn Centre at 6:35, 7:30, 9:00, 10:35,
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Poetical Selection.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Old Time is the drollest of wags,
And puzzles the world with his ruses;
He gave all to-day to the wise,
To-morrow he promised the fools.

At first he made naught but to-day,
With its joys, its successes, and sorrow,
Then, to keep on good terms with the world,
He promised he'd make a to-morrow.

The idle rejoiced at the news,
Put their hands in their pockets and slept,
Believing the promise of Time
Would be most religiously kept.

They never conceived that the rogue
Had promised to-morrow in fun,
So quietly to decay,
Leaving all to-day's work to be done.

At last they woke up, but to find
To-morrow was really a myth,
And thought what they'd do, when too late,
If they had the time to do with.

They prayed to old Time to return,
"Twas merely the wasting of breath,
For they found, as he laughed and flew on,
That to-morrow was nothing but death.

Selected Story.

THE APPLE BEE.

"Did I tell you about Rastus marrying
Judge Randolph's daughter?" asked grand-
mother, as I punched an apple and she sat
knitting in her high-backed rocker.

"Why, no," said I, fancying I saw a story
in her retrospective gaze, "you have told
me about Thankful and your mother and
your own courtship, grandmother, but of
Rastus, never."

"Well, I'll tell you about it. Seeing you
eating that apple reminded me of it, and,
besides, to-day is the sixteenth of Novem-
ber; Rastus's birthday came the seventeenth,
and I remember it was the day before, and
almost exactly such a day as this, seventy
years ago, that I was visiting them while
Alex tended General Court. Rastus was
showing me his freedom suit, he'd be twenty-
one next day, when mother came down from
the garret with a tray of apples, looking
vexed enough.

"Apples keeping well?" I asked.

"No, they must have got a little tetchy
by the frost before they were gathered.
There's one whole one beginning to rot
already, and I haven't time to pare them,
Mehitable's being sick."

"Mehitable was an old maid that helped
mother about the house.

"Why don't you have a bee?" I asked,
for to tell the truth I wanted to see the
young folks, my old mates, you know, and
show them my baby, for I thought he was
the prettiest and smartest child that ever
was. That was your Uncle William, dear.

Besides, Squire Dolittle's niece, Mistress
Randolph, was a visiting them from Vir-
ginia while her father was away in England,
and I thought may be she would come. I'd
heard a great deal about her, but I hadn't
seen her, though she had been visiting at the
squire's then for six months, or so; so I
said, 'have a bee.'

"A bee?" spoke up mother, 'well, now,
I never thought of that. I'm glad, Rastus,
you spoke of it. What do you say, Rastus?
They are nothing dreadful.'

"Let 'em rot," said he, throwing down
an armful of wood with a crash. He left the
room after it, when I first spoke of the bee,
and now he straightened up and looked so
fierce at mother that I spoke up quick as
could be:

"I should think you would be ashamed
to speak so to mother."

"Mother don't mind what Rastus says,"
said he, going up to her and patting her
shoulder, and he smiled at her in such a ten-
der way that I wondered as I always did, he
was so changeable; quick, but loving, no-
body minded what Rastus said, that's true,
but everybody liked him; mother set more
by him than all the rest of us children, so
we thought, but she said she never knew no
difference, only he was her baby.

"Let's have the bee. I'm twenty-one,
to-morrow, so if we have it then we can call
it a birth-night party. I'll kill a goose and
a white turkey that's been shut up so long,
and we'll have a real frolic. Shall I invite
Mistress Randolph, mother?"

"Why, of course, it wouldn't do to slight
the squire's folks."

"That's so. She'd feel hurt, no doubt,
not have a chance to see her pretty hands
paring apples, and he went off a whistling,
but he didn't look so happy as he tried to
seem. I could see that he didn't more than
half want the party."

"What does he mean, mother? Is Mis-
tress Randolph very proud?"

"Why," says mother, in a doubtful way,
'they say so, but I took tea at the squire's a
spell ago, and she was very helpful and
cheery. She didn't seem proud to me, but
she ain't like Mandy Smith.'

"I should hope not, mother."

"Nor yet like you, Jerusalem, nor Thank-
ful or Keturah. I think it's a way she has."

"Almira Bean rode up just then on her
old white horse. She hitched and come in
to see me and my baby, and while I was
showing him off, mother spoke of the apple
bee and mentioned that she calculated to in-
vite as far as Squire Dolittle's.

"The land sakes, you don't mean. Wall,
now, I never did!" says she.

"What's there so dreadful about having
an apple paring," said I, 'they are common
enough.'

"Oh, 'tain't that; 'twas inviting that
Randolph girl, with her silk gowns and white
hans, and her neck just so, and she twisted
back her head in a way that made me laugh."

"Mother says she's as pretty behaved as
need be," said I, 'and as to her hands and
neck, she can't well leave them at home, but
she can't wear a silk gown, and I hope she will,
I'm sure.'

"Rastus wants her to come, don't he?"
she asked in her sly way, that I knew meant
something; 'according to accounts, she don't
show none of her pride to him, or he would
not go to see her so much.'

"Does he go to see her so much?"

"Lor, you don't mean to say you hain't
heard? Why, they dew say he's waiting on
her."

"Almira," spoke up mother, 'won't you
jest step this way and see this piece of cloth?
I took it out of the loom to-day. I calculate
there's enough for two full suits.'

"Goin' to make Rastus's freedom suit of
it? He's a most twenty-one, ain't he?"

"Yes, he'll be twenty-one to-morrow."

"But mother didn't tell her about his new
brocade suit bought in Falmouth."

"I took right hold with mother after Al-
mira left, and we got along amazing spry;
mother was always a master hand at cook-
ing. I cut up the pumpkins that afternoon
and stewed them, and mother het the brick
oven. Stoves? Why, there wasn't no stoves
then; roasting and baking was done in the
brick oven that was first het by making in it
a roasting fire; then the fire was taken out
and the baking put in—furthest in, you
know, so the thing that must bake the longest.
We had a long shovle to pull 'em out
with. Yes, and the stewing and boiling was
done in pots that hung on the crane over the
fire-place; biscuits and Johnny cakes we
baked in a tin baker before the blaze on the
hearth. How was it made? Lor, child, I
don't know as I can tell you so you'll under-
stand. It was h'isted up on legs with a
slanting roof, but open on the side next to
the fire. The pan was set into it, and the
tin kinder drew the heat. When the side
nearest the fire got baked, the pan was
turned round.

"Well, well, where was I? If you ask
me to explain so much, I shan't never get
to my story's end. Heating the brick oven?
Oh, yes. Mother baked beans and brown
bread and rye bread, and mince and apples
pies in the evening. Then the next day we
were up bright and early and got on the
corned beef and het the brick oven again
for the goose and turkey, the pumpkin pies,
gingerbread and seed cakes and 'lection cake.
Mother had pickles and cheese and pre-
serves and pickled tripe and onions, so we
thought maybe we would have enough, as
we calculated on passin' g round apples and
butternuts early in the evening.

"You always laugh, dear, when I tell
about cooking. Folks didn't eat no more
than they do now, but you see, people got
in the way of cooking a great deal, and of
course mother would not be outdone.
Father was a good provider and never stented
her in victuals."

"The long kitchen was cleared out for the
paring, and by and by the dancing. The
long settee and cane-bottomed chairs were
ranged on one side fronting the fire-place;
and the round chair table was turned back
and set by it for Parson Stillwater when he
came. It made a curious looking chair, as
you can guess, but it was the seat of honor.
The top of the table made the outer part of
the chairback.

"And, if I do say it, no drosser in town
held brighter silver than mother's, nor hand-
somer china. Her mother brought it from
England. As for the pewter cups, what with
the scouring you couldn't tell them from
silver."

"The kitchen was low and ceiled with
big rafters. Hooks that were drove into
them held long poles where pumpkins were
strung to dry, and to-morrow there would
be the apples. Wooden candlesticks, two
or three in a bunch, were nailed to the wall,
but the best light of all was made by the
big roaring fire on the hearth. Father's and
Rastus's guns were slung overhead, and
under them hung the crooked necked
squashes. The great stone hearth, eight
feet long, stretched before it, where lay our
old yellow cat and Rastus's dog whenever
they got a chance. It was pretty often, too,
for when the fire was hottest, we had to go
back to the wall. Oh, how well I remember that
fire! It would do my old eyes good to see it
burning again just as it used to in the old days
so long ago. The old room isn't in use now.
Where we are sitting now used to be the
keeping room. It wasn't near so pleasant
as the long kitchen, and we seldom used to
be there. I remember exactly how mother's sam-
ples looked hung over the mantle-tree piece.
A pair of brass candlesticks stood at each end,
and a silver one in the middle, all with wax
candles in them, but they were never lit,
and there was a tray with snuffers of bronze,
but they were never used either. For we
thought everything must be kept just so,
and it's no wonder we didn't feel comfortable
there. I used, when a child, to pity Parson
Stillwater because he had always to sit in
the keeping room when he went to see his
people."

"At early candle lighting, everything was
ready, and I went out for a moment to
stand on the back porch. I remember ex-
actly how it looked out doors. There was
a little sprinkling of snow on the ground,
and the hills were quite white. The trees
were all bare and frozen, and rattled to-
gether dolefully in the wind, while up from
the little brook came the sound of the cold,
muffled waters, so I knew 'twas freezing
over. The young cattle were huddled under
the shed, and the cosset lamb was bleating
to get into the barn. I ran out and let her
in."

"Wonder, how I can remember so well?
Wait till you are old, dear, and you will
know how we spend our age in remember-
ing our youth, and in recalling scenes that
are pictured in our minds. Their faces are
turned to the wall, in middle age, but when
we get old, and are not good for much else,
we group around and bring them to light
and rub and polish them till we can see
every line distinct."

"I seem to remember that night particu-
larly, for I was so happy and peaceful like.
Baby went to sleep like a lamb, and for once
didn't have anything the matter with him."

"Alex, that was my husband, your grand-
father, dear, wrote me by stage that he
would be home from General Court in a
week's time to spend Thanksgiving at father's,
so my mind was at ease, and I was just be-
ginning to feel cold, and so thought I ought
to go in, when Rastus came out and put my
pelisse over me."

"Cold, Rastus?" he asked.

"I knew he wanted to talk about some-
thing, and I spiced it was about Mistress
Randolph, so I said:

"What is it, Rastus? Do you want to
tell me anything about the squire's niece?
You ought to have heard Almira Bean run
on."

"The old meddler! How dare she speak
of Portia Randolph at all!"

"Why, is she too good to be spoken of?"
I asked, laughing a little.

"She's an angel," he said, and he looked
so sad that I said to myself, 'Poor Rastus,'
for I seemed to see it all. A woman is an
angel only to the man that loves her, and
his look showed that he thought she didn't
love him."

"Tell sister Rastus," I said.

"There ain't much to tell, Rastus. She
is rich and handsome, and high-born and
proud, and I am no match for her."

"I don't see that," said I proudly, 'you
are well-born and handsome, with pride
enough, I hope, and as to money, you'll have
the farm sometime, and for the present the
you've got youth and strength. A true wo-
man weds a man for what he is, not what he
has.'

"Thank you, Rastus," said he, and his
face looked brighter. 'There's Philander
Smith a-coming, and Mandy, I know by the
way the horse wheezes up the hill. Here
they are. How d'ye do, Mandy, your
cheeks are as red as a pippin. I've half a
mind—no—well, then I won't, as he helped
her from her seat behind Philander on the
old gray horse."

"What a man you be!" said Mandy,
giggling at Rastus's nonsense.

"In a little while the room was full
'most. Great baskets of apples stood down
in the middle, where each filled a tray.
Most every one had fetched a sharp knife
and they fell to work right away so as to get
through and go to dancing. Sometimes a
spark and his girl would pair from the same
tray, and there was a deal of whispering.
It made a pretty sight anyway, so many
bright eyes and ribbons, and brass buttons,
and one that you don't see now-a-days."

"Mother and father were in the keep-
ing room with some of the old people, and
Rastus was everywhere joking, jolting and
laughing with the girls. You could see he
was handsome, tall and straight, and had a
way of saying just the right thing always."

"Mistress Randolph hadn't come but I
hoped she would, for I wanted her to see
him in his new suit. It was blue broad-
cloth with brass buttons, cut high in the
neck and tight in the sleeves, with a starched
cravat and handsome frills edged with real
lace at the bosom and wrists. 'He had
silver buckles to his shoes, and, indeed, as
I tell you, he was fine as need be. Philander
Smith had on a new suit, too, but it didn't
have the easy set that Rastus's had, as far
as his collar, 'twas so stiff and high that he
couldn't turn his head without drawing it
down or up. I pitied him before the even-
ing was over, his ears got so red, with the
sawing of his dickey across them."

"At last we heard the squire driving over
the frozen ground in his new leather con-
veyance. It was the only one in town, so
'twas easy telling him. People mostly rode
the old way on horseback, the woman on a
pillion behind the man. The squire un-
lashed his horse so as to see the new con-
veyance."

"Rastus mentioned our names to each
other, for Mistress Randolph had come with
the squire and his wife, and we both cur-
seyed, and then I helped her off with her
pelisse and bonnet."

"I couldn't tell how it was, but I could
see that she wasn't like the other girls, and
I laid it to her bringing up, but I know now
it was because she was better born. She
was pretty spoken and quiet, but she carried
her head so stately and her walk was differ-
ent."

"I remember her hair was dressed high
over a cushion, and across it in little waves
were strings of something that Mandy
Smith said were glass beads, but I knew
they were pearls. Her gown was a plum-
colored flowered silk, made with a tunic
looped up ever a satin petticoat, and she
wore high heeled shoes different from any I
had ever seen."

"Other girls in the room had eyes as
bright and cheeks as rosy, but after all she
was a great deal handsomer, and I didn't
wonder at Rastus, not a mite."

"I could see that Mandy Smith looked
vexed that Mistress Randolph should be
dressed so grand, for she was as fine as a
fiddle herself. She wore a new worsted
gown with a waist not longer than your fin-
ger, and leg of mutton sleeves that made
her look three times as broad as she ought
to be, and she couldn't compare with the squire's
daughter."

"How spriggish she looks!" said Mandy
to me. 'Linsey woolsey's good enough for
Miss Duolittle, why ain't it for her?'

"The squire's wife was right behind her,
but she didn't know it. You ought to have
seen how Mandy jumped when she spoke
up—"

"Linsey woolsey and silk doesn't make
the difference, Mandy, between a lady and
one that ain't. Portia wanted to wear one,
and I told her it made no difference what she
wore since she wasn't vain of her apparel."

"So Portia Randolph wanted to wear
linsey woolsey, and Rastus wanted to wear
fine broadcloth. I thought from that they
might some time come together, leastwise I
hoped so."

"When Rastus came around I noticed she
always blushed a little, but didn't seem to
see him, and he kept out of her way mostly.
When she first came he just made her a
handsome bow, and said:

"Good evening to you, Mistress Ran-
dolph," but after a while he fetched her
mother's silver dish and gave her his new
pocket-knife to pare with, but he didn't joke
and laugh as he did the others."

"How frolicsome they were! When a
paring came off whole without breaking,
they would toss it over their shoulders, and
when it fell it 'most always could be made
to stand for 'thus a sweetheart's name.' It
made a deal of sport."

"I sat by Mistress Randolph, and I could
see how she blundered at her work. It was
new to her, you see, but she tried to do well,
and was just beginning to be more handy,
when all at once she started and screamed a
little, and I saw her put an apple into her
pocket. Her hand trembled so that her
knife slipped and went into her finger, mak-
ing a large cut that bled dreadful."

"Rastus jumped and they all did when
they heard her scream out, and when they
saw she cut her finger they thought that was
the reason, but I knew better. I knew she cut
her finger afterwards, and I wondered great-
ly about that apple and if it had anything to
do about it."

"She said it was a small hurt and of no
consequence, but she wouldn't pare any
more; for at best she was clumsy, so if they
would tell her something that she could do,
she would try to do better."

"It's little she can do, I'm thinking," said
Mandy Smith, and she spoke loud enough
for any one to hear, 'most."

"The squire said he had fetched the harp
unknown, and now if Rastus would go out
to the conveniences, and fetch it in maybe
Portia would play, if she could with her cut
finger."

"She said that it wasn't a finger that she
needed to use, and they all said that it would
be a rare treat. So Rastus fetched in her
harp and threw the blue ribbon over her
neck, and she began."

"It was a ballad, all about a lady of high
degree and a poor lad that loved each other,
but she was forced to marry a lord or some-
thing, and how she pined away and died;
and the lad came from the wars all tilted and
grand, but he came too late; for she he
loved had married and was now dead. He
went crazed in his mind from that moment.
It was a sad song and so sweetly sung, that
every one stopped work to listen."

"Most of us never heard a harp before,
and it was a rare treat, for Mistress Ran-
dolph was called a very fine singer, and I
knew she had a way of touching the heart
that few have, for even Mandy Smith wiped
her eyes on her big sleeves, and some of the
young men blubbered right out, only they
pretended afterwards they were coughing.
As for the squire and father, they didn't care
if any one did see the tears they shed."

"She sang one or two other songs, and
then the apples were cleared away, and Hi-
ram Doesticks brought out the fiddle. Poor
old black Jack was dead, the one that used
to fiddle on training days and general mus-
ter, and now Hiram did it mostly, as well as
at all the kitchen junkets. He sat on a
bench at the farther end, and while he tuned
his fiddle and rosined his bow, the sparks
and their girls faced each other adown the
room. They danced money musk, four
hand reel, the Campbells are coming, and
by-and-by Virginia reel. Rastus danced
that with Portia Randolph, and somehow
when I saw how grand and handsome they
looked together, I was glad that he put on
brocade cloth instead of his wearing linsey
woolsey. I was foolish, I dare say."

"Well, they all went home, and the next
day mother and I strung the apples they had
pared. There were a number of bushels, I
seem to forget just how many. But that
wasn't the best of the bee. I could see that
Rastus felt better in his mind, and I wasn't
a mite surprised that when it came Sunday
night that he should dress up in his freedom
suit and go over to the squire's."

"Rastus told me next day that he was to
be married on Thanksgiving day; that
Judge Randolph came unexpected the night
of the apple bee, and that Portia had coaxed
him into letting her marry Rastus, though
he was much loath, she being an only
daughter, and he so fond and proud of her,
but that perhaps made him more yielding."

"Did she say anything about an apple?"
I asked Rastus.

"Why, yes," said he; how do you know?
It was one that had my name on it. She
said she was just thinking how silly they
were trying to make out their sweetheart's
names by throwing apple parings over their
shoulders, when all at once she saw my
name as plain as print. It seemed like witch-
craft, and she was so startled that she cut
her finger."

"How did it happen so? That's strange
enough!"

"Yes, unless you happen to know the
reason as I did," said Rastus. 'Alex told
me how the college boys had a trick of cut-
ting out names and pinning them on to an
apple just when it was beginning to turn
red; so I tried it, and forgot all about it, and
Portia got that apple, you see.'

"I told you before, dear, that Portia was
an only child. Well, the Judge couldn't
bear to be parted from her, so nothing would
do but Rastus must go to Virginia with him.
Father wouldn't let him go empty handed,
but of course 'twas little he could do with
the Judge's wealth. They went a week after
Thanksgiving, and mother cried herself
sick, that her baby, as she called him, must
leave her."

"Well, 'twas a happy marriage. Neither
regretted, I'm thinking, the way it turned
out, but Portia told me afterward that only
for that apple would she have sung that
song, and only for that song would Rastus
have dared to hope; so you see an apple
brought happiness to one couple, if it
brought misery into the world."

A VICTORY FOR CRINOLINE.—The fol-
lowing anecdote occurs in a paper in *Serile-*
ner for January descriptive of the simple
people known as the Acadians of Louisiana:

The sole innovation—successfully intro-
duced for an age into these self-isolated
communities—is crinoline. Long after hoops
had "gone out" in the fashionable world, a
merchant of New Orleans, by way of experi-
ment, shipped a lot which he had on hand,
to various remote hamlets. Great was the
consternation among the simple folk of Prai-
rie Gros Chevreuil, when they heard of the
arrival of the obnoxious merchandise. Had
they not seen them when they went to town
to sell their cotton and their perique? A
horror! a barbarism! Good enough certain-
ly for the Americans, and such others as are
in pitiable ignorance of propriety; but for
themselves—God forbid! Men of family
swore that they would not be disgraced by
their women making *bizarre* fools of them-
selves. Excitement culminated at the fol-
lowing Saturday night ball, when *Madame*
de la boutique appeared on the scene in glo-
riously expanded skirts. For once the ever-
ready oaths failed the men. They gazed in
dumb, open-mouthed astonishment upon this
audacious traitor to their sacred social tra-
ditions. Alas for their bravado! they gazed
too long! Crinoline conquered. Madame
was the belle of the ball. Not a man, mar-
ried or single, who did not beg the honor of
her hand for waltz or quadrille. Virtuous
indignation swelled the breasts of the women.
"That was always the way with the men.
They were forever praising plain dress to
their wives and daughters; but, *ma foi*, they
liked gay birds best, after all." The sequel
of this dramatic episode was enacted the fol-
lowing week. Early on Monday morning,
women on horseback and in calches might
be seen wending their way toward the bou-
tiques; this continued day after day, until
the supply of "hoops"—it is the thing for
them to quote English as for us to quote
French—was exhausted. The New Orleans
merchant doubtless plumed himself upon his
astuteness, when, a few days later, an order
came for another supply of these articles.

FALSE SYMPATHY.—A matter remarked
and commented on frequently is the morbid
sympathy exercised by many in the commu-
nity in the cases of flagrant violators against
morality and law. One commendatory trait
of our common humanity is the prompt man-
ifestation of sympathy and commiseration
for those who are oftentimes called upon to
bear seemingly unmerited misfortunes.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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The figures printed with the subscription's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1880.

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THE SAVINGS BANK.—It will be good news to the people of Woburn to hear that the Five Cents Savings Bank will be reopened for business on Saturday, the 21st inst. The bank closed its doors on the 23d of January, 1878, and was soon after enjoined from further business, and has been inactive ever since. The officers of the bank have been ardently engaged during the past two years in putting the bank on a sound basis, and their efforts appear to have been crowned with success. They have now \$138,000 in cash, \$177,000 in bank stock (present valuation), \$84,000 in mortgages that are good, such as would be taken as investments, \$40,000 in real estate that has been foreclosed, \$2,000 in accrued interest, making a total of available assets amounting to about \$472,000. The bank owes depositors \$458,000, which gives a surplus of about \$14,000. It will be seen by the above that the condition of the bank is healthy. The stock, mortgages and real estate could probably be sold for the amounts named, if necessity should require it. We do not believe, however, that all the money will be withdrawn. That large amounts may be called for is possible, but that the bank is to continue one of our permanent institutions, we firmly believe. It is the belief of the officers that if ever a bank was able to go on this one is, and we hope the people of the town who have always used it as the depository of their little earnings, will continue to place them there, and they may rest assured that under the present management their interests will be fully protected. E. D. Hayden, Esq., has been chosen a Trustee in place of Stephen Nichols, deceased.

HIGH SCHOOL COURSE.—The fourth entertainment in the High School Graduates' Course called forth a large and appreciative audience, last Monday evening, and showed conclusively that people of the present day are glad to be entertained by that which promotes the interests of acquired knowledge. The Augustan Age was aptly described by the e-ayist Mrs. S. C. Pindar, and the excellent choice and careful assignment of readings conspired to fill the evening with highly interesting matter, setting forth the characteristics of Swift, Addison, Steele, Pope, Gay, Prior, &c., in such a manner as to inspire a more careful perusal of English masterpieces. The readings by Miss M. J. Wendall, Miss L. T. Bond, Miss S. A. Russell, Miss E. F. Parker, Miss Mary D. Converse, Mr. T. M. Parker, H. W. Winkley, W. Scott Ward, and H. B. Wood, were well rendered. The dialogue from "Cato" by Mr. George Perkins and Miss Emma A. Putnam, deserving special mention for dramatic finish, and also the comedy scene. The next entertainment will be given on Monday evening, Jan. 19th, under the direction of Dr. S. W. Kelley, upon "The Times of Young, Thompson, Gray, and Goldsmith." These entertainments are free to all.

SINGULAR TERMINATION.—The case of Taylor vs. Town of Woburn, for damage sustained by the death of plaintiff's son in Dec., '78, at the corner of Sheridan and Burlington streets, was on trial at Cambridge this week. The jury came out on Wednesday and viewed the premises, but having been talked with by a neighbor, they were discharged the next morning. On examining the record it was found that the warrant for the Town Meeting held Sept. 22, 1873, was not properly returned according to the By-Laws, and consequently Sheridan street which was accepted on that day was illegally accepted, and is only a "private way not safe to travel." We understand the irregularity consisted in the posting up of attested copies on the meeting houses, instead of at the government Post Offices. The judge ruled the case out, but gave permission to the plaintiff to amend his declaration, and he now states that it was a private way, but that no notice to that effect was ever posted. The case was then postponed until April, to give the Town opportunity to prepare its defence.

THE ACQUITTAL.—Last Friday of John N. Buzzell, for the murder of his illegitimate child, was a surprise to everybody. Buzzell was willing and anxious to plead guilty to murder in the second degree, but Attorney General Marston thought he had a sure thing and put him on trial. The jury, after having brought in their verdict, went and shook hands with Buzzell and offered their congratulations. They were evidently impressed with the same idea that Buzzell was when arrested. He asked the officer what he was arrested for, and on being told that it was for the murder of the child found in Malden woods, coolly remarked, "Is that all?"

"DOING A FAVOR."—The *Detroit Free Press* tells a good story under the above title, and the New York editor of the patent outside copies it, and credits it to its paternal sheet. This week's *Advertiser* likes it so well that he copies it on his side of the shell, without credit, and his readers can read it twice for the same money. This is very generous; or can it be that he did not read his New York side?

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—There will be a temperance meeting under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association some time next week. Rufus Pickering will take charge of it.

DEDICATION OF A HOSE HOUSE.—Wednesday evening was a memorable occasion in Central Square, when more than two hundred people assembled in the new Hose House of Hose Co. No. 6. The new building having been completed, and everything in readiness, was turned over to the company a short time ago, and it was formally "opened" and "warmed" as above. The residents of that part of the town have taken a lively interest in the affair, and contributed money and material for the procuring of a feast worthy of the neighborhood and the occasion. Three tables were set for ninety-two persons, and the places were filled a second and third time before all were supplied. When the first company of guests were seated, Capt. Cook welcomed them to the hospitality of the house and invited Mr. W. J. Maxwell to invoke the divine blessing. The dishes were then discussed, and Capt. Cook introduced T. H. Hill, Esq., who was followed by Chief Engineer Ferrin, Engineers Poole, Pettengill and Ellard, Messrs. A. G. Carter, J. L. Parker, Mark Allen, and J. B. Davis. Mr. Carter closed with the following:—

We hear of Angels of Mercy and Angels of Light, The good Angel of Hope, and the Angel of Might, And angels with wings, but more angels without. And fallen angels we know nothing about. And then there is the bad angel, the tramp. But our good angel is the Angel of the Swamp. And when she's named and run by a Hart. She will be first at the Centre when she gets a good start.

The speeches were of necessity brief, on account of the waiting assembly below who were to fill up the tables for a second time. The company and the neighborhood was congratulated on the consummation of so desirable an object as the permanent housing of a hose company. The hall proved to be a strong one, and its walls are already graced with a fine display of pictures, and at the head of the hall "time" is noted by a handsome clock from Dodge's. The Ladies of the Square presented an elegantly mounted mirror for the hall.

While the first company was at supper, some of the younger people in moving about jarred a partition, against which a kerosene lamp was hung, and the lamp fell and was broken on the floor. Happily the oil did not ignite, for had it done so, a terrible catastrophe could not have been prevented. After all had taken supper, the lower floor was cleared, and the pleasures of the dance terminated the evening's entertainment. Those six starts under favorable auspices, possessing the favor of its neighbors to a degree never before witnessed in Woburn, and they will prove themselves in the future as in the past, worthy the confidence so fully bestowed on them.

CONGRESSIONAL.—On Tuesday Congressman Bowman presented in the House, papers relating to the claim of Charles F. Carr for compensation as informer against Edward A. Long, chief clerk in the light-house department in Boston. They were referred to the committee on claims. Mr. Bowman introduced, on Wednesday, a bill providing for the reimbursement to the State of Massachusetts of the sums of money expended by it for coast defenses, together with interest, which were found to be due by the commission appointed in that behalf, by resolution of Congress of July 9, 1866. It was referred to the committee on war claims. He also had referred to the committee on claims a bill appropriating \$414.10 to be placed to the credit of Samuel O. Upham, postmaster of Waltham, Mass., in his account with the postoffice department. This is to replace a like sum stolen from his office on the night of the 9th of September last. Mr. Bowman also introduced a bill appropriating \$15,000 to be paid by the postoffice department for the use of the Leavitt card cancelling and postmarking machine.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Woburn Agricultural and Mechanic Association, was held on Wednesday evening, and the following officers elected:— President, E. N. Blake. Sec. and Treas.—John Johnson. Directors.—E. N. Blake, John Johnson, E. D. Hayden, J. R. Green, J. W. Johnson, F. A. Flint, J. B. McDonald.

This venerable institution was incorporated in 1830, and in March will be fifty years old. It has done a vast deal of good in its day, though not especially a benevolent society, and is now strong and healthy, and in the enjoyment of a vigorous old age. It is well officered and well managed, and we hope it will survive to celebrate its centennial.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.—At the annual election last Sunday Rev. G. H. Young was elected Superintendent; H. M. Aldrich and J. W. Johnson, Assistant Superintendents; Josephine A. Hinckley, Secretary; D. H. Richards, Jr., Treasurer; Edward F. Johnson and Winthrop Hammond, Librarians; Mr. John Winn, Miss Marietta H. Bowers, H. T. Fletcher, John T. Trull, Directors.

INDUSTRY MUST PROSPER.—"Burned out! but not played out!" are the cheerful words with which S. K. Abbott & Co. announce to their friends and customers that they are running with full equipment at 46 Federal street, Boston. They have a good place of business and there will be no interruption of the usual prompt delivery of all orders entrusted to their care.

THE LOWELL JOURNAL.—The Lowell Journal gets out a handsome almanac of 24 pages for 1880, giving in addition to much seasonable reading, some account of the growing business and enterprise of Lowell, a comparative table of manufacturing stocks, and the official vote of the State for Governor.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.—Rev. E. A. Horton, of Hingham, will preach next Sunday, and will inaugurate a series of special Sunday evening services. Topic:—"New England Christianity." Other prominent clergymen will follow in the course.

RABBIT KILLING.—Some rabbits were let out in the meadow on Winn street, near Main street, Friday morning and some hounds set to worry them. Where was Officer Cooper, who is supposed to prevent cruelty to animals?

POLICE COURT.—John Burns, drunk, \$3 and costs. James Kelley, drunk, \$3 and costs, committed. Luke Payton and John Fitzgerald, vagabonds, six months each in State Workhouse, Bridgewater.

ARTIST CHORUS.—The "blacksmith" printers are hammering away at each other, and the sparks fly about in a lively fashion. The *Advertiser* began the war, and Mr. Jere Landre, in his New Year occasional, puts in some ringing blows. Listen to the music:—"There are people who think they know just how a newspaper ought to be run, and can tell you about it. The principal thing lacking with such is experience."—*Advertiser*, Dec. 25.

"All the experience the *Advertiser* man has, he gained since the advent of his half-shell sheet for public suffering, or rather the public that has suffered since its advent."

"Printing was once considered an art, but now almost any blacksmith who hasn't finished his apprenticeship can do the thing up brown. The possibilities of the future are immense."—*Advertiser*, Dec. 25.

"The only part of the art that he knows anything about, is as far as the publication of his vile sheet is concerned, even that has been a damage to him ever since his first publication. The unmitigated cheek, or rather brazen effrontery, with which he speaks of 'any blacksmith that hasn't finished his apprenticeship,' has caused no little amusement, as well as inquiry, as to where and when he became a 'blacksmith' editor. His contemporary, though more learned in the art, is the only one of the two who can lay claim to any perfection in the art. He also seems to have forgotten that the printing art was invented for others besides himself."

LEGAL TOWN MEETING.—If the Town Meeting of Sept. 22, 1873 was illegal, and Sheridan street is a private way, just as if the meeting had not been held, then Poole street at North Woburn, and Reed street, leading from Pleasant street to Rag Rock avenue, are no streets. The Town at that meeting, in addition to accepting the three above-mentioned streets, instructed the Selectmen to place seats on the Common, to provide text-books for the scholars in the public schools, adopted the regulations of the Fire Department, appropriated \$5,000 for grading streets where water pipes were laid, instructed the Commissioners to lay water pipes in Salem, Bedford, Canal and Buck streets, and instructed the Selectmen to petition the Legislature for authority to issue water bonds to the amount of \$100,000. Where are we?

INSTALLATION.—Wednesday evening, the officers, elected and appointed, of Mr. Horeb Lodge, F. & A. M., were installed by Right Worshipful, W. T. Grammer, as follows:— Charles A. Sweetser, W. M. S. Frank Trull, S. W. Thomas J. White, J. W. Frank B. Dodge, Treasurer. Sparrow Horton, Secretary. Charlie A. Jones, Chaplain. Leonard Fowler, S. D. L. Waldo Thompson, J. D. C. Frank Kelley, Marshal. W. F. Davis, S. S. S. Herbert Richardson, J. S. L. W. Perlman, L. S. A. V. Haynes, Tyler.

Retiring Master, C. A. Jones, was presented with an elegant Past Master's jewel.

BATTLE ECHOES.—Don't miss the lecture by Mr. Burrows next Thursday evening. He was a soldier in the 16th regiment, and subsequently served in the Veteran Reserve. He was detailed to visit the battle-fields at the close of the war, and has a splendid collection of interesting relics, which he will exhibit. Mr. Burrows' address last Decoration Day will be remembered as a finished production, and of unusual interest. His present lecture will be found to be much more so, and we bespeak a crowded house. The tickets are put at the low price of 25 cents, within the reach of all, and no one who goes will be sorry.

THE LEDGE ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF MEETING HOUSE HILL has been receiving some attention the past week. If it could be cut down to the face of the rock on the street line, and a stout fence erected that would remain the small pieces of stone that are constantly dropping off, the improvement would be a good one, and if all the loose rock on that side of the hill could be moved across the street, and a good road made across the meadow to connect with Mt. Pleasant street, near Alexander Brown's house, it would be the best improvement of all.

BOSTON AND MYSTIC VALLEY RAILROAD.—The annual meeting of the Boston and Mystic Valley Railroad Corporation, which was advertised to be held at the general office of the corporation, 168 Main street, Wednesday afternoon, met, and without transacting any business adjourned until Wednesday, Feb. 4, at the same place.

PRESIDENTIAL.—Last Wednesday evening the ladies of the Sodality called Rev. Father Murphy into the vestry of the church, and Miss Alice O'Brien, speaking for her associates, presented him with an elegant book-case, which will prove a very acceptable and useful gift.

DIRECTORY ALMANAC.—C. S. Parker, publisher of the *Advertiser*, gets out a directory of Arlington in connection with his almanac for 1880, which is neat and tasty in design, and very handy and useful. The work does him much credit.

A SQUAD FROM POST 33 accompanied the mustering officer to Stoneham last Monday evening, to assist in the installation of officers of Post 75. They went over in Hawkins' cozy little barge.

ANNUAL BALL.—The annual Ball of the Phalanx will occur on Friday evening, Feb. 27. Arrangements are in progress for making it one of the best of its series.

SUITS AGAINST THE TOWN.—The Taylor case is continued to next April. The Eaton case is withdrawn. The Brooks case is in order for next Monday.

THE POST'S FUNNY MAN speaks of the Speaker as the *Journal's* non-committal candidate, Mr. Noyes.

LOOK OUT FOR CHANGE OF TIME table on the railroad next Monday.

CHEW JACKSON'S best sweetnary tobacco.

Paragraphers all remind us
We may make our jokes sublime,
And by stealing keep beside us
Cords of copy all the time.

Copy that perhaps another
Racking his poor head in vain,
May appropriate, sans credit,
And, forthwith, take heart again.

But some have this consolation,
That, so brilliant is their wit,
Every clipper in the nation
Willingly would father it.

Consolation! Out upon it!
Every man who long would live,
Must with pencil nicely sharpened
Every item credit give.

Credit! Credit! I can't get it;
Have not had it for some time.
How, then, can I be expected
To give another what's not mine?

Get a "patent outside," brother,
If prosperity you seek;
You can safely steal your laughs,
And your living get by cheek.

PURIFYING DOW'S BROOK.—At a hearing at the State House, last Friday, before the State Board of Health, on petition of the Boston Water Board, to enjoin S. Dow & Co., from polluting the stream entering Horn Pond, Judge C. C. Esty, Hon. F. Thompson, Chairman of Water Board, and Mr. Whitman, Civil Engineer, appeared for petition, and Col. W. T. Grammer appeared for Mr. Dow. After a hearing, the Board of Health decided that no sufficient evidence had been presented that Messrs. Dow were not acting in good faith, it had been shown they had already made temporary improvements, and had shown plans of permanent structures they intended to erect in the spring. The motion to enjoin was laid on the table.

ACCIDENTS TO A DRIVER.—On Tuesday John C. Higgins, the well known hack driver, started out with "Topsy" hitched to a buggy to carry a passenger to Burlington. The horse was pretty free and before leaving the stable yard broke a whiffletree. Another buggy was taken, and the trip to Burlington made. After leaving his passenger, Mr. Higgins attempted to get in, but the horse turned quickly, threw him out, took the top of the buggy and ran home. On entering the stable yard, the horse slipped and broke the off forward leg below the fetlock. "Topsy" was one of Jones & Doyle's favorite horses.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.—At a meeting of the Grand Lodge, held Tuesday evening, the following officers were installed by D. D. G. D., Walter S. Barnes and suite, of Somerville:—Dictator, O. M. Brooks; V. D., P. L. Eaton; A. D., F. W. Bosworth; Reporter, E. W. Gray; Financial Reporter, T. B. Evans; Treasurer, A. S. Wood; Chaplain, C. M. Strout; Guide, C. H. Holland; Guardian, C. H. Harding; Sentinel, A. F. Blake. The lodge have also elected the following officers:—Medical Examiner, S. W. Kelley, M. D.; Trustees, A. S. Wood, S. W. Kelley, F. A. Flint; Representative to the Grand Lodge, E. W. Gray; Alternate, A. S. Wood.

SMASH-UP.—On Wednesday as Mrs. Lewis Perry, of Stoneham, was coming up Russell's hill, on Montvale Avenue, in a top buggy, with two children, the horse slipped and the carriage struck a post on the sidewalk. The horse ran into Prospect street, threw out Mrs. Perry and the children near the corner, and at the mill took the top of the buggy. Mrs. Perry was badly bruised but the children were unhurt.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The walking match last Saturday evening was not very fully attended. John Weafer beat John Conway in the five-mile run, completing it in 33m. 25s. In the five-mile walk, Fitzgerald won in 44m. 35s., with John Gately second. In open-to-all race there were six starters, and George H. Manning won in 32m. 40s., with Patrick McHugh second.

FALL.—Wednesday evening Mrs. Q. R. Ward fell on the icy walk and sprained her wrist.

LADIES' SOCIAL CIRCLE.—The Ladies' Social Circle held their annual meeting at the chapel, Wednesday afternoon, when the following officers were chosen:—President, Mrs. C. T. Parks; Vice President, Mrs. Jacob Linscott; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Carrie Parks. The ex-President intends taking a trip around the world the coming spring, providing the government will place suitable conveyance at her disposal.

WORTH WOBURN used to be noted for its gallantry. Now, ladies hardly ever venture into the post office of an evening, because the crowd, and the smoke, and the gossip is too much for them.

ACCIDENT.—A singular accident occurred at Randall's pond last Saturday. Howard Nichols, accompanied by his dog "Prince," and Charlie Bennett were engaged in fishing for pickerel bait. A powerful mastiff, a noted fighting dog called "Crib," attacked "Prince," and Howard knowing that "Crib" would not let go, drew his revolver and fired. The shot not seeming to take effect, he then grasped the revolver by the muzzle and struck the dog on the head, having previously cocked it in his excitement. The carriage discharged, the ball entering his thigh just above the knee, passing through the fleshy part, and was extracted on the outside of the thigh by Dr. Harlow. As the ball did not strike any cord or the bone, he will be confined to the house but a short time. It was fortunate that he escaped with so slight a wound.

POOR GARCON! He has not covered himself all over with glory. For a man who had so much to say about following the constitution and the laws, his failure to act, when told by the Supreme Court what the constitution and the laws mean, was simply disgraceful. He will be remembered, as long as he is remembered at all, as weak but obstinate, who saw, with self-satisfaction, the people of over sixty cities and towns disfranchised on frivolous technicalities for a partisan purpose, in which he did not enjoy the bad eminence of being a leader, but was a dupe of smarter and more mischievous men.

THE WOBURN POST OFFICE MONEY ORDER Department is being enlarged, which will prove a convenience to customers.

HAVE YOU MADE A MISTAKE on the date?

TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE, JAN. 11.—The phenomena of total solar eclipse will occur Sunday, Jan. 11, 1880, and will be visible in California. The central line of the eclipse crosses that State near the Salinas valley. The local time of the commencement of the eclipse is about 2h. 45m., and of the totality 3h. 55m. The time of total observation is 354 seconds for the centre of the path in that locality. The sun sets with the moon's shadow still slightly indenting the sun's upper limb. The total eclipse is the last that will be visible in any part of the West during this century. The next will occur on the 29th of May, 1900, and probably few of the old argonauts will be able to see it. It is said that Robert Neal Paine of Boston will endeavor to reach this coast to witness the eclipse, he having observed nearly every eclipse in the United States since the commencement of the century. From San Francisco, Prof. Davidson will take a coast survey party to the Santa Lucia mountains, about thirty miles southward of Monterey, if the season will permit traveling over a country partly destitute of roads. Besides the smaller instruments of the survey, he will carry a six-and-half-inch equatorial, with which to define any notable discovery.

STAMPS FOR CUSTOMS DUTIES.—A bill will be introduced into congress at an early day by which the system of Government stamps will be applied to the customs, as it now is to the postal service. By a lady living in any interior town will be able to obtain from the Post Office there the requisite stamps for the customs duty on a dozen pairs of Parisian kid gloves, and by including them, together with the price of the gloves, to a merchant in Paris, receive them by return mail, and thus save the expense of the middleman, which is often more than that of the articles purchased. A gentleman can do the same with regard to his box of Havana cigars or a package of the latest London publications.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR POISON IVY.—The "Medical Record" suggests the use in all cases of poisoning by this plant of Labarraque's solution of chloride of soda. The acid poison requires an alkaline antidote, and this solution meets the indication fully. When the skin is unbroken it may be used clear three or four times a day; or in other cases diluted with water to six parts of water. After giving this remedy a trial, no one will be disposed to try anything else. It is one of the most valuable external agents known to the profession, and yet seldom appreciated and but rarely employed. It will sustain its reputation as a local application in erysipelas, burns and scalds.

DEPT. OF MASS. G. A. R.—General Orders No. 9 of the Department of Massachusetts, Grand Army of the Republic, have been issued by Department Commander, J. G. B. Adams, of Lynn. The annual Encampment of the Department will be convened in the Academy of Music, Market street, Lynn, on Wednesday, Jan. 28, 1880, at 7 P. M., for the election of Department officers, and the transaction of other business. Department headquarters will be established at the Sagamore House, where the council of administration will assemble at 4 o'clock, P. M., Jan. 28.

STOP DRUGGING. The less medicine taken, the better. Nature will cure most complaints if the bowels and digestive organs are kept in a proper condition. *Laxina* is the only common sense cathartic ever introduced. It relieves and cures. Pleasant to the taste. Keep it in the house, it will save many a doctor's bill and prevent serious sickness. Price, 50 cents.

IF THE USE OF POSTAL CARDS is any criterion, the business of the country is increasing fast. The number of domestic cards sent out from the agency at Holyoke during the year was 246,063,060, an increase of 36,878,060 over the business of 1878, when the number was 209,184,000.

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HAVE YOU MADE A MISTAKE on the date?

Winchester.
RANGELEY HALL CONCERTS.—The third concert of the series given under the direction of Mr. Pond, at Rangeley Hall, was given Monday evening, Jan. 5. Quite a classical programme of piano-forte music was offered by Mr. Preston. The opening number was the Italian concerto by Bach, which was interpreted in a masterly manner. Other numbers on the programme were selections from Chopin, Rubenstein, and Liszt. Mr. Preston evidently excels more in the old than in the modern school of piano-forte playing. This is doubtless owing to the firm foundation acquired at the N. E. Conservatory of Music, under the able instruction of J. C. D. Parker, A. M. Aside from a too frequent use of the "una corda" pedal, and an unnecessary elevation of the wrists, Mr. Preston's style is quite pleasing. Mr. Cheney, of Boston, assisted with five vocal selections, two of which were encores. His voice, a tenor, is attractive as far as heard, a great amount of tone seeming to be kept inside producing at times a smothered effect. His manner is very acceptable, especially his good taste in waiting for the accompanist to finish the piece after the conclusion of the vocal part, thereby giving the composition a finished effect, which too often is not the case. Mr. Pond is to be congratulated for the cordial support given by the appreciative people of Winchester, and it is hoped that other entertainments will follow these.

REFORM CLUB.—At the business meeting last Monday evening the following officers were installed:—President, S. C. Small, 1st Vice President, J. R. Cobb; 2d Vice President, Alex. McKenzie; 3d Vice President, A. E. Rowe; Recording Secretary, Walter Hatch; Treasurer, Harrison Bates; Financial Secretary, Geo. M. Small; Marshalls, G. C. Kenney, J. W. Young; Steward, W. T. Dotten; Sergeant at Arms, T. P. Dotten. The Club is in a prosperous condition, and with its new board of officers its future prosperity cannot be doubted. It is expected that one of the four clergymen will be present at each meeting to take part in the devotional services. Able speakers from out of town have been secured and interesting meetings may be expected. Meetings at quarter to 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, and at 7.30 every Thursday evening. Next Sunday will be the reformed men's Sunday. Short testimonies from them are requested, and in addition the president will deliver an address on the "Ideal Reform Club."

Mrs. N. J. Simonds and daughter, of Woburn, were riding in a buggy Thursday afternoon, on Main street, near Mosley's tannery, when the transient belt broke, and threw them both out. The horse went on with the four wheels a short distance and was stopped. Mrs. Simonds was slightly lamed.

BROKEN TUG.—Friday morning, while Hemingway's milk wagon was standing at the drinking trough, the cars came along and startled the horse. The animal sprang forward and broke one of the tugs, but was held by Mr. Hemingway, who afterwards gave an exhibition of horse-training.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—As Philip Mahar, driver for Thomas Quigley, was coming down the hill from the Myopia Club House with two wagons loaded with stones, he was run over and seriously injured. He was walking behind the first wagon, and slipped and fell, and the second wagon went over him breaking three of his ribs.

ALMOST A COLLISION.—On Tuesday as the 10.15 train from Woburn was making a flying switch at the crossing on Main street, it was found that the switch was caught and could not be turned. By a quick application of the brakes a collision with the engine was avoided.

HEAVY FALL.—On Tuesday, an old gentleman and his wife, desiring to step off the cars at Winchester, attempted it after the cars had started. The old gentleman got off, and in assisting his wife, both fell heavily on the platform, sustaining some severe bruises.

GOOD SHOOTING.—The prize cake basket at the late Unitarian fair, was disposed of Thursday evening, by a shooting tournament. S. H. Folsom made a score of 63 in a possible 72 and took the basket.

ICE HOUSE.—R. Pickering & Co. are putting up an ice house on Wedge Pond, with a storing capacity of 2,000 tons. It will be 25 feet posts, 107 feet long and 35 feet wide.

H & L.—J. W. Huse H & L Co. have an oyster supper next Monday evening.

SAWED.—Capt. G. A. Hall sawed his fingers at Bailey's mill, on Tuesday.

GOV. LONG'S INAUGURAL is a concise state document, devoted exclusively to local matters, and written in unexceptionable style. There is nothing in it ambitious or aggressive. If it compares somewhat unfavorably with Gov. Talbot's message last year in the matter of direct and emphatic recommendations, it is probably due to the fact that Gov. Talbot's recommendations were so generally adopted, and the usages which he criticised, corrected. The first point to which Gov. Long calls attention is the remarkable difference between the cash on hand now, and a year ago, the smaller amount this year, by over a million dollars, making necessary a proportionally larger direct tax. It will be observed that the ordinary expenses last year were \$1,544,591.79, while the exceptional expenses were \$4,015,896.91; but some of the "exceptional" expenses are common enough to be "ordinary." The Governor is firm against increasing the expenses, or adding to the public debt, the interest on which amounts to nearly \$1,650,000 a year, or more than the "ordinary" expenses of the state government. His recommendation of an act codifying all laws relating to our charities is a good one, as are those for vigilant inspection of insane asylums and in regard to the treatment of prisoners. In regard to education, the Governor adopts the most progressive ideas of "trained and vitalizing superintendence" for every town. He favors the union of the Agricultural College with Amherst, if it can be done without violating the trusts involved. The Governor is not very extreme in thinking that the Hoosac Tunnel ought to pay its running expenses and improvements. He recommends that the inspectors of factories be made a separate department of the police, charged solely with the duty of inspection and the enforcement of the laws.

THE USUALLY DEJECTED expression on the face of that crier deepened into something like a green and yellow melancholy, and he seemed to be pining in thought. A reporter who had witnessed the defeat of his little team, and his own discomfort, approached the crier.

"Why hast thou done this thing

Journal Club Column

HIS NEW FLYING MACHINE.—An enterprising saloon-keeper on Grand River avenue is always on the lookout for any novelty that may draw customers, and perhaps that fact may have been known to the bland-faced old man who entered the place the other day and confidently began:

"If I could dray a crowd of one hundred men to your place here, what sum would you be willing to give me?"

"What do you mean?" asked the saloonist.

"It was known that I had in my possession a flying machine, and that it was to fly from your door here on a certain day and hour, wouldn't the novelty be sure to collect a thrifty crowd?"

"Yes, I think so. If you have flying-machine and want to show it off here to-morrow night, I'll give you a dollar, and if the machine is a success perhaps I'll buy it."

"Well, sir," continued the old man, in a whisper, I've got the boss! She flies from the word go! All I've got to do is to toss her in to the air, and away she sails. It's right down fine and no chance for failure, and I'll be on hand at seven o'clock to-morrow night."

The matter became noised about, and next evening there were fifty or sixty people in and around the saloon to witness the experiment. The old man arrived on time, having some sort of a bundle under his arm, and he collected his dollar of the saloonist and received several "treets" from the crowd. When everything was finally ready he stood on the walk clear of the spectators and said:

"Gentlemen, I warrant this thing to fly. I didn't invent it myself; but I am now acting as State agent to dispose of county rights. Hundreds of men have spent years of anxious thought and thousands of dollars in seeking to invent flying-machines, but this one leads them all. She will now fly. Please stand back and give her a chance to rise."

The crowd fell back and the man let fall the cover, hiding his bundle, gave an old speckled hen a toss in the air. She uttered a dismal squeak, sailed this way and that, and finally bumped against a telegraph post and settled down on a low shed, cackling in an indignant manner at being turned loose in a strange neighborhood. It was a full minute before the crowd was sure that it was a hen, and during that minute the old man is supposed to have run a distance of seven blocks. A few tried to overhaul him, but it was no use.—*Detroit Free Press.*

GETTING EVEN WITH THE P. M. G.—Ever since the late order of the Postmaster-General came out, a certain citizen of Detroit has been pondering on how to get even with the old chap. Yesterday he struck the idea. He entered the post office with a letter, or rather an envelope, containing only blank paper. He wrote the address on the upper left hand corner, upset the envelope and wrote the town, put the county on the lower left corner, and State where the stamp goes. Then he stuck the stamp in the center of the envelope, and below it requested to have the letter returned to him after ten days.

"It will come back," he explained, "for there is no party there by that name. I'll have to pay three cents for sending it 1,600 miles, but Uncle Sam has got to blink his eyes all over this envelope and then return it free. When this old government gets ahead of me I want to know it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SOME QUEER THINGS.—Take, for example the following genuine notice on an Irish church door: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in the churchyard but those living in the parish. Those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me, Ephraim Grub, parish clerk." Here is another kindred specimen: "Notice.—The church wardens will hold their quarterly meetings once in six weeks, instead of half yearly, as formerly." In the April of 1866, the following bill was stuck up: "This house is to be let forever, or longer if required." Such a house would quite match the gown mentioned by Miss Egworth, "which would wear forever, and might be converted into a petticoat afterward." Another peculiar garment is described in one of Lady Morgan's earlier novels as being composed of "an apparent tissue of woven air."—*Chamber's Journal.*

A boy from Honey Lake Valley, who for the first time in his life saw a military company out for a drill in Virginia City, with rifle and drum, gave his mother the following account of the business:—"A little man bowed on his squalid stick, and a big man that stood beside him hammered on his thunder-box, then the boss man pulled out a big long knife and shook it at the fellows that were standin' in a long row, and they all walked off on two legs."

The grandmother of a little four-year old had been telling her one day not to say people lied, but rather that they were mistaken. Her grandmother to amuse her, told her a bear story, which was a tough one believe. After she had finished, the girl looked up into her face and exclaimed, "Grandma that is the biggest mistaken I ever heard."

The great astronomer lives in Kansas. He has found a comet that is coming directly toward the earth and in broad daylight on the fourth of March, 1881, will strike the earth just in the middle of the United States.

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clench your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. Very good advice; but what if she screams?

"I walked the floor all night with the toothache," said he; to which his unfeeling listener replied:—"You didn't expect to walk the ceiling with it, did you?"

A Washington girl says that the best way to put to confusion a man who stares at you in the street cars, is to look steadily at his feet.

His true love was an old, old maid, About forty years or so; And he took the fiddle and gently played—"Dora, me fossil lassie, do."

Jonah is reported to have been the first man who struck oil.

Miscellaneous.

A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

A certain lodge of the independent order of odd fellows determined to have their lodge room done up clean and nice. It was resolved unanimously that Mrs. K. should be employed to do the job. After the meeting adjourned, the guardian, who knew the acquisitive character of Mrs. K., procured a billy-goat and placed him in a closet that was kept as a reservoir for the secret things. He then informed the lady of the wishes of the lodge, and requested her to come early next morning, and he would show her what was and what was not to be done. Morning came, and with it Madam K. with her broom, brushes, pails, etc., and found the guardian waiting.

"Now, madam," said he, "I'll tell you what we want done, and how we came to employ you. The brothers said it was difficult to get anybody to do the job, and not be meddling with the secrets of the closet; we have lost the key, and cannot find it to lock the door. I assured them that you can be depended on."

"Depended on?" I guess I can. My poor and dead one husband, he belonged to the free masons or anti-masons, I don't know which. He used to tell me all the secrets of the concern, and when he showed me all the marks the gridiron made when he was initiated, and told me how they fixed Morgan, I never told a living soul to this day; if nobody troubles your closet to find out your secrets till I do, they will lie there till they rot, they will."

"I thought so," said the guardian, "and now I want you to commence in that corner, give the whole room a decent cleaning, and I pledge my word and honor for the fidelity to your promise; don't go into the closet," and then left the woman to herself.

No sooner had she heard the sound of his feet on the last step of the stairs than she exclaimed, "Don't go into that closet! I'll warrant there's a gridiron, or some nonsense, just like the anti-masons for all the world, I'll be bound. I will take one peep, and nobody will be any the wiser as I can keep it to myself." Suiting the action to the word she stepped lightly to the forbidden closet, turned the button, which was no sooner done than "bah!" went the billy-goat, with a spring to regain his liberty that came near upsetting her ladyship. Both started for the door, but it was filled with implements for house cleaning, and all were swept clear from their position down to the bottom of the stairs.

The noise and confusion occasioned by this unceremonious coming down the stairs drew half the town to witness Mrs. K.'s efforts to get from under the pails, tubs, brooms, and brushes in the street.

Who should be the first to the spot but the rascally doorkeeper? After releasing the goat, which was a cripple for life, and uplifting the rubbish that bound the good woman to the earth, he anxiously inquired if she had been taking the degree.

"Taking the degree!" exclaimed the lady, "if you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs with the devil after ye taking things by degrees I have them, and if ye frightened folks as ye frightened me, and hurt to boot, I'll warrant they will make as much noise as I did."

"I hope you did not open the closet, madam," said the doorkeeper.

"Open the closet? Eve eat the apple she was forbidden. If you want a woman to do anything, tell her not to do it, and she'll do it certain. I could not stand the temptation. The secret was there. I wanted to know it. I opened the door, and out popped the tarmler critter right into my face. I thought the old boy had me, and I broke for the stairs with the critter butting me at every jump. I fell over the tub, and got down stairs as you found us, all in a heap."

"But, madam," said the doorkeeper, "you are in possession of the great secret of our order, and you must go up to be initiated and sworn, and then go in the regular way."

"Regular way?" exclaimed the lady, "and do you suppose I am going near the tarmler place and ride that ar tarmler critter without a bridle or a lady's saddle? No, never! I don't want nothing to do with the man that rides it. I'd look nice perched upon a billy-goat, wouldn't I? No, never! I'll never go nigh it again, nor you shall never—if I can prevent it, no lady shall join the odd fellows. Why, I'd sooner be a free mason, and be broiled on a gridiron as long as the fire could be kept under it, and pulled from garret to cellar with a halter, in a pair of old breeches and slippers, just as was my poor dear husband. And he lived over it, but I never could live over another such ride as I took to-day."

ELEGANCE OF HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper, or a king to set in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools for housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness; or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsters in the world can gather.—*Dr. Holmes.*

A young lady in Vassar College claims that Philology should be pronounced "Turner," and gives the following little table to explain her theory:—

1.—Phth (as in phthisis) is	T
2.—olo (as in colonel) is	UR
3.—go (as in gnat) is	N
4.—yrrh (as in myrrh) is	ER

JACK'S LESSON.

Here is a true story. Jack H. told it to me of his own boyhood. He was born and reared in the north of Ireland. The winters there are not usually severe, he says, but occasionally they have some very deep snows.

Father came through the shed where I was fixing some straps to my new shoes one day, and said, "Jack, do you get the sheep together before this night, in the lower fold. It looks as if this storm might last all night; if it should, it may be more easily done to-day than to-morrow."

I looked through the opened door at the snow, which was falling gently and steadily. It did not seem to be much of a storm. But I had been taught unquestioning obedience, and only replied: "Yes, sir; I will," and went on with my work. Before it was finished Tom Higgins came, and he had a new plan for making a rabbit trap, and we spent half the afternoon trying to carry it into execution, and the short winter day passed and the sheep were not folded. In short it quite slipped my memory, only to be recalled by my father's question as he drew the family bible toward him for evening worship.

"Jack, have you folded those sheep?" The blood leaped to my forehead as I was forced to reply, "No, sir, I got to playing with Tom, and forgot it."

The silence that followed my reply was dreadful to me. If my father had upbraided me with anger, I think I could have borne it better.

"I am very sorry, sir," I managed to stammer out at last.

"I fear you will have a very good reason to be so," said my father. "If those sheep are lost to-night, I want you to remember there will be no more play for you till they are found. People who will not take trouble will be overtaken by trouble."

Nothing more was said. The reading and the psalms and the prayer over, I slipped away to bed, taking a peep, as I went through the shed door to see how the storm was progressing. I saw it had increased, and the wind was rising.

Nothing had power to keep me long awake in those days, however, so I slept soundly. In the morning I found the storm still raging. The snow lay deep on the ground and the wind was drifting it into hollows and packing it away into solid masses. Father came in from taking a survey of the weather, bringing a rod full fifteen feet long.

"The snow is deep," said he, "I am troubled about those sheep; they always seek shelter in the hollows and along the hedges, just where the drifts will be the deepest. How we shall find them I do not know. I hope you are ready for a week's hard work, my son."

"Yes, sir, I am sorry, and I will do my best," I replied.

"Your best would have gone much farther yesterday than it will to-day. But we will not spend our strength in groaning over a bad job. After breakfast we will go out and try what we can do."

"In this storm, father?" said my mother, deprecatingly. "It is the worst storm of the year. The snow blows so you can scarce find your way."

"There are two hundred of those sheep," said my father, "and I can't afford to lose them."

Breakfast over, we bundled on our snowshoes, and with the long pole and a snowshovel went out to seek for the lost sheep. It cleared a little before noon, though the wind still sent the snow whirling about our faces; Father found one here and another there, and I was set to dig them out. Fifteen sheep were found and brought home that day as a result.

The next day the neighbors came and helped, for the weather had moderated, and there was always danger that a sudden thaw would follow such deep snows and the sheep would drown before they could be rescued. I. One by one, in twos and threes, the poor creatures were found and taken from the snow. But at the end of a week of search and hard digging there were still seventy-five missing.

"How long will any live under the snow, father?" I asked, when a second week of work had only reduced the number of missing sheep to forty.

"I have heard of their living three weeks," said my father, "we will keep on as long as we can find any alive."

The snow had settled into compact masses nearly thirty feet deep in some of the valleys, but still we found now and then a sheep by the hole which the warm breath of the creature made in the snow as it rose. I searched diligently for these holes. Little cared I that I had not a moment's play in all the days since the storm. I was anxious that all the sheep should be found alive. I think the first real prayer I ever offered, were sent up then that the thaw might keep away till the sheep were found.

It did keep away wonderfully. At the end of three weeks all but twenty-four were rescued. Still we searched, and now and then found a poor creature, famished and emaciated, but alive, which we carried to the farmhouse and consigned to my mother and the girls, who chafed, and fed, and tended it till it was well back to some degree of strength, while we spared no time from the search.

"It's no use to hunt longer; the rest are all dead," said my father one night, when we were coming home dispirited and weary, having found five of the poor things lying together drowned in one of the hollows.

"You have worked well. I think I must release you now."

But I would not be released. The word had been "No play till every sheep is found," and alive or dead, they should all be found. I toiled alone the next day, but I found three, and one was alive. The thaw carried away the snow so fast that I had less and less area to search over now.

But it was poor encouragement to work, for all I found were dead. A dozen times I was tempted to yield to my mother's persuasions not to throw away any more labor. But my father said not a word, and I kept on.

"The sheep are all found now, father."

"Well, Jack, this lesson has cost me almost a score of sheep and both of us a good deal of hard work; but if it teaches you to be faithful to all your duties in future, I shall not be sorry."

"Thank you, father," said I; and vowed inwardly that it should, and I believe that it did.

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Lowell, 7.30, 10.11, A. M., 12 M., 1.15, 2.30, 4.45, 5.35, 6.15, 7.00, 11.15 P. M.

Lawrence, 7.45, 11 A. M., 2.35, 4.45, 6.15, 7.11, 11.15 P. M.

Wilmington, 8.22, 7.25, 8.15, 9.30, 9.58, 11.29, A. M., 7.15, 11.15 P. M.

Waltham Hill, 7.45, 10.11, A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 7.11, 11.15 P. M.

Stonham, 7.30, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 11.30, P. M.

Montvale, 7.30, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 11.30, P. M.

Woburn, 7.30, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 11.30, P. M.

Woburn, 7.30, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 11.30, P. M.

Woburn, 7.30, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 11.30, P. M.

Woburn, 7.30, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 11.30, P. M.

Woburn, 7.30, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 11.30, P. M.

Woburn, 7.30, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 11.30, P. M.

Woburn, 7.30, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 11.30, P. M.

Woburn, 7.30, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 11.30, P. M.

Woburn, 7.30, A. M., 12.

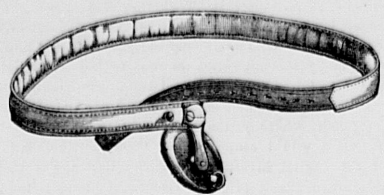
WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL XXX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

NO. 3.

TRUSSES



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Poetical Selection.

HIGHER, STILL HIGHER.

The moon from the east, in her glimmering car,
Urgeth her steeds towards her zenith star,
And her spokes and her tires dash silvery spray
Down the cool silent air, in her radiant way,
As she goeth her team, with an eager desire
To wheel up the sky, "Oh, higher, still higher."

And the wild eagle, feeding her clamorous young,
Shakes off the dew that cool o'er her clung,
And springs from her home on the mountain high,
And spreads her wings darkly along on the sky,
Till her plumes seem to burn in the blazing fire—
Yet exulting she screams, "Oh, higher, still higher."

And the billows draw on their frothing white shrouds,
And beat their hard heads on the low-flying clouds,
As faint they would burst the dim, murky pall
That hangs on the wings of the swift-flying gull,
And plunge in the lights that over them flame,
And thundering, "higher, higher, still higher."

And the century oak, that dared all the blasts,
For ages, of lightning that harmless it passed,
And beat 'gainst the stars through all the night long,
Catching low bars of their triumphant song,
Yet still it now moans, in each quivering lyre,
"Upward and onward—Oh, higher, still higher."

The lark in the grass by her dew-drenched nest,
Smooths o'er the plumes on her soft swelling breast;
When amber flames rain o'er the eastern skies,
And the purple air parts while singing she flies—
Her chants growing wilder, and her wings never tire,
As she floats like a star, "Oh, higher, still higher."

And thus, oh man, thou likenest them all!
Like meteors they rise, like meteors fall;
Though you blaze like a rocket along on the sky,
Yet prone in the earth you darkly must lie,
Then pray that thy spirit, with a holy desire,
Shall wing in the skies, "Oh, higher, still higher."

Selected Story.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

In the time when true love was in fashion,
In the days of chivalry, Lucy Rathdown
and her father inhabited an old castle
situated near the banks of the Dargle in
the county of Wicklow. Lucy having lost
her mother when quite a child, had neither
experienced the happiness of knowing, nor
the pain of lamenting her. Lively and
cheerful, the young heiress did as youth
usually does, she allowed her days, as yet
free from care, to pass unheeded by, with-
out according them a regret or honoring
them an adieu. Was this state of things to
continue long? No. One fine day there
arrived at the Castle of Rathdown a young
Irishman, of an ancient and noble family,
called Robert Kennedy. He was handsome,
well made, and gallant. Lucy on beholding
and listening to him felt her whole nature
change. She became pensive, she had lost
her careless manner. New sentiments pos-
sessed her mind, unwelcome thoughts oc-
cupied her. Her birds, her flowers, her
trinkets, which till then had delighted her,
were now only sources of weariness and
ennui; her ideas took another course;
Robert Kennedy was ever present to her im-
agination. Had he obtained possession of
her heart? No; Lucy loved not yet, but she
felt that she was beloved, and proud of
her power, although she had not herself ex-
perienced the charm of affection, her peace
of mind was gone.

One evening Robert was alone with her
in one of the galleries of the castle; he
had long restrained his fiery vehement pas-
sion within the bounds of submissive and
respectful devotion; but the violence of his
character only waited for an opportunity to
burst forth. He fell at Lucy's feet, and gave
vent to his ardent love in the most glowing
language. He thought to move her, and he
alarmed her; the young girl had never be-
fore listened to such strong expressions.
Ideas before unheard of and incomprehen-
sible to her were for the first time pre-
sented to her mind, and she shrank in terror
from them. The excess of his passion chilled
her.

The entrance of her father interrupted the
conversation; he ran hastily towards her,
and appeared a prey to the most ter-
rifying agitation. Half articulated words tell
from his lips; his look was haggard; his
limbs no longer supported him, and he sank
exhausted on a chair.

"Lucy," he exclaimed, "the Banshee!"
A deadly pallor overspread the counte-
nance of the heiress; she had comprehended
the fatal news.
"What! the Banshee?"
"Has appeared!"
"Is it possible—and when?"
"Just now."

"Where my father?"
"In the great tower. You know the
north window; well, I have seen her there
with my own eyes and by the light of the
moon."

"The Banshee!—great heaven!"
"She herself! As usual, she wore her
fatal white robe or rather her winding sheet.
Her long reddish locks floated over her
shoulders. She wrung her hands with every
appearance of despair. I heard her lament-
able cries: it is death—death that she an-
nounces."

Lucy stood motionless.
"My daughter," continued the lord of the
castle, "a tomb is about to be opened here.
God grant it may be mine!"

What was the cause of this alarm and
consternation in Rathdown Castle? The
mystery may be thus explained. The Ban-
shee in Ireland is an evil-doing guardian
spirit attached to the destiny of the ancient
houses of the kingdom. Each noble family
has its Banshee to watch over it. As long
as happiness abides with the beings she pro-
tects, she is invisible and dumb; but as soon
as a misfortune, a calamity or a death
is about to befall them, the Banshee appears
weeping. A shroud is wrapped around her.
She pours forth her despair in plaintive

groans, and a catastrophe is the uncertain
result.

Lucy on the following morning was by
the side of her beloved father. She had
passed the night a prey to the most poignant
anguish. Was she about to become an or-
phan? Or was she herself doomed to
perish?

"My father," said the young girl, "the
Banshee may perhaps have appeared only to
warn us from some great danger. The
calamity with which she menaces us may
not perhaps be death. Such a case has oc-
casionally happened, has it not?"

"Seldom, Lucy, seldom!"
"I faint, in this moment of peril acquaint
you with every secret of my heart. The
young Irishman whom you have received
within these walls, Robert Kennedy—"

"Proceed."
"He alarms me."
"Is it possible? but he adores thee, my
child. He cherishes but one desire, that of
devoting his life to thee. Robert is young,
wealthy, and handsome."

"Would you have chosen him for my
husband?"
"He appears worthy of thee. Wouldst
thou reject him?"

"Yes, my father; his heart is noble, I am
aware, but his character is violent. He
loves me, I cannot doubt it; but with a
frenzied passion."

"Then he displeases thee!"
"No, my father, I feel myself on the con-
trary attracted towards him; but there is at
the same time something in him which I
recoil. He fascinates yet terrifies me. I
have reflected, and I will not wed him."

"Still, dearest child, I am more anxious
than ever that thou shouldst marry. A
warning has been given, and I would not
die without securing thy—future posi-
tion in life. Has thy heart made no choice?"

"I think not, my father. Nevertheless,
among the young lords who have come
hither to visit the banks of the Dargle and
the cascade of Powerscourt, I have re-
marked Allan Macdonald."

"The Scot from the Hebrides! In truth
I know he is at this moment in Powerscourt
Castle with a friend of his family. Allan
Macdonald is certainly the handsomest of
Caledonia's sons. His reputation is blame-
less, his fortune large, his name illustrious,
and were I to ask thy hand—"

"My father, he has already done so."
"What? you have met him then?"
"Frequently on the banks of the Dargle.
You know how fond I am of riding over our
mountains; one morning, when I was on the
rocky platform which overhangs the torrent,
I found Allan Macdonald there."

"And there he told thee he loved thee, in
ardent and glowing language?"
"No, with gentle and tender looks. Allan
is a contrast to Robert. He does not give
vent to his love in passionate expressions, he
restrains and moderates it. One would say
that his heart beat slowly, but its pulsation
at that moment was the stronger. Robert's
heart beats far too quickly; the least
violation is the safest."

"Does he propose asking thy hand in
marriage?"
"I conclude so."

"Has he declared as much?"
"No, my father."

"Who then has told thee?"
"His silence. Allan Macdonald has an
eloquent countenance; besides, the heart
can often comprehend without the aid of
words; the eye listens as well as the ear.
So, my father, though I have not positively
heard it, yet I feel that I have understood it."

"We will see, Lucy. I will wait."
These words were scarcely uttered, when
a servant opening the door announced Allan
Macdonald.

In a few days, the news of the approaching
marriage of the heiress of Rathdown with
the Scotch laird from the Hebrides was cir-
culated throughout the country. Kennedy
was dismissed.

Lucy, although she had obtained the ob-
ject of her desires, appeared uneasy and
troubled; Macdonald, when by her side,
was fond, tender, and attentive, but never
animated, ardent, or impassioned; secure
now of his happiness, he calmly relied on it;
and being persuaded that his affection could
not be questioned, he no longer made the
slightest attempt to prove it. Alas! what a
contradiction is the human heart! Lucy
wished now to find in Allan what she had
recoiled from in Robert; she called to mind
the unbounded declarations of her first lover,
and comparing them with the quiet de-
monstrations of attachment shown by her
future husband, she sighed mournfully. In
vain she tried to console herself by saying
that Macdonald in his heart loved her, per-
haps, as much as Robert did; and that, be-
neath his apparent coldness, no less warm
of passion might be concealed; no reasoning
could mitigate her sorrow. She doubted
not that if a circumstance should arise,
which would cause his devoted love to break
forth, Allan would seize it eagerly. But
what love is that whose nature is only to
manifest itself on extraordinary occasions,
and as it were sword in hand, where vanity
itself is the chief motive that prompts it.
Such an attachment in this world gives a day
of recompense for a whole life of disappoint-
ment.

"The Banshee, the first and principal of Irish
superstitions, has a variety of forms and costumes. At
one time she is an old woman, clad in black, with
flowing and livid features; at another, she is a white
phantom, with a pale but youthful countenance. Her
garments are sometimes of the color which predomi-
nates in the armorial bearings of the house to which
she is attached. Recently, when the castle of Thanes
was destroyed by fire, the Banshee of the O'Neill
family was beheld on the principal tower; and a
short time before it fell, she displayed all the signs of
the most unbounded despair. The McCarthy, the
Sullivan, the O'Keefe, and other ancient families,
at the day of their impoverishment or extinction, have each
had their Banshee."

Lucy Rathdown, according to her custom,
was riding one morning on the banks of the
Dargle; she was followed only by a servant
on horseback. Allan was engaged at the
castle in making preparations for the wed-
ding. Lucy alighted from her horse and
ascended the rock of the torrent; she loved
this high platform, from whence, contem-
plating the depths of the chasms opening at
her feet, she beheld a wild and sublime pic-
ture displayed before her. She recalled to
mind the Banshee, and more than once said
to herself in a low tone:

"My life at present is, perhaps, like this
platform hanging over an abyss!"
Her future husband had promised to fetch
her from this spot; but time slipped away,
and Allan came not.

"He never hurries himself," said she;
"oh, if I had told Robert!"
Her reverie was interrupted by the noise
of a man's heavy footsteps. She raised her
head, and looked. Robert Kennedy was
advancing towards her.

"Pray, do not fly from me," said Macdon-
ald's rival, seeing her about to depart; "I
know all hope for me is gone; I will not
anxiously wait with my grief, you will soon be
the Scotchman's wife. Ah! he does not
alarm you with the transports of his passion;
he offers you little attentions instead of af-
fection, and gallantry instead of love. It
matters not, he has been preferred to me;
he then must be right and I wrong; I have
no reason to complain."

Robert had one of those fine open counte-
nances, in which are portrayed the generous
sentiments of a noble heart. His de-
votion and his looks displayed the fire of
courage and enthusiasm. Lucy could not
prevent herself from regarding him with a
sensation of vague and melancholy regret.

"Henceforth," continued he, "I will
cherish no more illusions, no more love for
woman. I will be calm as I ought to have
been to please you; but my coldness will
not be the repose of insensibility, for that is
not my nature; it will be that of despair. I
loved with impassioned truth, or rather with
a holy and enthusiastic adoration which,
once banished from the heart, leaves no feel-
ing there but a settled atheism. I will not
weep, Lucy, for the burning eye of despair
sheds no tears; but you will know my grief,
I trust. You will then understand how
much I loved you; you will then compare
mine with Allan's love, and you will then be-
lieve, one to weep. Pardon me, if I have again
alarmed you."

"No, Robert," replied the young girl,
much moved; "no, I know not why, but
you no longer alarm me."

"You know not why, Lucy, but I know.
You now recall to mind the ardent words of
passion; they no longer seem terrible to
you, you long for them, you love them; but
you would fain hear them from other lips
than mine, from those of Allan Macdonald.
He will never utter them, and that will be
my revenge!"

The betrothed maiden wept.
"Oh, do not weep yet," said Robert. It
is too soon now to shed tears; wait on these
gloomy shores until Macdonald becomes
your husband."

"Leave me," replied Lucy, "leave me—
your words kill me."

She extended her hand to him in token of
farewell. Robert bent his head respectfully,
raised her hand to his lips, and withdrew.
Allan had seen the kiss from a distance,
but had not heard the preceding dialogue.
He approached her with a gloomy air.

"If he could but be made jealous!"
thought the heiress; and then addressing
Macdonald, she said: "How I love this
spot!"

The bridegroom at first astonished, soon
regained his habitual calmness; a close ob-
server, he had divined Lucy's intention, and
it was evident that she would not have ad-
dressed to him this triumphant exclamation,
if her conscience seriously reproached her.
He, therefore, replied with a smile:

"I can easily fancy that this spot delights
you; so full it is of poetry and imagina-
tion."

Lucy and Allan once more mounted their
horses. Feeling indignant and annoyed,
Lucy remained silent.

The hour fixed for the wedding had struck,
and the heiress of Rathdown repaired to the
parish church. Her dress and her beauty
were equally dazzling. The language of
Macdonald, inspired by the excitement of
the *fete* and the charms of his bride, was an-
imated and his countenance expressive. His
hand trembled with emotion, and Lucy full
of hope and joy seemed to have attained the
summit of her wishes.

The nuptial ceremony was brought to a
conclusion; nothing had occurred to inter-
rupt the splendid solemnity. A grand ban-
quet followed, at which the bride was the
object of general admiration. The day drew
near its close; dancing, after the fashion of
the age and country, commenced in the large
hall of the castle; from this hall a circular
stone staircase led down to an open space
beneath, which was planted with trees and
flowers. It was a glorious night; the sky
glittered with stars, and the atmosphere was
imregnated with fragrance. Lucy, weary
of homage and adulation, sought to withdraw
herself for an instant from the crowd, and
collect her thoughts in solitude. She de-
scended the staircase, desiring to pour forth
her gratitude to the Almighty, alone in the
shady recesses of the garden, for the hap-
piness she hoped would be hers. She pur-
posed imploring His divine providence to
keep Macdonald ever loving, faithful, and
devoted to her; to render him more commu-
nicative and make her less exacting. She
was happy, and yet—she had need of prayer.

At the senses are awake during the day,
the thoughts are equally so at night. By
day the spirit in a manner elbowed by the

crowd is lost amid the intoxicating whirl of
outward sensations, and strays from the path
of reason; by night it is entirely free to
commune with itself alone. When but a
few paces distant from the staircase, Lucy
glided unperceived, under cover of the ob-
scurity, by a parterre of flowers; she inhaled
their pleasant perfume, and her eye glanced
toward the sky. Heavens! what did she
behold in the great tower of the castle and
at the northern window? The Spirit of
Rathdown—the Banshee!

She wore the winding sheet of the tomb,
her hair seen by the light of the stars re-
flected a fiery hue; her countenance was
agitated by convulsions; her limbs were
distorted like those of the criminals con-
demned by the Inquisition to the rack. She
stretched forth her arms towards the
heiress, and uttered a mournful cry.

The bride, freezing with horror, turned
her head away and fled. In the bewildered
state of mind into which she had been
thrown by the terrible apparition, she ran
as chance directed her footsteps, and lost
her way; her strength soon forsook her; and
alone, leaning against a tree for support, she
paused, utterly exhausted.

Her eyelids were closed, when suddenly
a strong arm seized her; she felt herself
borne off like a grain of sand, and carried
through the air. She strove to resist and
cry out for help; but her captor, placing
his hand across her mouth, kept her motion-
less and dumb. He who held her was
Robert.

He neither left her any means of looking
whither he was leading her, nor of calling
for assistance. She had a confused idea
that the athletic form that grasped her was
traversing woods, scaling mountains, follow-
ing the course of torrents, and climbing
rocks. A long interval elapsed; she was
on the platform of the Dargle.

Robert Kennedy paused.
"Heavens! where am I?" cried Lucy.
"On the edge of a precipice," answered
a terrible voice.

"Pardon—pity?"
"It is too late."
"Robert!"

"Fear nothing for yourself. On your
brow is a virgin chaplet; I will not pluck
it thence. Although you do not yet belong
entirely to the Scot, you are not less his
life in the sight of heaven, and the property
of another shall be held sacred by me.
No; I will not sully the robe of innocence
on the spot where the hour of eternity
will shortly strike. You loved this rock, Lucy;
it is on that account I have chosen it for
our last meeting on earth. I am about to
alarm you anew; such is my fatal destiny.
Lucy, bid me farewell."

"Farewell to you, Robert?"
"The last."

"No, no, I will have no last farewell, no
eternal separation. I understand not your
intentions, but I reject them beforehand.
What would you have of me?"
"A few tears."

He threw himself at Lucy's feet; the
night wind playing amid his black hair,
exposed his noble brow. An ominous calm
reigned there.

"Yes—a few tears," continued he.
And there, on the lonely rock, by the
pale gleam of the stars of heaven he gazed
on the brilliant dress of the bride with a
melancholy admiration; then resumed in a
sorrowful voice—

"Oh, Lucy! how beautiful you are! Has
he, the Scot, ever told you as much? Has
he ever been able to comprehend his happi-
ness? Let me, oh! let me enjoy the raptu-
rous bliss of gazing on you! It shall not be
for long, I am going from you. You shall
soon be delivered from me, Lucy. I have
loved like a madman. My love must end as
it began; it will have been only a long
infatuation. Yet, you see my voice does
not tremble, nor is it agitated. It is because
he, who has never known how to reflect
during life, has at last reflected before death.
In love our existence is complete only when
it is bound up with that of another; you have
not willed that I should exist, Lucy! Lower
your veil, one grasp of the hand, and adieu!"

"Robert—Robert!" exclaimed the bride
in the most heartrending accents, why have
you brought me hither?"

"That I might give you my last proof of
love. When we once become nothing in
the sight of the being who was everything to
us, then—he who loves well—dies."

With those words Robert arose; he held
Lucy's hand, and his pressure was returned.
"It is the farewell I asked for," resumed
he, in a solemn tone. Then advancing to
the edge of the platform of the Dargle, he
raised his eyes to Heaven, and crossing his
hands over his breast, precipitated himself
into the abyss.

The whole castle was in alarm. Allan
Macdonald having noticed the disappearance
of his wife had hastened in search of her;
but his attempts to discover her were fruit-
less. The guests invited to the *fete*, hearing
flambeaux and torches, traversed the grounds
and gardens, calling on Lucy in all direc-
tions. The countenance of the owner of
Rathdown wore an expression of madness
and despair; his lips uttered but one long
cry—

"The Banshee!"
Forty-eight hours had elapsed since the
fatal wedding-night. Lucy was no longer
on the banks of the Dargle; stretched on
her couch in her chamber at Rathdown, she
was recovering from a long attack of fever,
and had been for two days delirious. She
raised herself with difficulty, looked around
her with a dull and stupefied air, tried to
collect her thoughts, then slowly pronounced
these words:—

"Allan Macdonald—where is he?"
Alas! no one replied.

Lucy, on the morning after her marriage,
had been found lying senseless at daybreak

on the platform of the Dargle. Allan had
never been able to account for her being
there; doubtless she and Robert had re-
mained there several hours together; and
at night alone, remote from all! What
might not have passed between them before
the death of Robert? Allan had not for-
gotten the kiss imprinted on Lucy's hand;
in his alarming perplexity, and hearing no
word escape his wife's lips during the height
of her fever but ejaculations of "Robert—
Robert!" he had departed in a state of wild
excitement from Rathdown Castle, and had
returned, it was supposed, to Scotland.

The wretched father of the sufferer,
obliged to acquaint her with the whole
truth, endeavored to do so with all possible
care and circumspection. Lucy, however,
became not the less aware of her misfor-
tunes; her imagination even exaggerated
them. Her illness gained ground rapidly,
the fever redoubled its violence, and ere
long the poor bride—bride only in name—
was reduced to the last extremity. Her
reason could not resist the successive at-
tacks which it had undergone, and the un-
happy Lucy became a lunatic.

The body of Robert Kennedy, borne to a
distance by the waters of the Dargle, had
been discovered on a lonely shore. A paper
found on his person, a journal in which he
had traced his thoughts, narrated his sor-
rows, and developed his intentions, estab-
lished the innocence of the unfortunate
Lucy. It was then seen how Robert had
purposed carrying her off, what he had in-
tended telling her on the fatal rock, and
how, after that he had intended to die.
The Lord of Rathdown instantly forwarded
this precious document to Scotland; Allan
Macdonald received it, and immediately
started for Ireland.

Alas! Lucy beheld him without recog-
nizing him; she listened to him, but under-
stood him not. The incoherent words which
she uttered were so many daggers to him.

"Robert! he knew how to love. Allan
—had he heard? Each of them, each in
his own way, bruised my heart. Was
Robert the better of the two? I knew not.
At all events I only loved Allan."

The Scotchman hearing her speak thus,
lost his habitual reserve; ardent expres-
sions escaping from his heart mounted in
succession to his lips. Ah! why had they
not been uttered while there was yet time;
now it was too late.

One evening Lucy, descending from her
chamber, met Allan on the open space be-
neath the stone staircase.

"Do you see the Banshee from this spot?"
she asked him in alarm, pointing with his
finger to the great tower.

"No," replied Macdonald. "There are
no fatal apparitions now before us. The
night is fine and calm, the stars glitter in
the sky, the birds are singing in the woods,
the flowers exhale their fragrance; all
nature appears happy."

"Except ourselves," interrupted Lucy.
"Ourselves!" repeated Allan, joyfully.
"Am I then at last something in your eyes?"
You can think of me! Oh, henceforth, I
will bless this night!"

"This night! which? Listen: it was here
on a night like this, at this very hour, the
stars sparkled as they do now; the birds also
were then singing; the flowers had as sweet
a perfume. Well, what did all announce?
Despair—suicide! I heard the death-cry; I
saw the blood on the rock; then I grew
cold; my head burned. The flowers, the
birds, the stars, all alarm me now; all lead
to the fatal precipice. Do you see the Ban-
shee from this spot?"

"No, she is no longer in the tower; she
will not return thither. Banish all gloomy
thoughts; you are surrounded only by love
and devotion. May Heaven take pity on
you, on your father, and on me. We may
yet be restored to happiness."

"We!" repeated Lucy in her turn, with
an expression of surprise; "who then are
you?"

"He whom I loved? He who fled from
me?" replied she, with a bitter and forced
smile; "he is on the Scottish shore. He,
as Robert said, will not alarm me with the
transports of his passion. Would you be-
lieve it? I do not think he ever told me I
was beautiful. The other made me re-
mark this. I wore then my wedding wreath.
Oh! choose not the name of Macdonald,
and above all beware of winning his heart!
I am perhaps wrong to express myself thus,
for a cold heart is not entirely a lifeless
heart; he has herit—but is invisible. Allan
Macdonald, it is true, will never die of love
for any one—well, it matters not, I loved
him!"

"You loved him!" interrupted Allan in
the accents of despair. "Oh, no, no, for
you are killing him!"

"You doubt my affection for him?" cried
Lucy with redoubled wildness, and in an
attitude of triumph; "ah! follow me, you
shall see."

Saying these words,

NEVER SEEN A CHILD.—That was what our minister said in his sermon a few weeks ago, and if those four words made as much impression on the rest of his congregation as they did on us, that sermon will prove of more practical value than most that are preached, and the children of generations yet unborn will have good reason to rise up and call the preacher blessed. We have no idea of giving a report of that sermon, or even a synopsis of it. "What we have quoted is in itself a sufficient food for consideration, and enough to furnish food for thought through one sitting.

"Never snub a child." Mind that, you fathers and mothers who will read this! Think for a moment what is the effect a hasty, thoughtless word may make on the child's disposition. The little one may come to you when you are worn out by toil, tired from mental labor, engaged in reading or in conversation, or busied with some perplexing task, and trouble you with an innocent question. If you are vexed, don't show it; don't fret; don't look cross; don't speak hastily; answer the question as well as you can—some questions that children ask are not easily answered—and send the child away kindly. Its pleasant face will diffuse light and love over the whole house and do you a better service than you may be aware of. A frown, a rebuke, even the slightest check will show its effect on the child's countenance, and you may be sure it goes deeper than you can see, and last longer than you may think.

No opportunity to cultivate a child's self-respect should be neglected. That is the foundation of true manhood, and he who builds on any other builds on a quicksand. Better than the education of the schools or fortunate business connections, high birth or influential friends. These are all as adjuncts, but altogether they are less to be desired than that self-respect which begets confidence, energy and self-reliance.

If you want to try an experiment, take a dog and subject it for six months to the same treatment some children receive, and observe the effect. Our word for it, you will give it such a disposition that it will be known all over your neighborhood as an animal to be avoided. Somewhat like effects are produced on all other animals. There are, of course, differences. Some will be more easily affected than others, as their natural dispositions differ, but a harsh word is never without injury, and if this is the case with animals whose appreciation of praise or blame must be comparatively small, what must be the result when a finely organized child is the subject?

Many brutal instincts may, in a measure, be overcome by kindness, and, on the contrary, humanity becomes dulled by unserved reproof, even when it is not formulated in words. The world would be better if there were more kindly words, and many a child grows up to be a hard-hearted, unloving man who, if reared in an atmosphere of kindness, would have nourished the seeds of affection planted in his youthful days, and in his maturity be a blessing to all around him.—*Rural New Yorker*.

A gentleman of this city, somewhat offended at our comments upon the fact that payment was not made to the man who had his load of hay and wagon burned, by a lighted match applied by a son of the irate gentleman, came into our office the other day in an indignant mood, and after giving us a fitting and proper reprimand, proceeded to tear up a copy of *Journal* and obnoxious article and scatter the fragments about the floor, stating that he had taken the paper for five years, but that another copy should never cross his threshold. He also stated he did not pay the demand because he believed it to be exorbitant.

Some years ago, a gentleman of Philadelphia met the Editor of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, a paper of vast circulation, and stated that he had stopped it. The Editor said at once to the man,—"stopped my paper, let us go and inquire into the facts." Accordingly they went to the *Ledger* building and found its vast machinery in full operation. Why, said the Editor to his companion, I thought you said you stopped the *Ledger*. "Oh!" said the man, "I only meant that I stopped my copy of the *Ledger*."—*Newton Journal*.

Trains are very plain this season.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

They are, awful plain. Once in a while when they make up a freight train from the Red, Blue and White lines, and put in an oil tank or two, there is a little variety, but there won't be anything really rich and artistic in trains until Barnum gets on the road with those cars frescoed with blue monkeys, yellow tigers, purple elephants, striped snakes and things, engaged in bloody and mortal combat.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

COUNTERFEIT.—A new photographic \$5 counterfeit on the Pacific National Bank, of Boston, Mass., has just appeared in San Francisco, Cal. Letter B; treasury No. E 171,783; bank No. 2033; series 1875; John Allanson, register; Jas. Gilliland, treasurer. The note has a blurred appearance. The numbers are much darker than on the genuine. It presents the same general appearance as the counterfeit fives on the Globe National Bank, of Boston, and the Dedham National Bank, of Dedham, Mass.

Special Notices.

A CARD.
The members of H. Co. No. 9 hereby tender their thanks to H. Co. Dodge for the gift of an elegant clock, to the ladies of Central Square for the gift of a handsome mirror, and to all those who so kindly assisted and contributed towards the success of our Dedication. Per order,
W. F. COOK, Foreman.
G. H. NEWCOMB, Clerk.
Woburn, Jan. 16, 1880.

A CARD.
T. V. Sullivan wishes to express his most grateful thanks to the members of the Fire Department, Police, Grand Army, and others, who have so kindly rendered him aid in his hour of physical suffering. May you never want such assistance; but, should Providence so order, may you have as kind sympathizers.
T. V. SULLIVAN.
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A CARD.
The undersigned desire to express their thanks to the Fire Department of Woburn for their valuable aid in stopping the fire at our factory. Also to the citizens who assisted in removing the stock.
E. N. BLAKE & CO.
Woburn, Jan. 16, 1880.

WM. H. RICHARDSON'S HYGIENIC BOOTS,

Hand-sewed, made to measure, at
25 Bromfield St., Room 2, BOSTON.

We have constantly on hand and for sale, Ladies' Double Sole Gait Boots, Ladies' Calfskin Boots without Rubbers, Ladies' Woolen Cloth Boots with or without Rubbers, Children's Ankle-Supporting Boots with Richardson's Patent Counters.

All kinds of Gents' Boots made to order.

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WM. H. RICHARDSON,
Please Call. 25 Bromfield St., Boston.

Married.

In Woburn, Jan. 6th, by Rev. J. Quail, Bernard McGowan and Anna Fox.
In Woburn, Jan. 8th, by Rev. J. Quail, Patrick McGowan and Mary Bradley.
In Woburn, Jan. 8th, by Rev. J. Quail, Elbridge Taylor and Mary Cook.

DEFECTIVE SIGHT.

We correct all defects in sight, in old eyes or young; near sight, far sight or weak sight, with the "Perfect" Spectacles and Eye Glasses, perfectly adjusted.
Sold by George S. Dodge, Apothecary and dealer in Optical Goods.

DODGE'S DRUG STORE,
163 Main Street, 51 Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.
In Woburn, Jan. 12, John Bailef, aged 40 years.
In Woburn, Jan. 12, Charles, son of Eugene and Mary E. Reddy, aged 2 months.

For Sale and To Let.

TO LET.—Stall and Carriage Room. Address P. O. Box 775.

FOR SALE.—A Bay Horse, seven years old, weighs 125 lbs., sound and very kind and gentle, will work anywhere, is not afraid of cars or any known object, is perfectly safe for a woman to drive, and was owned by St. Lawrence in New Hampshire, can trot a mile in three minutes, and has no training. Price \$250. Address B. Woburn, Journal Office.

TO LET.—A desirable Tenement To Let on Pleasant street, to a small family. For terms apply at this office.

TO LET.—A five room cottage on Sherman St. Apply to Dr. H. C. Hurlin.

ROOMS TO LET, suitable for light manufacturing or for offices. Can be arranged to suit tenants. Steam Power furnished if desired. Inquire of C. F. JONES.

Collector's Notice.

The public and the owners and occupants of the following described parcel of Real Estate, situated in the Town of Winchester, Mass., are hereby notified that the taxes thereon for the years hereinafter specified remain unpaid, and that said parcel of Real Estate will be offered by public auction for sale by the collector of taxes of said Winchester, at the office of the Selectmen, on Saturday, February 7th, at two o'clock, P. M., for the payment of said taxes, together with the cost and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

Mrs. ANNIE L. CLEMENT, of BOSTON.—Lots Nos. 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, and 39, on plan of J. B. Judkins, drawn by Josiah Hovey, July, 1874, containing about 83,758 square feet, bounded northerly by Highland Avenue; northerly by No. 33, on said plan; southerly by land of Asa Fletcher, south westerly by lot No. 40 on said plan, excepting lot No. 39 on said plan.
Tax for 1878, \$27.13. Tax for 1877, \$22.75. Tax for 1876, \$27.50. Tax for 1875, \$22.50. Taxes for 1874, \$27.50.

Mrs. ELIZABETH WESTON, of BOSTON.—A lot of land containing about 7.10 acre, bounded westerly by Cambridge street; southerly by land of John Swan; easterly by land of Harvey H. Shepard; northerly by land of Niles Brothers.
Tax for 1878, \$7.50.
Another lot containing about 11 acre, bounded westerly by land of Harvey H. Shepard; southerly by land of John Swan, and southerly by the old Middlesex Canal; northerly by land now or late of George D. Rand, northerly by land of Abigail Thompson.
Tax for 1878, \$4.00.

Mrs. ANNE M. ALLEN, of DEXTER, MASS.—About 50,700 square feet of land, bounded southerly by Pond St., and partly by land now or late of Mary M. Rouns, and land of George A. Savage; northerly by an old road called Covey Street; northerly by Woburn line, and southerly by land now or late of Mary M. Rouns.
Tax for 1878, \$12.50.
Tax for 1877, \$12.50.
Tax for 1876, \$12.50.
Tax for 1875, \$12.50.

Another lot containing about 16,000 square feet bounded southerly by Pond street; northerly by land of George A. Savage; northerly by Woburn line; southerly by land of Peter Collins.
Tax for 1878, \$3.54.
Tax for 1877, \$3.78.
Tax for 1876, \$3.78.
Tax for 1875, \$3.78.

ESTATE OF MRS. NANCY GLEASON.—A lot of land containing about 1 acre with buildings thereon, bounded southerly by Washington street, northerly and westerly by land of the Receivers of the Mercantile Savings Institution, southerly by other land of the Nancy Gleason Estate.
Tax for 1878, \$100.00.
Tax for 1877, \$103.32.
CHAS. A. JUDKINS.—Lots Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, on Lake Avenue, drawn by Josiah Hovey, July, 1875, containing about two acres.
Tax for 1878, \$22.50.
Tax for 1877, \$22.14.
ARTHUR JUDKINS.—A lot of land No. 48 Hancock Street on plan of J. B. Judkins, drawn by Josiah Hovey, July, 1874, containing about 10,000 square feet.
Tax for 1878, \$5.00.
Tax for 1877, \$4.92.

JOHN G. FLAGG, JR., of WOBURN.—A lot of land near Bacon's Bridge, bounded southerly by a private way; northerly and westerly by land of James H. Prince; northerly by land now or late of Mrs. Robert H. Fuller and George H. Chapman; westerly by Boston and Lowell Railroad, containing about 21 acres.
Tax for 1878, \$1.97.
Tax for 1877, \$2.74.
Tax for 1876, \$3.50.
Tax for 1875, \$3.26.

WILLIAM PRATT.—A lot of land with buildings thereon, on Bacon street, bounded southerly by Bacon street, westerly by land of John Bradford and a private way; northerly by land now or late of K. W. Baker and W. H. Kinsman; easterly by land now or late of C. E. Pratt and C. J. Peters, containing about 4 acres, more or less.
Tax for 1878, \$67.89.
Tax for 1877, \$69.96.

MIAL CUSHMAN, Collector.
Winchester, Mass., Jan. 16, 1880.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.
To all persons interested in the estate of Charles B. Winn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, I hereby give notice that said estate will be opened for probate on the first Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said court.

Witness, GEORGE W. BROOKS, Esq., Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

T. H. HILL, & CO.,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
NO. 196 MAIN STREET.

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House.—Coun Street.
House.—Beach Street.

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Rooms for a small family.
House of 8 rooms.

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Miss Mattie S. Hussey, graduate of the Boston University School of Oratory, and highly recommended by prominent educators, solicits pupils, either separately or in classes, for the study of Elocution. For terms apply to Miss Nellie Hayward, Miss Sarah E. Barron, of Woburn, or by letter to Miss Harvey, 7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.

COMING! COMING!! LYCEUM HALL,

Wednesday Evening Jan. 21,

KITTY LOUGEE COMEDY COMPANY.

In the beautiful society drama in 5 acts entitled "DIVORCED,"

OR LOST AND WON.

And the roaring farce of THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY.

Miss Lougee in both pieces.

ADMISSION, 25 cents.
RESERVED SEATS, 35 cents.
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Pillow Cases, Fronting Linens, Crashes, Gloss Linens,

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Real Estate and Insurance,
FOX BUILDING, 196 MAIN STREET,
Opposite Post Office, Woburn.

W. T. GLANSEN, T. H. HILL.

SUFFOLK, ss.—To the Honorable the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court.—IN EQUITY.

COMMONWEALTH, by Commissioners of Savings Banks.

THE WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.

Respectfully represents the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, the respondent in the above-captioned cause, that said Bank is now solvent, and in a condition to resume the regular transaction of its business as a Savings Bank.

Wherefore it prays the Honorable Court that the injunction heretofore issued against it in this cause may be dissolved and the information dismissed, and for such other order as the premises may seem meet.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.
By JOHN CUMMINGS, President.
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

SUFFOLK, ss.
Supreme Judicial Court, September Term, 1879.

COMMONWEALTH, by Commissioners of Savings Banks.

THE WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.

On the foregoing petition it is ordered, that Monday, the nineteenth day of January, current, at 10 o'clock, A. M., be fixed for a hearing upon said petition, before the Court and the Court will then and there decide upon the merits of the petition, and that the petitioner give notice to all persons interested in said Bank as depositors, creditors, or otherwise, by publishing an attested copy of said petition and this order thereon, in the Woburn Journal, once a week, for two successive weeks before said hearing, that they may appear and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

By the Court. JOHN NOBLE, Clerk.
A true copy of said petition and order.
Attest—HENRY A. CLAPP, Ass't Clerk.

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C. A. SMITH & SON,
177 Main Street, Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.
All persons interested, take notice.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by William R. Wheelock and William H. Wheelock, to Joshua P. Converse, (now deceased), dated May 31st, A. D. 1873, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., book 1201, page 144, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on Monday, the second day of February, A. D. 1880, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Highland Street, in Woburn in said County, being lot number twenty-three, (except such portions thereof as have been taken for public street) on a plan of building lots in said Woburn, belonging to Messrs Wood & Littlefield, and also a small portion of lot number twenty-two on said plan, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, at the junction of said Highland Street, and a street leading westerly or southerly therefrom, thence the line runs southerly on and by said lot number twenty-three, eight and five feet a stake at said lot of Joshua S. Clark; thence northerly by land of said Clark, about one hundred and sixty-nine and one-half feet to a stake, at the fence at land of heirs of John C. Cole; thence northerly by the fence by land of said heirs, eight and five feet to said Highland Street, thence southerly on and by said Highland Street, about one hundred and sixty-nine feet, to the point of beginning, the same premises that were conveyed to said William R. Wheelock and William H. Wheelock, by said Joshua P. Converse, by deed dated May 31st, 1873, and being also the same premises described in said mortgage deed, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of said William R. Wheelock and William H. Wheelock, and their several heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

PARKER L. CONVERSE,
Executor of will of Joshua P. Converse, and present holder of said mortgage, by

WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, January 10, 1880.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.
All persons interested take notice.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Dole Parker to George Winn (now deceased), dated November 15th, A. D. 1867, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., book 1002, page 145, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on Tuesday the 19th day of February, A. D. 1880, at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Burlington, in said County of Middlesex, on a road leading from Burlington to Wilmington, containing about one hundred and one or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by land formerly of said Dole Parker, northerly by land of Mark Fiske, and southerly on said Fiske's land.

Also one other lot of land situated in the northerly corner of said Burlington, containing about five rods, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the easterly corner of land formerly of Jonathan Burdett, and thence southerly to the line runs southerly about six rods; thence more westerly about four rods to the road leading to Wilmington; thence easterly by land formerly of said Dole Parker to the point of beginning.

Also one other lot of land situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about one-eighth of an acre, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northerly corner, thence the line runs southerly on an old wall, about three rods to a stake; thence easterly to the line of said Dole Parker, thence southerly to the road leading to Wilmington; thence easterly by land formerly of said Dole Parker to the point of beginning.

Also one other lot of land situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about one-eighth of an acre, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northerly corner, thence the line runs southerly on an old wall, about three rods to a stake; thence easterly to the line of said Dole Parker, thence southerly to the road leading to Wilmington; thence easterly by land formerly of said Dole Parker to the point of beginning.

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Also one other lot of land situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about one-eighth of an acre, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northerly corner, thence the line runs southerly on an old wall, about three rods to a stake; thence easterly to the line of said Dole Parker, thence southerly to the road leading to Wilmington; thence easterly by land formerly of said Dole Parker to the point of beginning.

Also one other lot of land situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about one-eighth of an acre, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northerly corner, thence the line runs southerly on an old wall, about three rods to a stake; thence easterly to the line of said Dole Parker, thence southerly to the road leading to Wilmington; thence easterly by land formerly of said Dole Parker to the point of beginning.

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Journal Club Column

THE OUTRAGED LANDLORD.—The proprietor of a boarding hotel in Cincinnati, desiring to know how his clerk treated his guests when he was not around, borrowed a suit of clothes and with a badly used carpetbag in hand entered the office and going to the register wrote his name. We will let him tell the story in his own way:

"Nice day," I said, as I ornamented the register with my stage name.

"Glad to hear it," said the clerk, as he fixed his necktie at a looking-glass in the office.

"What time kin I get a train to Hackensack?" I asked, for I knew that particular clerk was strong on time-tables, and I wanted to fetch him out after the invited guests, who were sittin' around 'kin' it all in. He said, never once takin' himself away from the looking-glass:

"See here, my bald-headed patriarch, you don't see no people sleeping around here on benches with their valises between their feet, do you? You don't see no men shovin' trucks around loaded with trunks, do you? You don't observe any little girls runnin' around with apples to sell, do you? No, I reckon not! This is no depot, dear sir. If you take me for a ticket-agent, a baggage-smasher, or a brakeman, you get left. I run a hotel, not a mere railroad."

"I was as mad as a wet hen, but I waited a spell. When he got his necktie to turn parallel with his moustache he turned around and asked me what I was after, an' if I would mind removin' my carpet-sack from the counter an' carryin' it out to the stable, where it evidently belonged.

"This was rubbin' your grandfather the wrong way of the hair, but, as I had gone into the scheme for the good of clerks in general, I naturally thought I could stand it if they could.

"I said I would like to have a room, if it was all the same to him.

"He said he would give me a room in the cellar, only he was afraid I might sprout.

"Young man, said I, flarin' up, 'I hev money to pay an' sleep in the bridal-chamber, an' I don't propose to take no lip from any stuck-up hotel-clerk.'

"Who's a stuck-up hotel-clerk?" he yelled, dancin' out of his little den an' puttin' up his hands. 'Who's a stuck-up hotel-clerk?'

"I told him I was only jokin' an' was willin' an' anxious to take it all back but he wouldn't have it. He danced 'round, an' bobbed up and down, an' finally hit me a terrific blow on the nose. 'Take that!' he yelled, 'he yelled, an' that 'an' that! an' that! an' I did as he recommended. When I was beginnin' to get back at him he struck the bell, an' seven porters seized me and hustled me out on the street, the clerk bringing up the rear as it were with his box-toed shoes. On the sidewalk a policeman collared me, an' I was locked up for thirty-six hours after I could get a chance to explain things."

SEEKING A MAN HOME.—I picked Simmons up pretty near dead drunk, and took him home. When I got to his house, as I thought, I shook him a bit, and said, "Here you are." "Right," said he and gave a big bang at the knocker. Up went a window. "I have brought the old man home," said I. "All right," she cried, and came to the door. She immediately seized hold of Simmons and gave him such a shaking that his teeth seemed to rattle in his head. "Who are you shaking of," he says. "Goodness gracious," cried the woman, "that is not my husband's voice." I struck a match, and she found she had been shaking the wrong man. "There," said the woman furiously, I've been sitting up here expecting my husband home drunk, and now I've wasted my strength on a stranger." "Don't he live here?" said I. "No," said the woman, "he don't." "What made you knock," said I to Simmons. "Knock," said he, "you told me to." "I thought you lived here," said I. "Glad I don't," said he. I suppose he was thinking of the shaking he'd had. At last I found where he did live and got him home. Mrs. Simmons was sitting up for him. As soon as ever we knocked out she came. "Oh!" says she, your wretch as makes my poor husband drunk, are you?" and she brought me a slap across the face. I've never seen a drunken man home since.—*Tobacco Plant.*

HE HADN'T EATEN MUCH.—It was Sunday afternoon, and young Mr. Staylight had stopped until they were forced to ask him to take supper; the best china and the extra silver graced the table, and one of the best napkins was placed before young Mr. Staylight's plate, for the family desired to create all the impression possible upon the susceptible mind. His young lady was conducting herself with great credit, and the young man was more than ever in love with her, when the mother said, passing the cake for the second time:—

"Won't you have another piece, Mr. Staylight?"

"No, thank you," said the young man in his politest tone, "not any more."

"Oh, do have just one more," urged the mother, smiling sweetly; "you haven't eaten hardly anything."

The young brother, who sat opposite and had been instructed not to ask twice for anything, much to his disgust, saw his opportunity and snorted out, with great reluctance:—

"Huh! I shouldn't think he had! he's eaten four hunks of tongue, three biscuits, two plates of sauce, two of them tarts, and both kinds of cake—and mother! she keeps kicking me under the table! Make her stop."

They brought Mr. Staylight to by dashing ice water in his face.

When two young people, with singleness of purpose sit up with each other, and when the clock strikes twelve, he says, "Is it possible?" and she says, "Why, I didn't know it was so late," you may draw your conclusions that if the business house continues, a unified couple will be hunting a house to rent in the spring.

"How came you to fall in your examination?" asked a tutor of one of his pupils. "I thought I crammed you thoroughly." "Well, you see," replied the student, "the trouble was that you crammed me so tight I couldn't get it out."

Miscellaneous.

A LOCAL EDITOR'S DREAM.—Once upon a time a local editor dreamed that he was dead and in another world. He approached a city before him, and knocked for an admittance, but no one answered his summons. The gate remained closed against him. Then he cried aloud for entrance, but the only response was scores of heads appearing above the wall on each side of the gate. At sight of him the owners of the heads set up a dismal howl, and one of them cried:

"Why didn't you notice the big egg I gave you?"

At this horrid and most unexpected interrogation, the poor local turned in the direction of the voice to learn its owner, when another voice shrieked:

"Where's that piece you were going to write about my soda fountain?"

And close upon this was the awful demand:

"Why did you write a piece about old Tominson's hens and never speak of my new gate?"

Whatever answer he was going to frame to this appeal was cut short by the astonishing query:

"What did you spell my name wrong in the programme for?"

The miserable man turned to flee, when he was roared to the ground by this terrible demand:

"Why did you put my marriage among the deaths?"

He was on the point of saying that the foreman did it, when a shrill voice madly cried:

"You spoiled the sale of my horse by publishing that runaway."

Another said:

"If I catch you alone I'll lick you for what you said about me when I was before the Police Court!"

Another:

"Why didn't you show up the school system when I told you to?"

And this was followed by the voice of a female hysterically proclaiming:

"This is the brute who botched my poetry and made me ridiculous!"

Whereupon hundreds of loud voices screamed:

"Where is my article? Give me back my article!"

And in the midst of the horrid din the poor wretch awoke, perspiring at every pore and screaming for help.

THE HANDWRITING.—Very little indeed of character can properly be inferred from handwriting, for this excellent reason, that only those parts of the character which are chiefly active while the hand is being first acquired and formed,—not those which are at work when it is used for its highest purposes,—can well express themselves in the handwriting. To find candor, amiability, sympathy, courage, distrust, suspicion, malice, cowardice, etc., in the handwriting seems to us almost necessarily imaginary. The hand is formed under conditions which do not bring out or exercise such characteristics at all, in the case of ninety-nine men and women out of a hundred. It is formed under conditions which do give room, on the contrary, for the play of patience, energy, flexibility of mind, and a certain dash or awkwardness, and which may in certain exceptional cases give room also for the play of the feeling for language and for the joy or pain of expression. Now all qualities of the character which may thus have been prominent while the handwriting was being formed may well impress themselves upon it. But you might as well expect to find in handwriting the evidence whether a man or woman were fonder of arithmetic than of geometry, as to find in it, in the majority of cases, the evidence of the characteristic moral qualities with indicating which it is often credited.

Persons generally express in their characters the wisdom or folly, the virtues or vices of their associates. As all associations of this nature are purely voluntary, every person indicates his taste for intellectual culture, social refinement, or moral improvement, or the contrary, by the character of those he selects as his companions. Worse than no society at all is that of the vulgar and vicious. The importance of a good character cannot be over-estimated. Its bearing on individual happiness, not to speak of its influence on others, is unapproachable. The Book of all books declares that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," and all experience but confirms the declaration. Riches are but temporary, as is the good they impart. Fame won, except in a cause of virtue, has no substantial basis. Power yields its sceptre but for a day. But a good name is a joy, a crown, an inheritance forever. It can never die, because virtue is imperishable. Would we have a character yielding us the highest enjoyment in life, and such as shall live as an element of beauty and power after we are dead. Let us build on virtue and goodness, and our fortunes will be made for both worlds; for this life and that which is to come.

When a man leaves your door open just wait until he is a block or two away and then send your office boy after him and request his return for a few minutes as something important has been forgotten. When he returns tell him that the omission to shut himself out was all the trouble, and you can bet he will close the door so emphatically that you can almost see a tinge of blue in the air.—*Newark Call.*

It is like that keeps skaters warm. Any skater that is sulky on the ice will pretty soon be found seated on a log unfastening his skates. And, if you can get him to tell why he is going home, he will remark between the chatters of his teeth that he is nearly frozen to death.—*Fond du Lac Reporter.*

That was a considerable young bride, who, upon gazing on seven butter-knives, a pair of sugar tongs, a napkin ring, and a cunning (if inexpensive) little clock, sweetly whispered to the wedding guests that "the other presents are not displayed, owing to the wishes of the givers, who hate publicity."

Maine to Louisiana: "You're a—." Louisiana to Maine: "You're another!"

THE WAY THE CAPTAIN'S PATENT WORKED.

—Having piped all hands to splice the main-brace, the cap had the first mate of the farm tow out the horse and wagon, and ascending the quarterdeck of the craft, he took possession of the tiller ropes (as he styled the reins), and said:

"Now, boys, my invention is very simple—might make a million dollars out of it if mebbe, but I ain't going to patent it; I can use it if you want to. I've simply fastened a twenty-fathom line onto the mizen axle of the craft, and put on a stout grapnel. I shall bring this here huss along the road under double-reefed topsails, and then one of you cusses shall him—open an umbrella at him, or something; then when he gets tearing along about twenty-knots an hour, and won't answer to his helm, I'll just drop the anchor and ride out the gale. Git up!"

The horse came jogging gently down the road, when, according to the programme, the first mate pushed out and hit him a belt over the nose with a blanket. The terrified animal stood on his hind legs for a moment and then struck a course northwest by north with great celerity. The interested spectators beheld the fearless cap'n sitting unmoved, though the buggy bent and careened before the breeze, then with a triumphant smile they saw him heave out the anchor with a merry, "Yo, heave, ho?" The grapnel dragged for a few moments in the treacherous sands of the road, then caught in a rock. Cap'n Cornwell rose into the air like a bird on the wing, and sailed majestically forward, alighting on his ear. The horse stood on his head for a second, and then resumed his onward course at the rate of at least seventy miles an hour, and amid a frightful crashing, ripping, tearing and smashing, all the wagon vanished into thin air except a piece of the mizen axle, to which the anchor had been fastened.

Captain Cornwell can't precisely understand why, when the tackle held, he wasn't able to ride out the gale, but is not discouraged and will repeat the experiment as soon as he has a new buggy built upon lines of his own designing. Life insurance canvassers are bearing down upon him from all quarters, and the liveliest interest is manifested in the neighborhood. We wish the gallant captain all success.—*Chicago Tribune.*

NINETY AND NINE.—On the Aleutich glacier I saw a strange beautiful sight—the parable of the ninety and nine enacted to the letter. One day we were making our way with ice-axe and alpen-stock down the glacier, when we observed a flock of sheep following their shepherd over the intricate windings between crevices, and so passing from the pastures on the one side of the glacier to the pastures on the other. The flock had numbered two hundred all told, but on the way one of the sheep had got lost. One of the shepherds, in his German patois, appealed to us if we had seen it. Fortunately one of the party had a field glass; with its aid we discovered the lost sheep in a tangle of brushwood on the mountain side. It was beautiful to see how the shepherd without a word, left his hundred and ninety-nine sheep on the glacier waste (knowing they would stand there perfectly still and safe), and went clambering back after the sheep, until he found it; and he actually put it on his shoulder, and returned rejoicing. Here was our Lord's parable enacted before our eyes, though the shepherd was all unconscious of it, and it brought the Lord's teaching home to us with a vividness which none can realize but those who saw the incident.—*Spencer.*

There is a venerable and benevolent judge in one of the Paris tribunals, on the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner, consults his associates on each side of him as to the penalty proper to be inflicted. "What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he says, bending over to the associate on the right.

"I should say three years."

"What is your opinion, brother?" to the associate on the left.

"I should give him about four years."

The judge (with benevolence)—Prisoner, not desiring to sentence you to a long term of imprisonment, as I should have done were it left to myself, I have consulted my learned brothers, and shall take their advice. Seven years.

Little Willie proved himself quite a hero to-day, though the act was done with the beautiful unconsciousness of childhood. The two-year old baby had toddled up to the book-case and had pulled and pulled and pulled at one of the large volumes just within reach of his tiny fingers, and was laughing exultantly at the prospect of getting the treasure, when a number of the loosened books above began to show signs of a speedy and threatening fall. Willie sprang forward, and threw out his arms above the baby's head, and bent over his own head to ward off the blows. Down came the big books, pell-mell, giving the little fellow many a hard thwack, but he bore them bravely, only crying out, "I've saved him! I've saved him!"

The increase of the list of articles made of paper is simply surprising from year to year. Among them are water pails, fire buckets, urns, asphalt roofing, water-cans, carpets, shirts, whole suits of clothes, jewelry, materials for garden walks, window curtains, lanterns, pocket-handkerchiefs, napkins, stoves, railway carriages and car wheels, chimney-pots, flour barrels, cottage walls, roofing tiles, bricks, dies for stamping, sole leather, trunks, wall sheathing, and hundreds of other articles of utility and ornament. The number of people engaged in gathering and sorting rags, cotton and paper waste, etc., for the paper makers, is very large and increases every day.

"You remember, sir, you married me many years ago," said a gentleman to a distinguished preacher. "No, don't say I married you," was the reply, "but that I married you," and thereupon he explained to the satisfaction of the married man that married ought to be used, whether it was in the dictionary or not, and now he defies any one to prove that according to analogous formation in the language it is incorrect. It means to make married and that is what the preacher does.

1880.

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On and after Jan. 11, 1880, passenger trains will leave Boston for Lowell, 7:30 A.M., 12 M., 2:30, 5:35, P.M. Lowell, 7:30 A.M., 12 M., 1:15, 2:30, 4:45, 5:35, 6:15, 7:00, 11:15, P.M.

Lawrence, 7:45 A.M., 2:55, 4:45, 6:15, 7:11:15 P.M. Wilmington, 7:45, 10, 11, A.M., 1:15, 2:55, 4:45, 6:15, 7:11:15, P.M.

Waltham, 7:45, 10, 11, A.M., 2:55, 4:45, 6:15, 7:11:15, P.M.

Stonham, 7:10 A.M., 12:10, 2:55, 4:45, 6:15, 6:30, 7:10:30, 11:15, P.M.

Woburn, 7:10 A.M., 12:10, 2:55, 4:45, 6:15, 6:30, 7:10:30, 11:15, P.M.

Woburn CENTRE, 6:45, 7:45, 10:00, 11:50, A.M., 1:15, 2:15, 3:00, 4:00, 5:10, 6:45, 6:55, 7:30, 10:30, 11:20, P.M.

Winchester, 6:45, 7:00, 7:45, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00, 11:30, A.M., 12:10, 1:15, 2:30, 2:55, 3:00, 4:00, 4:45, 4:50, 5:10, 5:45, 6:12, 6:30, 7:30, 10:30, 11:20, P.M.

* Weekdays only. * Weekdays and Fridays excepted. * Saturdays only. * Weekdays and Fridays only.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 6:15, 7:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 9:30, 11, A.M., 12:10, 1:15, 2:15, 3:30, 5:15, 6:15, 7:30, 8:45, P.M.

Lawrence, 7:45, 9:25, 11:00, A.M., 1:15, 4:15, 6:05, 6:30, P.M.

Wilmington, 6:22, 7:23, 8:13, 9:50, 9:58, 11:20, A.M., 1:23, 2:42, 4:38, 5:31, 6:42, 9:41, 10:19, P.M.

Waltham, 6:41, 7:35, 8:07, 10:08, A.M., 1:31, 2:50, 10:30, P.M.</

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1880.

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THE SAVINGS BANK RE-OPENED.

After many days of anxious inquiry, of doubt and fear, the depositors in the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank have an opportunity of withdrawing their funds from the above institution. Since the injunction which was laid upon the bank two years ago, there has been considerable change in its personnel, and the officers are as follows: President, John Cunningham; Vice Presidents, D. D. Hart, Jacob Brown, P. W. Kinney; Trustees, G. R. Gage, A. E. Thompson, Wm. T. Grammer, Wm. Winn, Nathan Wyman, P. L. Converse, Samuel Cook, John R. Carter, Charles A. Jones, Benjamin Hinckley, E. D. Hayden, F. A. Flint; Clerk, James N. Dow; Treasurer, E. E. Thompson. At the hearing before the Supreme Court on Monday, the injunction was removed, and on Wednesday business was resumed as usual. There was no excitement, and nothing unusual in the appearance of things about the bank. At two o'clock half a dozen depositors were in the room, and quietly presented their books to the secretary, which were compared with the ledger, and turned over to the Treasurer who gave the holder a check for the amount on the First National. Some came in to look the thing over, and becoming satisfied that money was actually being paid out, departed without surrendering their books. Others came in and drew a part of their savings, and retained their books for future use. Undoubtedly during the past two years depositors have been obliged to borrow in anticipation of the opening of the bank. During the years 1875 and 1876, \$87,170.40 were withdrawn in the ordinary course of business, and it is fair to assume that during 1878 and 1879 an equal amount would have been taken out. Perhaps it would not be thought strange if a large sum would be actually required, aside from any demand raised by distrust of the bank. There were a few depositors on Wednesday and there would probably have been more but for the notion that was prevalent that deposits would not be received. The amount withdrawn on Wednesday we are unable to state, but we understand that it was not so large as the Trustees had supposed would be called for. The bank will hereafter be open on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays from 2 to 5 in the afternoon, for receiving deposits and the transaction of other business.

It is cause for congratulation that an institution which is peculiarly the people's has re-opened its doors. We believe the era of large dividends and high rates of interest has gone by. The ambition for large business which was the ruin of many of the Savings Banks, has given place to a more conservative idea, which was the foundation on which they were originally built. This idea is security rather than large returns, and every one who knows the gentlemen whose names appear at the beginning of this article, will be satisfied that they will conduct the business in a conservative manner. The Savings Banks were created for the benefit of the small depositors, to receive their savings and to loan them on good security. Let the working people of Woburn put their money into the Five Cents Bank with perfect confidence, for it is safe there as anywhere in the State, and let the Bank make small loans in preference to large ones, and the town will grow more rapidly, and prosperity will increase.

THE DRAMA.—Miss Kitty Lougee with her dramatic company played to a small house in Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday evening, giving "Divorced," and the "Fool of the Family." Miss Lougee as *Helen Faraday*, gave a fine conception of the character, and displayed dramatic ability of high order. Miss Clara Ormsby, as *Jane Temple* looked the part to perfection, acted fairly, but in voice was hardly up to the standard. Mr. E. J. Hasson as *Makepiece Thackeray*, seemed to meet all the requirements of the part. The company as a whole, did not give the "Star" so good a support as she was entitled to. Miss Lougee as *Betty Saunders* in the "Fool of the Family," showed that she was equally at home in variety business, and was as full of fun in the farce, as she was of feeling in the comedy. We beg to suggest that the long waits between the acts, and the slow progress of the play, which dragged along from eight o'clock to half past eleven, was a severe test of the endurance of the audience. The impression made by Miss Lougee was a good one, and we hope to see her in Woburn on some future occasion, when we have no doubt, she will receive a greeting more in accordance with her deserts.

HIGH SCHOOL.—The evening last Monday, with Young, Thompson, Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith, was an entertainment greatly enjoyed by the three hundred auditors who thronged the hall. Dr. Kelley's sketches gave evidence of careful study of the lives of the poets named, and they were received with attention and pleasure. The readings by Messrs. Brown, Cummings, Allen, Eaton, Blanchard, and Bacon, and Misses Hosmer, Briggs, Simonds, Bond, Wendall, Stearns, and Hammond, added greatly to the success of the entertainment.

We have heard of the First National Bank, and Johnson's Bank, and the Savings Bank, but it remained for our contemporary to discover the Woburn Brass Bank. He does not locate the institution, and we fear there must be a mistake somewhere.

Have you noticed that curious swinging clock in the window of G. W. Nichols's store? It is a great curiosity.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT BRIDGEWATER.—The past year of this school has been a very successful one, with a total attendance of two hundred sixteen students, seventy-three of whom are young men. The advantages offered are superior for all who have been teachers or wish to fit themselves for the work. The design is strictly professional, preparing the students for the work of organizing, governing and teaching the public schools of Massachusetts. The aim is to give the most thorough instruction in the principles of Education, and the best methods of teaching the different branches of study in the public schools. The two years course of studies includes all the English branches studied in any of the public schools, with the aid of a good working apparatus and laboratory practice. Graduates of High Schools can take the course with special benefit, fitting themselves to take the best positions on graduation. The four years' course prepares graduates from left to right as teachers in High Schools. This course includes the Languages, Natural Sciences with laboratory practice, higher Mathematics, ancient and modern History, English Literature, and History of Education. Young men graduating from this course are in special demand for the best positions. Students may take the two years course and some advanced English studies, or some of the languages if they choose. The expenses of attending the school are very moderate. Tuition is free for all who intend to teach in schools of the State. Text books in nearly all the studies are furnished to the students without charge, two dollars per term being paid for incidental expenses. Board in Normal Hall is furnished at cost, which for gentlemen is four dollars per week, and for ladies three dollars seventy-five cents, payable in advance. This includes board, light, fuel and washing. The Hall is heated by steam, lighted with gas, and no pains are spared to make it in every respect a home for the students. This next term begins on Tuesday Feb. 10. See advertisement in another column.

WARREN POST 12, G. A. R. OF Wakefield, installed its officers last Monday evening, Commander Hill of the Council of Administration performing the installation ceremonies, the following officers being installed: Commander Dr. Axel Ames; Senior Vice Commander, W. J. Mansfield; Junior Vice Commander, W. L. Coon; Quartermaster, J. P. Locke; Surgeon, Dr. E. P. Colby; Chaplain, Geo. Seaver; Adjutant, W. N. Tyler; Officer of the Day, S. B. Dearborn; Officer of the Guard, C. F. Doherty; Sgt. Major, C. E. Rahr; Quartermaster Sgt. Geo. Carey. After the officers had been installed, Commander Ames invited the company present, consisting of Burbank Post 33 of Woburn, 148 of Winchester and Post 12, to partake of a supper. At the conclusion of the feast there was a camp fire, speeches being made by Dr. Ames, Comrades Hill and Richardson of Woburn, Hall and Wilson of Winchester, Tyler, Coon and others.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the First Congregational Church was held on Monday evening. O. F. Bryant was elected clerk; G. R. Gage, Treasurer; G. R. Gage and S. K. Richardson, Deacons for four years; C. A. Smith, Thomas Richardson, Auditors; L. W. Fowle, A. Buckman, H. A. Gleason, O. F. Bryant, C. W. Smith, Sunday School Directors; J. G. Pollard, J. L. Parker, Directors of Library, H. Johnson, Librarian; Standing Committee, the Pastor, Deacons Gage, Pollard, Bryant, E. Thompson, Gleason, A. Thompson, Richardson, and Bean, A. Buckman, L. W. Fowle, L. H. Allen, and C. W. Smith.

DEMOCRATIC ASSOCIATION.—The Democrats of Woburn have formed an association with headquarters in Kelley's Block, and officers as follows: President, J. G. Maguire; Vice Presidents, Timothy Sheehan, Gilman A. Bean, C. T. Lang; Secretary, A. G. Ham; Treasurer, A. E. Thompson; Finance Committee, M. Seelye, Thomas Salmon, John I. Munroe; Executive Committee, J. G. Maguire, P. W. Kinney, L. Thompson, Jr., T. H. Hill, S. D. Samson. The room will be open every Saturday for the present, and as much often as the Executive Committee shall decide.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—On Friday of last week a tramp called at the residence of the Hon. B. F. Whittemore, East Woburn. He presented a very pitiable appearance, and stated that he was recovering from a severe attack of lung fever. He was taken in, and provided for, and allowed to work around the premises. On Monday night he decamped with some of the property of the hired man. The Chief of Police was notified, but it is not known which direction he took.

DEATH OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.—Mr. Jonathan Hammond, a well known citizen, died on Wednesday, at the advanced age of 86 years, and 6 months. He formerly resided in Dorchester, and came to Woburn 25 years ago, and has made his home here ever since. His son, J. W. Hammond, the clothier, and a daughter, survive him. Mr. Hammond has been in failing health for some time, and his death was not unexpected.

PRESENTATION.—Last Thursday noon, Mr. J. L. Pinkham, foreman of Russell's shoe stock factory, was surprised by the girls of the establishment, who, at the hands of Miss Maggie McCarthy, presented him with a beautiful gold watch, valued at about \$100. The gift took Mr. Pinkham by surprise, and will be highly appreciated as a memento of a very pleasant occasion.

ACCIDENT.—On Thursday last week, a heavy casting fell on W. L. Dennis's left foot and crushed the large toe.

A little daughter of James Burns, of Utica street, East Woburn, swallowed a two-cent piece, last week Thursday.

Last Saturday, Mrs. Thomas Martin broke her right leg while going up stairs.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—Gov. Long has appointed William B. Stevens, Esq., of Stoneham, District Attorney, for Middlesex County.

Scrivener and St. Nicholas for February are received.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Harper's Magazine for February is as rich in illustration and as varied and entertaining in its reading matter as any Number that has been issued. For massive strength, Blackmore's new novel, "Mary Ansell," deserves first mention. In every quality that marks a great novel, this is the most remarkable serial now in course of publication here or abroad. Those who prefer a lighter novel will turn with pleasure to the chapters of Black's "White Wings." Edward Everett Hale contributes a short story—"Mr. Keeler's Horse-Car"—conceived and written in his happiest vein. A brief story of thrilling interest, entitled "A Night in an Avalanche," is contributed by S. H. M. Byers.

The illustrated articles cover a wide range of subjects. Howard Pyle writes and illustrates "Bartram and his Garden"—an interesting sketch of an American Quaker botanist of a hundred years ago, whom Linnaeus pronounced the greatest of the then living natural botanists. The Rev. B. F. De Costa contributes a humorous article on "Foreign Fips," which furnishes motives for eight characteristic pictures by Reinhardt. Mrs. J. W. Davis describes "A Famous Breviary"—the priceless gem among the art-treasures of the ducal palace in Venice—decorated with paintings by Memling, Van der Meire, (Hugh d'Anvers, and Lissen de Gand. Reproductions in wood-engraving of seven of the most striking of these pictures are given. One of the most interesting articles that have ever been written about General Washington is that contributed to this Number by William F. Carne, treating of "Washington as a Burgher," i. e., in his relations with his fellow-townsmen of Alexandria. The illustrations, a number of which are drawn by Frank Meyer, are exceedingly interesting. The Hon. John Bigelow contributes an illustrated paper entitled "A Visit to San Marino," from which it would appear that the title of "republic," as applied to this province of Italy, is a misnomer. A. B. Allen, contributes an illustrated description of the "Percheron and Norman Horse," to the breeding of which so much attention has recently been given in this country. A. A. Hayes, Jr., contributes his series of Colorado papers, with an entertaining description of mining districts of that State, with twelve excellent illustrations by Rogers. The Right-Revend Arthur Cleveland Coxe contributes a poem entitled "The Drop-Star," an Indian legend of Lake Kewauit, in New York, which is beautifully illustrated by Reinhardt. A timely musical contribution to this Number is the paper on Hector Berlioz, by Emily Royall. Among the poems in the Number is one by James T. Fields, in his best vein, entitled "A Lover's Peril." Now that Mr. Linton has "had his say" about wood engraving in a recent Magazine article, and his still more recent book, "Practical Hints on Wood Engraving," the reader (especially the reader of illustrated magazines) will perceive with eager interest an article in this Number entitled "A Symposium of Wood Engravers," in which some of the most distinguished engravers of this country are given a hearing. The article consists of reports of conversations with A. V. S. Anthon, T. Cole, John P. Davis, Frederick Juengling, R. A. Muller, John Tinkey, and Henry Wolf. The Editor's *Easy Chair* renders a graceful tribute to Oliver Wendell Holmes, apropos of his recent reception in Boston, and discusses, in a thoughtful essay, the reaction against Dickens due to that author's personal characteristics.

MENSON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS.—The December number of the *News* is at hand: ending the year and Volume II. The prospectus for 1880 promises great improvements for the coming year and the magazine will be of great interest to all photographers. Each number will contain eight pages of common print, and sixteen in short hand. Photographic news from all quarters of the globe will be given, and it is probable that the *News* for 1880 will take the lead of short hand publications. The present number contains the prospectus in longhand, and articles in shorthand on the Editor, Fenness of Books, the Goose, Johnson's Love of Study, Literature as a Business, A Verdict for "Bob," the First Paper Maker, A Model Jayman, and editorial paragraphs. The *News* is published for \$2 a year by James E. Munson, P. O. Box 3722 New York, who will send a prospectus to any address.

DR. CHARLES JEWETT.—This famous apostle of temperance, who forso many years stood up for temperance, is still held in pleasant remembrance by his old friends in Woburn. Although he has passed over to the majority, his works live after him, and his precepts and example have still an influence in making men better and holier. Mr. W. M. Thayer, who knew him well, has written his life in a pleasing form, and it is now offered in town by A. A. Fish, who has accepted the agency. The book is complete in one volume of 464 pages, well illustrated, and not only is an epitome of the life of one of the best temperance workers, but is full of anecdotes, and hints to others engaged in the work, and may be a valuable addition to any one's library.

CONFERENCE.—The South Middlesex Unitarian Conference met in the Channing Church, Newton, on Wednesday of last week. The attendance was large and enthusiastic. The address was given by Rev. R. P. Stebbins, D. D., and called out a warm and earnest discussion. The Dr. argued vigorously for withholding pecuniary aid from weak societies in contiguous towns believing it better that they should unite under a single pastorate. With his usual strength he poured hot shots into what he regarded as denominational follies. The Conference was handsomely entertained by the Newton society. Nine delegates attended from Woburn.

A NOVELTY IN TEMPERANCE WORK.—Mr. C. W. Hidden, of Newburyport, who is highly recommended as a temperance speaker, contemplates holding a series of temperance meetings in Woburn, arrangements for which are being made. He is accompanied by Mr. Reuben Norcott, a reformed artist, who illustrates the subject of the lectures by crayon drawings made in the presence of the audience, and the two make an entertainment that is at once pleasing and profitable. We go to press too early to give further particulars.

Music, dear Mark, is "the art of combining sounds in a manner to please the ear," whether the instruments be of "sounding brass," or the more unassuming pewter spoon in a bowl full of oysters.

Chew Jackson's best sweetest tobacco

Communication.

WOBURN, Monday Eve, Jan. 19, 1880.
MR. EDITOR:—An uncomfortable evening at the High School Hall on the occasion of Dr. Kelley's essay; made so by the whisperings and disturbances of quite a considerable number of boys (and a few girls also) must be my excuse for making the following suggestions. It is not practical that such a body be stationed at the door of the Hall, who shall admit only adults, to the exclusion of boys who fill seats, not for the purpose of listening to the essayist or readers, but to laugh, talk, and read time novels and kindred trash? This could all be avoided by issuing tickets which should be given to those who wish to avail themselves of the advantages the course affords. This plan would also obviate the necessity of leaving the doors open to accommodate the crowd which is compelled to remain in the doorway while several inside seats are occupied by unruly boys. Believing that such bad management in the future will bar out those to whom the course would be a positive benefit, were it not for cold drafts, and unruly boys, I hope my suggestions will be acted upon.

POLICE COURT.—John Griffin, drunk, \$5 and costs. Thomas Kelley, Peter Doherty, W. H. Kimball, John McCarthy, Lawrence Clarke, Thomas Larkin, John H. Santy, \$3 and costs each for drunkenness. Santy was committed. Daniel Carlin, \$5 and costs for drunkenness, and \$10 and costs for fast driving; committed.

TEMPERANCE.—There will be another temperance meeting at the Y. M. C. A. rooms Sunday afternoon. At the last meeting a large committee was raised to arrange for systematic temperance work.

Rev. Dr. Briggs, of Cambridge, at the Unitarian Church, Sunday evening.

North Woburn.

FISHING.—One day last week, Charles E. Nichols, and one or two others, went to one of our neighboring ponds and brought home twenty-two pounds of pickerel. Last Tuesday they went to the same place, and came home with thirty-three pounds more.

ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Bowman fell on the ice last Saturday, breaking an arm and shoulder.

Winchester.

BROKEN BIT.—Thursday morning as Lieut. Gill and wife were driving through the Square, the bit broke and their horse became unmanageable, but was secured by the bystanders without injury to the occupants of the carriage.

NEW MASONIC HALL.—The members of Wm. Parkman Lodge having secured the new hall in the Brown-Stanton Block, are taking hold of the furnishing and fitting up of the apartments that will be dedicated to their use, in a very spirited manner. They have projected a series of entertainments which will culminate in a grand Masonic Fair sometime in April, the proceeds of which it is believed will procure for them the necessary funds to make their hall the handsomest in the District. The cooperation of the ladies of the whole town is invited, for without them no fair could be successful, and the members have assurances that their fair friends will, as usual, help on the fair. The first of the series of entertainments will be given next Thursday evening, in Lyceum Hall, when a fine array of musical and dramatic talent will appear. Misses Gertrude Ulmer, Anabel Clarke, Minnie Herron, Wm. C. Pierce, F. L. Platt, L. K. Palmer, of Woburn, Geo. B. Ford, and C. L. Harrington have volunteered their services, and one of the best programmes ever presented to a Winchester audience will be given. The tickets are on sale at Brown's, and by members of the committee. Lyceum Hall ought to be crowded next Thursday evening, and we believe it will be.

RANGELEY HALL.—Next Tuesday evening (instead of Monday), Jan. 27th, the last of Mr. Pond's concerts will be given. The Miller piano which has been used at these concerts has attracted attention. The tone has been good, the action pleasant to the performer, and the instruments have given great satisfaction to the appreciative people that have heard them used. Next Tuesday evening Mr. Preston will be assisted by Mr. G. S. Lamson and Mrs. T. M. Carter.

THE REMAINS OF GEORGE BAKER, son of F. W. Baker, of Winchester, have arrived from San Francisco, where Mr. Baker died, some time ago, as mentioned in the *Journal*. The funeral takes place in the Baptist Church this Friday afternoon.

BROKEN ARM.—John H. Maxwell, last Saturday, was at work upon a pump at his father's factory, North Winchester, when he slipped, caught his arm, and broke it.

REFORM.—President Small, of the Reform Club, gave an excellent address last Sunday, before the Reform Club.

Burlington.

SELECT PARTY.—Notwithstanding the severe weather of the evening, thirty-five of the members of the Young People's Union, connected with the St. Paul's church, of Lynn, embarked in the "Queen of the Fleet," for a cruise to Burlington. Between 9 and 10 they arrived at the Town Hall, and were received by the "Original Fourteen." After a short delay, the company sat down to a banquet prepared by Mrs. Samuel Walker. The tables were decorated with callas, sunlax, and other flowers from the greenhouse of Mr. Charles Walker, and presented a fine appearance. After satisfying their keen appetites, the company was called to order, and Mr. M. H. Nichols as toast master offered for the first time, "The Young People's Union, St. Paul's Church, Burlington." The toast was responded to by Mr. Nichols, who said that he was proud of her 14 original sons and daughters. Mr. M. H. Nichols responded. "The city of Lynn" was responded to by Mr. Clarence Rogers. Mr. Charles E. Estabrook responded for the "Town of Burlington." "The Ladies," ever present and always welcome, may the coming year make many a heart leap for joy, Mr. Moses Withey responded. "Our First Party," Mr. Edwin J. Graves responded. "The Press," Mr. W. H. Nichols, Misses Davis, Giddings, and Messrs. Silsbee, Walters, and others made short speeches. After the remarks, which were mostly original, the company participated in a general social communion, and music. At an early (7) hour the "Y. P. U." departed for the city of souls, very much pleased with their visit to our quiet little village.

Refunding Monies Stolen from Government Officers.

In Congress, last Friday the bill authorizing the payment of \$5,850 to the last Assistant U. S. Treasurer at New Orleans, being the amount stolen from his office in 1871, was under consideration. Congressmen Bowman has in charge a similar bill for the relief of Mr. Upham, Postmaster at Waltham, and being interested in the principle involved took part in the discussion, as follows:—

MR. BOWMAN. I only wish to say a few words in regard to this case, which it seems to me will be to certain extent a precedent in many cases that will follow, some of which are before our Committee of Claims. It is therefore important that the principle, if there is any principle in this case, should be settled for the guidance of the House. I think gentlemen are mistaken in saying this is a new case. It is not a new case. It has been the practice of this House in cases where due diligence was proved to reimburse the officer of the Government. We stand upon the foundation principle, that there is no legal obligation whatever on the Government to make good this loss. The only question is, is there an equitable obligation? Now, in cases of this kind an officer of the Government, when he is the collector of revenue, collector of postage, or any other title, provided such officer shows that he has been faithful, provided he shows that he has used due and ordinary, not extraordinary, diligence, is reimbursed for the losses sustained by him. The Government asks of him only ordinary diligence; not that he shall keep his money in a vault; not that he shall build a barrier from the floor up to the ceiling of the room, so that no thief can reach over it; not that he shall take any extraordinary precautions; but only that he shall take that care of the money of the Government which an ordinary man in the exercise of reasonable business diligence would of his own funds.

Now, it seems to me that there is here an equitable obligation on the part of the Government. The gentleman from Illinois [Mr. ANSON] gave you an example of a storekeeper losing his goods, and asks if he must not suffer the loss. That is not a parallel case. This officer did not own the funds. The funds did not belong to this sub-treasurer; they were the property of the United States in the hands of a public officer.

The gentleman would have made an exact parallel to this case if he had asked this question: in the case of a clerk in a store, provided the goods or funds are embezzled without the actual negligence of such clerk, shall he be held responsible to his employer for his loss? It could not be held that if a thief should go into a store and while the clerk was exercising due and ordinary and reasonable care should steal goods from the counter, that clerk must make good to the employer the value of those goods. Not a man on this floor would argue that question for a single moment. No one would say that a clerk should make good to his employer any goods stolen from the counters while the clerk was in the exercise of reasonable diligence.

So, taking the parallel or example of that business transaction and you would find that this claimant would not be called upon to endure the loss. And that is the exact parallel in this case. This officer was a clerk of the Government, a sub-treasurer, his balance, as accounted against the Government, was his own goods but the bills of the Government; just as in the case of a postmaster he has stamps belonging to the Government. Now, by any doctrine of law or any doctrine of equity, if those goods are stolen while the officer is reasonably careful, there cannot equitably be any claim whatever against him for the loss.

MR. REAGAN. I would like to ask the gentleman a question. The gentleman says that the clerk is under the same moral obligation to look up and keep securely the goods of his employer that the sub-treasurer of the United States is under to look up the money, the bank bills, the stamps of his employer, the United States, and to keep them securely.

I do not see how by any doctrine of law or any doctrine of equity or any doctrine of morals you can say that there is any such obligation on the part of the balance, unless always you can show that he is guilty of gross negligence, to make good a loss under these circumstances. No one here has pretended that this officer was guilty of gross carelessness. He may have made a mistake; perhaps he did. But if you cannot exercise of a sound discretion he should have that railing up to the ceiling, so that no man could reach over it. But it was a mistake only; it was not dishonesty, it was not gross carelessness; it was simply an error of judgment to which any man is liable.

Now, if a man be guilty of an error of judgment only, that is a good excuse for him and does not make him liable unless you can also show that he is guilty of gross carelessness, or at least of actual, positive carelessness. In other words, this balance may be guilty of errors of judgment. A stronger man or a wiser man might have done differently from what he did. But if you cannot go beyond that and show that he was culpably or wickedly or grossly careless, then I claim that he as an innocent man is entitled to be reimbursed. I claim that that is both good equitable and good legal doctrine.

MR. REAGAN. Another question, if the gentleman please. Mr. BOWMAN. Certainly. MR. REAGAN. I would ask the gentleman if he does not think that there is a difference between a clerk liable to a merchant for the transaction of his business, his store, and a bonded public officer who is under obligations to keep secure and safe the public funds in his custody.

MR. BOWMAN. I see no distinction whatever in principle. The clerk is under the same moral obligation to look up and keep securely the goods of his employer that the sub-treasurer of the United States is under to look up the money, the bank bills, the stamps of his employer, the United States, and to keep them securely.

I do not believe that the Government of the United States ought to split hairs with the most exact nicety in matters of this kind. I believe that we are to decide these cases according to principles of right and justice and honorable dealing. Neither on appropriation bills nor upon other measures providing for the payment of money to the United States is it the duty of the Government to squeeze men down to the very lowest sums which they can be induced to take or to forgo the payment of or which the strict letter of the law would entitle them to. I believe that we are to decide these cases according to principles of right and justice and honorable dealing. Neither on appropriation bills nor upon other measures providing for the payment of money to the United States is it the duty of the Government to squeeze men down to the very lowest sums which they can be induced to take or to forgo the payment of or which the strict letter of the law would entitle them to. I believe that we are to decide these cases according to principles of right and justice and honorable dealing. Neither on appropriation bills nor upon other measures providing for the payment of money to the United States is it the duty of the Government to squeeze men down to the very lowest sums which they can be induced to take or to forgo the payment of or which the strict letter of the law would entitle them to.

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or technicalities. The United States cannot afford to be mean or, so to speak, legally dishonest. It is the duty of the United States to act liberally—to do what any man in private transactions would say is the right, honest, just thing, without any splitting of legal hairs. It seems to me, therefore, as a matter of law, or equity, or right, of justice, of fair and honorable dealing, that this man ought to be reimbursed, because no one has shown that he was guilty of any intentional wrong-doing and because he was in the exercise of reasonable care when this loss occurred.

MR. CHAIRMAN. I stated that this was not a precedent, but that this bill would be in accordance with the proceedings of Congress in similar cases since Congress was organized. Here are some of the precedents which I will state.

In the first session of the Forty-third Congress the Hillhouse relief act was passed, which reimbursed Mr. Hillhouse in the sum of \$185,000. Then the Spinner relief act passed in 1873, which reimbursed Mr. Spinner in the sum of \$61,000 and a fraction.

The case of Richard B. Bolling, surveyor of customs at Louisville, Kentucky, was passed in 1872, which reimbursed him in the sum of \$23,838 which had been lost from his office by embezzlement. The case of John S. Thomas, collector of customs at the port of Baltimore, whereby a defalcation by the deputy collector of \$27,549.25 was reimbursed to him. The Forty-fifth Congress passed similar bills for the relief of George Eyster, John W. Douglass, J. C. McBurney, James Johnston, and others, involving the same principle which is exhibited in the case, and many other cases of the same kind might be cited.

MR. BROWNE. Will the gentleman from Massachusetts inform us what the object is in exacting from an assistant treasurer a bond?

MR. BOWMAN. The object, Mr. Chairman, is to secure that the officers of the Government shall be honest, diligent, and faithful, and not to give bond against accidents by fire, earthquake, theft, or other accidents which are beyond their power.

Washington Correspondence.

Washington Churches, Eminent Divines and Distinguished People.

As a rule, we hear much of society in Washington, but very little of the religious element, unless in conjunction with some fashionable wedding, when temple and priest become part of the programme. The truth is Washington is a church-going City, very remote from Sodom, although many claim to believe in its close proximity. Its fair name and fame is repeatedly compromised by adverse reports upon this point. The fact is although not generally believed, that the high tone moral status of the Capital City is equal to any in America. There are here, as in every city two distinct elements the good and the bad; only knowing the former, my verdict is favorable. Any one would confirm the assertion could they witness the church goers on Sundays, mornings and evenings. It is a most creditable feature, and very pronounced. Our representative people observe Sundays, and apparently the ten commandments, with due respect. The long list of distinguished names recorded regularly in their respective churches, is an honor to America, for the majority have national reputations. When the religious element is on duty it is an object of interest, the only thing of the kind in America, therefore worthy of special attention. Let me say here the church edifices do not compare with New York or Boston, and I may add Woburn, but the congregations are another matter. "They are rich in material and great with renown." Every state in the Union well represented, also each country and nationality. I determined to make a tour of inspection, of the different folds. My report is favorable of the shepherd's and the flock. My first Sunday found me at the Roman Catholic Church, 14 and H streets, the old time-honored St. Matthew's. The pastor, Father Boyle, is a magnet drawing immense congregations. He is an orator and finished writer. The audience very *distingue* in appearance. Most of the Foreign Ministers and attaches, of the different legations, attend St. Matthew's, also a large representation of the executive, judicial and legislative branches of the government. "The Paisley School element," i. e. the Irish, is an unknown quantity here. An element recognized as the "Colored Gentry," is found in the galleries, like a black fringe of a silvery lining. It is a matter of surprise, how many of the colored population are numbered in the Catholic fold. The music is fine. High mass is recognized, many noble and distinguished looking foreigners, high in the diplomatic calendar, Admiral Sands, Senator Kernon, Mrs. Admiral Dalgreen, Col. Winthrop, Col. Goodfellow, and many others equally well known in Society. The appearance of St. Matthew's is favorable with any church in America, showing the largest percentage of distinguished Americans of any Catholic Church I have ever visited.

The following Sunday found me making my bow to the polite usher of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. My seat allowed me to take in all the glory of predication. Evidently it has been fore-ordained that this particular fold should record a pronounced success, judging from the array of human greatness found enclosed within her walls. The church is not artistic, but thoroughly comfortable, with the unmistakable appearance of sufficient "ways and means" to keep the machinery in order without any effort. The singing is congregational, with aid of organ and precentor. Dr. Paxton, the pastor, has a very youthful appearance for shepherd of such an "ancient and honorable" flock. Still, he has made a war and church record of success, which is a great auxiliary on the road of fame. He is one of the most eminent clergymen in Washington, greatly admired by all with whom he is associated. His sermon was eloquent; no wonder he draws a "full house." He has the qualities to create, and power to retain, the high appreciation he enjoys. One is instantly reminded of Church and State by this large congregation of human greatness, men of the most exalted position the rule, not the exception. It presents much the appearance of Dr. Hall's Fifth Avenue Church in New York, where "ancients and honorables" surrounded by the halo of wealth and distinction "praise God." No matter how old or ugly emblem men may be, they are always welcome in any congregation, and delightful to gaze upon, whether bald-headed, round-headed, or hard-headed. Many in this pasture are of the true Cromwell type who can fight and pray with equal success. Men of both political creeds worship God in "peace and good will" under the "banner of the cross."

From our Special Foreign Correspondent.
THE TOURJEE EXCURSION PARTY IN EUROPE.—No. 11.
Something about Venice. — A city in the Sea—its canals and its Palaces.—The Grand Square of St. Mark.—Feeding the Pigeons.—The Church of St. Mark.—The Palace of the Doges.—The Bridge of Sighs.—Climbing the Campanile.—Gondolas and Gondoliers.—Etc.
GRAND HOTEL, VENICE, August, 1879.
SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF VENICE.
I despair of being able to describe Venice. The city of the sea rises in my vision like an enchanted place where man's methods are inverted or changed altogether to some strange way, and where the habitations—nearly all of which the visitor sees on his first gondola trip from the railway station to his hotel are veritable palaces of the present or past—seem to have been reared from the watery depths by some mysterious process known only to the possessors of wonderful lamps and such like magic implements. Faded, soiled, tattered palaces some of them are, to be sure, and devoted to some cases to more ignoble uses than they were wont to serve, but palaces nevertheless which seem to assert their noble origin like a blue blooded

My third Sunday found me at the Foundry Methodist Church made prominent as the Presidential fold. It is quite an imposing edifice, corner of Fourteenth and G Streets. The interrogation is often made, "Why is it called Foundry?" The late Hon. Robert J. Walker was a "foundry man" once. I interrogated him for the reason. In his quiet manner he replied, "Wesley was an iron man, casting souls after his own mould, making Foundry applicable." I may not be very good authority, for some local reason may have suggested the name, but fancy it was built in honor of the first Methodist Chapel, built at Moorsfield, England, 1735, by Wesley the great founder, and called Foundry Church from having been originally a foundry before converted for church service. At the Foundry the seats are free, a cordial welcome given strangers, and polite ushers in attendance. The singing is congregational, with precentor, organ, and cornet. Dr. Lanahan is a pleasing speaker. The Foundry has not the distinguished appearance of St. Matthew's or Dr. Paxton's Church

menhant. Venice is not in all its aspects so romantic and utterly unreal. It has a practical side as well; and if your gondolier chances to turn his craft into one of the numerous side canals you are introduced to sights and smells that are positively worldly, or if you go out the back door of your hotel (the front door ushers you into the canal) into the little narrow alleys which serve as streets, and where the sun never gets a fair chance to shine except when it can peep in at one end, you will find all the petty huckstering and other surroundings of common commercial life. Venice has no horses, except the bronze quadrupeds over the portals of St. Mark's, and hence there is no rumbling of carts and no yelling of noisy drivers, nor yet any crack of the whip, so peculiar to other Italian cities. Venice, accordingly, presents a smaller field for the humane labors of Mr. Bergh than do Naples and Rome.

You extend your walk to the great, sunny Piazza di San Marco (or, what is better, if your visit is in the evening when the grand square is a blaze of light from a thousand gas-lamps), you are transported to a new scene of beauty and enchantment. The space is not large, as such things go where land is plenty, but it is large for Venice, where the tides of the Adriatic wash the very walls of the buildings. At the eastern end is the ancient church of St. Mark, (founded in 976) with its Oriental domes, the tall campanile, and a quaint clock-tower, which borders the Piazzetta, which extends northward to the water, is the fancifully decorated Palace of the Doges. The *molto* of the Piazzetta is the principal way in Venice, but its use is confined to passenger traffic. Near the margin of the sea are the two famous columns brought to Venice in 1120 from Greece. They are red granite, and while one is surmounted by a winged lion, the other bears aloft a statue of St. Theodore, the patron saint of the Republic, previous to 827, when that honor was transferred to St. Mark, whose remains were brought home by some raiding Venetians. Around these three sides of the great square are stately edifices—palaces of some sort or other like the rest of this strange city—and under them are arcades, glittering with showy jewelry shops and cafes. As to the cafes, you do not think of entering them, any more than you would a similar establishment in Paris, but sit at the little table out in the square, sipping (ice or hot but if you prefer it) feeding the pigeons, and watching the gay throng of passers-by, all at the same time.

THE PIGEONS.

These pigeons are very numerous, very fat, and very greedy. They come in hundreds to tumble over each other in pursuit of the kernels of corn you throw them, and some of the bolder birds perch on the back of your chair and eat from your hand. The corn is served to you by the waiter for a little "tip," or ten to one he brings it to you whether you ask for it or not, since "feeding the pigeons" constitutes one of the established amusements of Venice. The birds seem to have very little fear of human-kind, except where there is danger of being actually trodden upon; and yet it is darkly hinted that the Venetian small boy is developing a love for pigeon-pie. There is a popular tradition that these pigeons are still protected by the authorities, as they were after Admiral Dandolo was enabled to capture Candia in consequence of information conveyed by one of their ancestors, early in the 13th century, and also that they are daily fed at the hour of two. I was in the vicinity several times at and near the appointed hour, but saw no general gathering of the pigeons, and no general preparations to feed them, beyond what one might see in front of the cafes at almost any other time of the day. There was formerly a benevolent countess who provided for the daily care of the birds, but latterly they have been left to shift pretty much for themselves, and the evidences of rank independence on the part of the feathered vagabonds are found on every neighboring building, be it palace or less noble edifice. The roof of the church of San Moise, near the square, is one of their many favorite roosting-places.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK.

In front of St. Mark's are three *pilis*, or shafts, of cedar, rising from pedestals, which formerly bore the banners of Cyprus, Candia, and Morea, in token of the subjugation of the people of those countries. The form of the church is a Greek cross, and its architecture is a mixture of the Romanesque and Byzantine, with a modern addition (14th century) of a little Gothic to the facade. There is a large Byzantine dome in the centre and smaller domes upon the four arms of the cross. Outside and inside there are over an acre of mosaics, and there are no less than five hundred marble columns. In every aspect, without and within, the edifice has a picturesque and fantastic appearance. Over the main portal are the four famous gilded bronze horses which Napoleon carried off to Paris to ornament his lesser Arc de Triomphe in the Place du Carrousel, back of the Tuilleries. These horses were long supposed to have been the workmanship of the Greek master Leysippos, but they are now believed to have been produced in Rome in the time of Nero. They are known to have been in Rome where they adorned successively the arches of Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Constantine. Early in the 5th century, the Emperor Theodosius transported them to Constantinople and placed them in the centre of the Hippodrome, which was quite as appropriate a place for them as the front of a Christian church. In the year 1205, after the conquest of Constantinople by the Venetians and French, the horses and much other spoil which now enriches St. Mark's, fell to the lot of the Venetians and were sent thither by the Podesta, Marino Zeno. With these spoils came sundry sacred relics including the head of John the Baptist (the body having fallen to the lot of the French), the body of St. Luke, a phial of Christ's blood (now kept in the treasury of St. Mark's), and a fragment of the cross. It is recorded that the phial of blood was claimed by two soldiers, and that one shed the other's blood to secure the precious bounty. For nearly six hundred years—until 1797—the horses looked forth upon the gay Piazza di San Marco. When that eminent freebooter, Napoleon Bonaparte, came to Italy, he seized the bronze steeds and led them over the Alps back to Paris. By the treaty of 1815, they were restored in common with all other works of art Napoleon had stolen, but not until a copy had been made of them for the before-mentioned arch.

The interior of the church is quite as fanciful in design as the outside. The domes are lofty and are adorned with pictures in mosaic, and the pavements are fashioned in the same way, the mosaics forming geometrical figures. In some places these worn and sunken stones have supplanted still more ancient pavements. The relics of St. Mark, brought from Alexandria in 828, repose beneath the high altar. Behind the high altar is a second altar with four spiral columns of alabaster. Two of these columns, as the guide will show you by means of a lighted taper, are transparent. According to tradition, these came from Solomon's Temple.

THE PALACE OF THE DOGES.

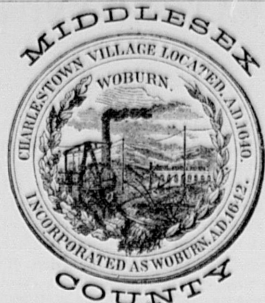
The Palace of the Doges, or the Ducal Palace, is interesting beyond almost everything else one sees in Venice. It is richly decorated and senate and council halls contain a great number of magnificent paintings. Many of the finest pictures of Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese are to be seen here. There are a number of apartments containing statuary and antiquities, mainly from Greece. The visitor wanders through the great hall of the senate, the hall of the Council of Ten, the hall of the Council of Three and the ante chamber of the three inquisitors where may still be seen the hole in the wall where documents imparting secret information, were formerly thrust. He can also cross the Bridge of Sighs and enter the gloomy old dungeons where the victims of the cruel rulers were immured, and where hundreds of them have met their death. The best way to view the famous bridge, however, is from the *Ponte della Paglia*, below the palace. The reason for this is that the *Ponte del Sogno*, or Bridge of Sighs, is enclosed so that he who treads its melancholy way is scarcely made aware that he is not still in one of the passages of the palace.

THE CAMPANILE.

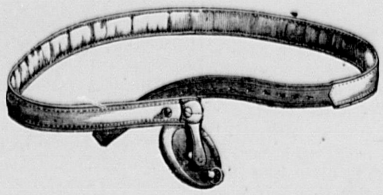
A climb to the top of the Campanile, or bell-tower, of St. Mark's, is not a very difficult task, inasmuch as a gently inclined passageway just inside the walls takes the place of the ordinary stairs. The height of the Campanile is 322 feet, and from its lofty galleries a glorious view is had of Venice and its watery surroundings. I ascended also the dome of the church of San Giorgio Maggiore, but the view from the Campanile of St. Mark's is much finer.

GONDOLAS AND GONDOLIERS.

When the visitor desires to go out in Venice, for business or pleasure, or for sight-seeing, he does not request the hotel porter to call a gondola for him, but he goes to a gondolier, but the view from the Campanile of St. Mark's is much finer. Another lot containing about 16,000 square feet, bounded southerly by Pond street, northerly by Woburn line, easterly by land of Peter Collins. Tax for 1878, \$2.50. Tax for 1879, \$2.50. Tax for 1880, \$2.50. Tax for 1881, \$2.50. Tax for 1882, \$2.50. Tax for 1883, \$2.50. Tax for 1884, \$2.50. Tax for 1885, \$2.50. Tax for 1886, \$2.50. Tax for 1887, \$2.50. Tax for 1888, \$2.50. Tax for 1889, \$2.50. Tax for 1890, \$2.50. Tax for 1891, \$2.50. Tax for 1892, \$2.50. Tax for 1893, \$2.50. Tax for 1894, \$2.50. Tax for 1895, \$2.50. Tax for 1896, \$2.50. Tax for 1897, \$2.50. Tax for 1898, \$2.50. Tax for 1899, \$2.50. Tax for 1900, \$2.50. Tax for 1901, \$2.50. Tax for 1902, \$2.50. Tax for 1903, \$2.50. Tax for 1904, \$2.50. 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Poetical Selection.

ONLY A DOG.
'Twas only a dog that did it—
But tell me, if you can
Was there not something in the deed,
Flashing out like the soul of a man?
They lived in the little house down there
By the Jerusalem road,
Rip, and old Lincoln his master,
Good pluck that day they showed!

Just off the ledge,—the Black Rock ledge,—
Making out from the hill you see,
A wreck lay tumbling below the gale,
With the sharp rocks under her lee.
Filled with emigrants, laden with wine,
She lay, and no help seemed nigh,
When down came Lincoln, with Rip, his dog,
The fight of the waters to spy.

Master and dog took to the scene,
As they peered through the scattering brine;
And Rip spoke plainer than human speech
In his quick and anxious whine.
'In, in, good dog!' old Lincoln cried;
But the surf flung him back on the shore;
'In, in, good dog!' and Rip, with a leap,
Dashed in through the spray and the roar.

Buffeted, beaten, and bruised, he strove,—
Strove 'gainst the maddening surge;
From every plunge of the huddling waves,
See the brave fellow emerge!
On he toiled, till the wreck he neared;
Look! there have thrown him a line;
Tied to a stick, a moment it floats,
And then, brave Rip, it is time!

Back to the beach with the hurrying tide,
And holding the stick in his teeth,
See him tossed on, over billow, through vale,
Billow and foam-circled wreath.
'Bless you, good fellow!' old Lincoln cries,
With a tear in his honest gray eye;
And all the men on the hill beyond
Joined in a welcoming cry.

Every soul on the wreck was saved,
How, you may easily guess,—
All by a dog, only a dog,—
Immortal nevertheless.
For when we find, in the world to come,
We have given to Death the slip,
Where will the love of the justice be,
If there we don't find old Rip?

—Nursery for February.

Selected Story.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Vaughan, or Esquire Vaughan, of
Barclay Manor, was a man of high degree in
his country—a magistrate and lord-lieutenant.
Not only by virtue of his position was he
respected, but by reason of his many virtues;
above all, his high-souled honor and integrity.

Mr. Vaughan had been originally a solicitor,
but on the death of Constable Vaughan,
a stern old uncle, whom he had scarcely
ever seen, he found himself with the res-
iduary legate of a noble property, with a
large unincumbered rent-roll. Cuthbert
Vaughan was a very ambitious man, but the
almost unexpected selection of himself as
possessor of the Barclay Manor estates was
necessarily a source of satisfaction. But
chiefly was it so for the sake of his daughter
Miriam, a girl of noble qualities, which had
been restricted in a more humble sphere,
but found ample play in the region to which
she was now elevated. She was a very
beautiful girl, rather tall and slim, and re-
markable for her elegance of manner and
speech. Her tastes were eminently artistic
and literary, and her drawings were the ad-
miration of her whole circle, while it was
more than suspected that she wrote for the
magazines. But she was without any ex-
cessive pride, and as affable and agreeable,
as she was charitable and devoted, in her in-
tercourse with the poor.

The manor house was a large and rather
rambling building, furnished in excellent
taste, and having a noble library, as well as
a picture gallery. The father and daughter
had been four years in possession, the latter
now being nineteen years of age; and both
were already exceedingly popular in the
country.

The Esquire had determined, a few days
before, to clear out some lumber rooms and
get rid of a lot of rubbish which had accu-
mulated during some twenty years, and which
was gradually becoming a nuisance. Father
and daughter were in the picture gallery,
looking at the portraits of their ancestors,
and enjoying, as they walked, the cool
breeze from the park, when the butler en-
tered with a workman bearing a picture.

'Sir,' said the butler, 'we have found
this portrait in the lumber-room, and as it is
clearly a family likeness, we have brought
it here to know what is to be done with it.'

The picture was at the same moment res-
tored on a chair, and Mr. and Miss Vaughan
examined it. Both strangely enough felt a
little shiver as they saw that handsome face,
with the weak mouth and wicked eyes,
which seemed to pierce the very marrow of
their bones.

'You don't know who it is?' asked the
Squire.
'No, sir,' replied the butler, 'but I dare
say Mrs. Graves will.'

'Send for her at once,' was the com-
mand.
A few minutes later the house-keeper en-
tered; a staid woman of sixty, still active,
with white hair, and a very dignified aspect.
At the sight of the portrait she turned pale,
and with a deep sigh she fell upon a seat.

'You are agitated, Mrs. Graves,' said the
Squire, kindly.
'Yes, sir, pardon me, but the sight of
that picture unnerves me. It is the portrait
of Mr. Constable's only son,' she faltered.

'Who put it in the lumber-room?' con-
tinued the Squire, gravely.
'Ah, sir, it's the old story,' she answered.
'He was willful, and loved where his father
wished him not. Both were self-willed and
obstinate, and they separated. Young Mr.
Constable went away and never was seen

again. The father ordered the picture to
the lumber-room, and then never mentioned
his name again.'

'Put it up on the vacant space yonder,'
said the Squire, quietly.
'Where it was taken from,' cried the
woman, who had been thirty years in the
family service.

'And, sir,' the butler went on, 'there
was this bundle of papers beside the picture.
What shall I do with them?'

'Take them to my study,' observed the
Squire. 'I will examine them by and by.
And now, Miriam, to luncheon.'

They went down thinking of the stern old
man who had sacrificed his son to a whim,
or at best a bitter pride, and wondering how
different matters might have been but for
this estrangement.

'Miriam,' said the father when they were
alone, 'I feel as if we were very much like
usurpers and interlopers.'

'How so?' asked his daughter in a tone
of surprise.
'Suppose this young Constable left chil-
dren or a child. He or they are the rightful
heirs,' he remarked, thoughtfully.

'But surely something would have been
heard from them,' she urged.
'That man whose portrait we have just
seen was both weak and obstinate,' was her
father's response, 'and would, after a quar-
rel, have kept doggedly aloof from his
father.'

'What then would you do?' asked Mir-
iam.
'The estate has been left to us of the free
will of the late Constable Vaughan,' he said,
'and is ours, but we are so rich that, should
there be any direct heirs, it is our duty to
find them and compensate all to the full ex-
tent in our power for their loss.'

'Certainly, papa,' she said, 'that is
spoken like your own generous and noble
self. How will you act?'

'I will see the solicitor to-day,' he said,
'and cause the most searching inquiries to
be made.'

And after some further conversation, the
subject dropped, and at the end of the meal
the Squire went out, and rode to the country
town where the firm of solicitors he wished
to consult resided. In the evening after
dinner the subject was resumed.

'Have you any news?' asked Miriam,
noticing that her father was very serious.
'Yes. Constable Vaughan married two
and twenty years ago a lady of some family,
but no means. The marriage was clandestine,
and was only discovered when a child was
born. Then came the explosion, and the
young man went away to be heard of no
more directly. The solicitors knowing that
he was still the heir, kept him in sight for
some time; but for many years no tidings
have come, and it is believed he is dead.'

'But they are not sure, papa?' said Mir-
iam.
'No; and I ordered them to follow up
the trace at no matter what cost, my dear,'
said the proud father, 'Right must be done.'

'Right must be done,' she replied, in a
dreamy kind of way.
Later on in the evening, some young lady
friends coming in, Mr. Vaughan retired to
his study to smoke, and as he seated himself
in his cozy arm-chair and with his pipe of
wine close to his hand, observed the parcel
of papers. Taking out his pen-knife he
opened the package, and saw at once that
they contained legal documents. Putting
on his spectacles, he began to examine them.

There were old leases, and then, in a small
parcel tied with black silk, he found the cer-
tificate of young Constable's birth of his
baby boy, Charles Constable Vaughan.

'The disinherited heir, if he had lived,'
said Mr. Vaughan, aloud, 'if he is alive,
we will find him, and with the wealth
I have at my disposal it will go hard if I can-
not make up in some way for his loss.'

He now took up another document, at
sight of which he trembled violently, so vi-
olently that he could scarcely utter the fasten-
ings. What was it that made him stare so
wildly at this harmless bit of parchment?

He had read these words, 'Deeds of en-
tail.' Slowly he opened the large legal
document, and at once plunged into it. With
white face and quivering lip he read it from
beginning to end.

'Merciful heaven!' he said, at last, 'if
there is a living heir he is no better off
than we were five years ago. Old Constable
had no power to will this property, which
goes to heirs male without power of aliena-
tion.'

handing them all the documents found in so
strange and unexpected a manner. They
looked at him in unfeigned admiration.

'This is a most serious matter,' observed
the elder partner, 'for between ourselves,
I know of the previous existence of this docu-
ment, which, however, I believed to be
destroyed. Of course, should the heir be
found, it places you in a most awkward posi-
tion.'

'How so?' asked Mr. Vaughan.
'You will have to give up possession.
But if, before producing this document, you
come to learn—' suggested the lawyer.

'No; let there be justice,' replied the
Squire. 'Do your duty, and I will do
mine.'

Both gentlemen shook their client heartily
by the hand, and then, by his instructions,
sent off a special messenger to Paris. He
was absent a week, and the following tele-
gram came:

'The heir is found. There is no doubt
of his identity. He is a rather harum-scarum
student in art, very poor, but without any of
the vices of his class. There is the making
of a sterling Englishman in him when away
from his wild associates. He will come over
in a few days. He begs you will stay where
you are.'

It must be said that both father and
daughter felt easier, and prepared at once
for departure. The lawyer begged them to
remain until the new heir came over, but
they refused. They wished to slip away
unobserved. The lawyer urged them to re-
move many things they had purchased, such
as piano, harp, and other things.

'Nothing,' said Miriam, proudly; 'noth-
ing here belongs to us—we are usurpers.'

On the morning of their intended depart-
ure there came a letter from the heir, beg-
ging his cousin to make Barclay Manor his
residence until other arrangements might be
made.

'If you leave,' he said, 'you will make
me feel very unhappy and small.'

But they shook their heads and retired.

CHAPTER II.
When Charles Constable Vaughan, after
announcing his marriage and the birth of a
son to an enraged parent, was ordered out of
the house, he swore a furious oath never to
cross the threshold of the door again, except
as master.

He had a small income from his mother,
and with this he emigrated to Bologna,
where for some time he lived the life of a
Bohemian. Then influenced by his wife, a
very talented woman, the daughter of a cler-
gyman, he went to Paris, where both were
able largely to add to their income by teach-
ing music and drawing.

When their only son and child was eighteen,
both were dead, leaving him to the mercies
of the world with a hundred a year, and at
the same time with every document to prove
his descent. The young artist looked upon
the estate looming in the distance as a myth,
and never thought anything more about it.

He heard soon after of his grandfather's
death and of his will, leaving all to Cuth-
bert Vaughan, and shrugging his shoulders
went on with his work.

He was under the care and guardianship
of an old French teacher, a very clever ec-
centric painter, who was deeply attached to
him. This man was a regular Bohemian,
and delighted in art life. But he was a
man who worked and kept his pupil at work.

It was when Charles was nearly twenty-
two, during a slack season, that we resume
our narrative. Mr. Gerard had been very
ill, though now he was getting better. But
his illness had been very expensive, and his
convalescence had promised to be more so,
and Charles had spent his very last son.

They lived in two small rooms adjacent to
their studio, and Charles was just putting
on his hat to go out.

'It is our last chance,' he said, 'I
will try the bankers. I will not be long—
not more than an hour.'

But many hours passed, night came, and
still Charles Constable did not return.
'I hope no harm happened him,' said
the old painter, with a sigh, forgetting his
own sufferings in his anxiety.

Vaughan had gone on doggedly to the
bankers, with his hat over his eyes, and his
hands in his pockets. He was doing that
which his soul rebelled against. He had a
belief that he was doing his duty, firmly be-
lieved that he would meet with a refusal.
But how to open the subject—how to ex-
cuse at the first blush his presence? Well,
he would expect to expect a letter. This
would give an excuse for backing out at the
last moment. With this harmless subter-
fuge, therefore he entered boldly.

here,' taking out a pocket book, 'I have
the copies of my father's certificate of birth,
his marriage and my certificate.'

The lawyer examined them methodically.
'Sir, allow me to congratulate you on
being the owner of nine thousand a year,
and as fine a property as any in the west
of England. But you are faint, sir. Wine
—after a violent ring—' wine at once!

'No more,' said Constable, faintly. 'I
have been without food too long to drink.'
The amazed lawyer at once ordered an
improvised dinner, and then proceeded to
explain everything.

'So you see, sir, you have been owner
for four years, but from no fault of these
people. Few persons—ahem!' he added—
'Would have behaved so nobly,' he
cried, listening in a daze. I can scarcely
believe my own good fortune, or that girl's
generous self-denial. It was a great tem-
ptation.'

'Yes, sir, bravely overcome. And now
to dinner. You can give your instructions
after.'

Constable ate and drank in a dream,
talked in a dream, and dictated letters in a
dream, but at last he awoke to reality.

'I had forgotten,' he said wildly. 'I
must be going. I will see you to-morrow.'

'I have no check book,' observed the
lawyer, 'but if a hundred pounds in cash
is of any use—'

Constable shook him heartily by the hand,
and 'burning the pavement' as the French
say, in a flash soon reached his old friend's
lodging. His first act was to toss the money
on the table, and then bawl at the concierge
to go for everything his friend required.

After seeing him partake of a sufficient
meal, he told his story to the amazed Bohe-
mian.

'There is only one thing,' said Mr. Ger-
ard, later on in the evening, 'I am sorry to
part—'

'Part! Never! You shall come and es-
tablish yourself in London, paint my por-
trait, my wife's portrait, my children's—all
my friends' portraits.'

And so it happened that a week later, the
young heir of Barclay Manor started for
England, in company with the lawyer and
the delighted painter. When he reached
home he found a kind but proud note from
Miriam, declining certain splendid offers he
had made, and intimating that their course
in life must in future be apart.

CHAPTER III.
When Mr. Vaughan sold his practice for
a small sum, he invested it with a laughing
remark that it would do for a rainy day,
which he never expected, of course, would
come. It was now nearly all he had to de-
pend on. But being determined not to be
idle, he went to the gentlemen who bought
his business and frankly told his story.

Knowing his ability, and, above all, his con-
nections, they at once offered him £200 a
year.

They took a house at Brompton, a house
with a garden, and more room than they re-
quired. But to obtain the position this was
necessary. But Miriam quietly intimated
her intention to take lodgers. Mr. Vaughan
started, but made no opposition.

It was the sight of his brave daughter
seeing to her household repairs that kept
him from repining. She did not neglect her
painting; she even hired a piano. But
months passed and no lodgers came. One
day, however, a French gentleman, speaking
no English, came to see the apartments,
which consisted of three rooms, one of which
was very light and airy. He said he was
an artist with one pupil, in rather delicate
health, and would like to take the place if
he could have the occasional use of the
garden. They were duly installed the next
day, the pupil, Mr. Spencer, being a young
man who looked rather delicate, and who
appeared to have his eyes affected, for he
wore protective spectacles. His manner
was exceedingly agreeable, and before he
had been a week in the house all were good
friends. He was an enthusiastic artist, and
finding out rapidly Miriam's artistic tastes,
was soon a fellow-pupil with her under M.
Dubois, and, before three months were over,
Mr. Spencer was hard at work on a portrait
of his fair landlady.

It was impossible for two young persons
of similar tastes and habits to be so con-
stantly in one another's society and not be-
come friends. Mr. Spencer was a man of
cultivated taste and much information; above
all, he was an enthusiast in art. So was
Miriam, and by degrees their relationships
became more intimate. Miriam listened for
his foot-steps; her heart beat wildly at
the sound of his voice. Without a spoken
word they were engaged by that sympathy
of the soul which requires no words.

'Mr. Vaughan,' said the young man to
the lawyer, 'I am something more than a
mere student. I have ample means to sup-
port a wife, and my family is good. If you
will only give your consent you shall have
every reference, and you shall be introduced
to my relations.'

'My dear boy, if you can satisfy me on
that point,' replied Mr. Vaughan, 'I can-
not so rich as we might have been, but Mir-
iam is a treasure in herself.'

'She is then. Then I have your con-
sent?' he cried, gleefully, and hurried away
to Miriam.

He shortly returned, and said it had been
bought at the high figure he had marked to
prevent a sale, by Mr. Charles Constable
Vaughan. Miriam turned pale, her father
coughed, and shortly after the whole party
left the gallery and returned home.

'You seem very much annoyed,' said the
young artist. 'May I ask why?'

'It is unnecessary to explain,' said Mir-
iam, 'but that gentlemen's name is associat-
ed with a very painful epoch in our lives,
and why he should buy my portrait is indeed
a mystery.'

'Because he painted it,' said the artist,
in a voice of deep emotion, 'and would al-
low no other man on earth to possess either
the copy or the original.'

'Sir,' cried Mr. Vaughan, 'what do you
mean?'

'That I am Charles Constable Vaughan,
your cousin—in a few weeks to be your son-
in-law,' he said, clasping Miriam to his
heart.

'Sir,' she said, 'this is too bad. You
ought to know how I disliked that man.'

'And I came to make you love him,' he
answered. 'And now, sir,' he added, 'you
and I are the only parties interested in
the entail.'

'The only ones,' replied the lawyer,
moodily. 'Our joint consent can end the
entail,' he went on.

'It can, but I shall not consent—'

But before he could finish the sentence he
had torn the deed and thrust it into a fire,
which he had cunningly ordered, and by
dint of a diligent use of the poker it was de-
stroyed.

'Now, my dear sir, I am wholly in your
power. You are master of Barclay Manor—
will you give it me at some future time as
your heir, and in the mean time, let me take
this fair treasure on security?'

'Cousin Charles,' observed Miriam, a
little later in the day, 'it is clear you were
not to be outdone.'

'No, my darling. I loved you before I
saw you for your noble generosity—when I
saw you I adored you for yourself, and de-
termined to win you. Have I done so, or
not?'

'Yes, my lord and master,' she said, with
a smile, 'you have conquered.'

'I have won a prize fit for an emperor,'
he replied.

It was indeed a gala day when, after a
brief journey to Paris, Mr. Vaughan re-
turned to Barclay Manor with Mr. Vaughan,
junior, and his wife, Miriam. Nothing ever
was said of the ownership of the estate to
which, only eleven years after, Charles suc-
ceeded. He never regretted the stratagem
by which he won a wife, nor she the courage
with which he had helped her father to
withstand their great temptation.

CHAPTER IV.
There is nothing easier, when you know
how, than editing. Anybody can do it that
has the requisite qualifications.
An editor needs a thorough knowledge of
history, sacred and profane, a perfect ac-
quaintance with ancient literature and mod-
ern belle lettres. He must be able to dis-
cuss theology with his pastor, science with
his physician, and law with his lawyer. He
must know the secret working of European
courts, and the plans of home administra-
tions. He must be on hand at every funeral,
wedding, accident, and quarrel. He must
be polite, wise, witty, and fluent. Having
acquired all these little matters, he must
present to the public a constant succession
of brilliant articles that shall interest the
young and instruct the old. Poetry, science,
politics, everything must be given out freely,
as though his treasures of knowledge were
inexhaustible. Really, it's the easiest thing
in the world to be an editor, when you know
enough and how to tell it. All you've got
to do, after having mastered all the facts and
theories of the past, is to attract to yourself
everything said and done in the present, as
the magnet attracts iron filings, and become
skilled in prophesying the future. Then, as
already hinted, just get out your writing
materials, and without any preparation,
while the devil (we speak professionally)
stands at your elbow waiting for copy, tell
the world in chaste and forcible language
what it wants to know. Yes, an editor
ought to be an incarnated encyclopaedia and
scrap book combined. Dear readers, when-
ever you see an editor, think how much he
is supposed to know, and if perchance you do
not see the result of it in his paper, be-
lieve, we entreat you, that he has it in him,
only he is crammed so tight he can't get any
of it out.—Peabody Press.

Old Ike—"Hannor, did you eber
notis dat w'en I gives you half a dollar ter
buy ha'rins wid, you snatches at it like a
dog snappin' at flies, an' w'en you han't it to
do dry goods sto' clerk you dux it wid yer
thumb an' fo'finger, like you was a gibbin'
him a toob roos to put in his weskot? I seed
you do dat mo'n once in de New Yawk Sto',
and de fust ting dat firm knows dey'll miss
a clerk, an' I'll git inter trouble 'bout it."

TO MAKE LEATHER WATERPROOF.—Take
good, clear beef tallow and neat-foot oil
equal parts, put about one-eight-beeswax in
when melted, and add a small quantity of
lampblack; then apply it hot, after moisten-
ing the leather slightly before putting it on;
let it dry in by gentle heat, and, if the
leather is of good quality, you will have a
snow water proof boot.—Journal of Com-
merce.

"Come here, sir, till I tan your jacket
for you," said Currier to a transient pupil.
The boy softly answered, "A soft tan, sir." The
muscles of the teacher's face and arms
relaxed, and the punishment was commuted
to the admonition to be careful about playing
hokey again. Thus it is that a soft tan, sir,
turneth away wrath.

Woburn Journal.

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The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880.

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AS INGENUOUS ARRANGEMENT.—Gilbert Hook & Ladder Co. No. 1, has a contrivance attached to the doors of its house which is very curious and very effective. The simple act of opening the small door by one of the members, raises a lever which lights up the house, instantly. As it requires at least two men to run the truck, the second man takes his place at the rear tiller, and pulling a cord suspended over his position, unlatches the front door and releases two weights, the fall of which opens the doors, and fastens them open. As the carriage goes out, the wheels pass over an iron bar in the floor, two depressions of which will cause a clock work to be set in motion, which in fifteen seconds releases a 60 pound weight. This weight falls about six feet and closes both valves of the front door and the side door at the same time, and leaves the house locked fast. The front door can be opened independently of the mechanism, but cannot be shut without two depressions of the treadle. This is important, as the forward wheels and hind wheels must both pass before the machine becomes active, and fifteen seconds more gives ample time to get out of the way. The truck can never be caught amidst the doors, as was the case at Lowell, the other day with a contrivance they have in use there. This contrivance is the joint invention of Messrs. Nichols, Barrett, Stowers, and Smith, all members of the Hook & Ladder Co., and as they are intending to patent it, we cannot be more explicit. The machine is wound up after each using. It is a very ingenious thing, and has thus far worked entirely satisfactorily. It would be a good thing if every house in town had one applied to it.

BOSTON ART CLUB.—The 21st exhibition of paintings by the Boston Art Club, has been open since Jan. 9th, and closes this Saturday evening. Ben. Champney has a "Study from Nature," and "Under the Elms." Edwin G. Champney has "Under the Pines." Albert Thompson, has a "Landscape and Cattle—Winchester," and "Landscape and Cattle—Waverley." Miss Von Hillern who achieved fame as a walkist, exhibits a picture of "Wood interior, St. Johnsbury, Vt."

DEATH OF FARMER ALLEN.—The death of Hon. Daniel Allen, familiarly known as "Farmer Allen," occurred at his home in Wakefield last Friday evening, at the age of sixty-five. He was born in Walpole and was brought up a farmer. On one of his visits to Boston he happened into a temperance meeting, and there, in his striped frock, made his first speech in favor of temperance. He made such a favorable impression that from that time forward he was in great demand.

DR. MELVIN'S PILLS.—A box of these pills were left on the editorial desk a day or two since, and already our cold is better. What would have happened had we taken the pills, no one can tell; perhaps they would have made us cough proof, and proof against the several ills which they were made to cure. No matter; every body says they are good pills, and the druggists love to sell them.

SAVINGS BANK.—We are glad to notice that considerable business is being transacted at the W. F. C. S. Bank. Those who want their money, finding no trouble about getting it, reassure those who had felt timid, and the number of depositors is steadily increasing. Last Wednesday the smallest amount was withdrawn, and the largest deposited, since the re-opening of the Bank.

NEW STORE AND FACTORY.—A. A. Ferrin is putting up on his lot on Fowle street, a new building two stories in height, 23x40, which he will use as a manufactory for oil coverings and a sales room for the same. Mr. Ferrin is doing a thriving business and gives occupation to a large number of sewing women in addition to his factory help.

STILL ANOTHER.—The New England Life Insurance Co., have sent us a steel plate engraved calendar for 1880, which is artistic and elegant, just such as might be expected from so stable a company, accustomed to such handsome surroundings in its marble palace in Post Office Square.

GRAND ARMY.—At the Department Convention of the Grand Army, held at Lynn, on Wednesday and Thursday, Past Commander Hill, of Post 33, was elected Senior Vice Commander, receiving 205 out of 214 votes, practically a unanimous election, as there was no opposition.

RUNAWAY.—One of Hawkins' single teams ran away Monday evening, from some point below town, and came up street flying. Everybody got out of the way, and the team turned safely into Union Street, and was stopped near the stable.

STATISTICS.—The Town Clerk has recorded in 1879, marriages, 85; births, 275; deaths, 170. This is a falling off of 35 births, an increase of 16 marriages, and a decrease of 40 deaths over the record of 1878.

PHALANX BALL.—The 45th annual ball of the Phalanx entertains four weeks from this Friday evening. The last is always the best with the Phalanx.

VACATION.—Next week is vacation in all the schools. The teachers will have a rest, the scholars a good time, and the parents will be glad when it is over.

ROYAL ARCH.—The following officers of Woburn Royal Arch Chapter, were installed on Wednesday evening, by Alfred E. Chapman, M. E. G. R. A. K. of the M. E. Grand Chapter of the U. S.:—
M. E. H. P., F. A. Flint,
E. K. Thomas S. Spurr,
Scribe, Charles A. Sweetser,
C. of H. S. F. Trull,
P. S. A. A. Ferrin,
R. A. C. J. W. Richardson,
M. of 3d V., J. W. Hutchinson,
M. of 2d V., C. A. Pierce,
M. of 1st V., Leonard Fowle,
Organist, James C. Johnson,
S. S., L. A. Chadbourne,
J. S., C. Frank Kelley,
I. S., L. W. Perham,
Tyler, A. V. Haines.

FALL OF A DERRICK.—On Monday the large derrick erected in Andrew James's stone yard fell to the ground, the boom crushing in its fall the roof of the stone shed, where Capt. James and one other were at work. One of the workmen was absent, and had been in place, he would have been directly under the falling boom, and his escape would have been almost impossible. The derrick was guyed in four directions, but a runaway team struck the guy that was secured in the Railroad freight yard, knocking it down, and the fall of the derrick followed. About half the roof of the shed was crushed, and part of the end, but the damage was soon repaired. It is a pleasure to note that no one was hurt.

PIANO FORTE RECITAL.—On Thursday evening, a select audience was present at Mr. F. H. Lewis's music room, the occasion being a piano forte recital. Mr. Lewis was assisted by Mr. A. W. Swan, of Boston, an accomplished pianist, and Mr. H. K. White, Jr., the well-known baritone. The following programme was presented:—Suite in E Minor, Roff, four movements, Mr. Swan; Children's Kingdom, Blumenthal, Mr. White; Concert Etude, Liszt, and Klavierstücke, Bargiel, three movements, Mr. Lewis; "Tis I," Pinski, Mr. White; Blumenstück, Schumann, Mr. Swan; Larghetto, Saran, and Valse Caprice, Jensen, Mr. Swan; Variations, Mendelssohn, Messrs. Swan and Lewis.

BURGERS AGAIN.—On Wednesday night as Mr. G. H. Conn returned from his office where he had been engaged to a late hour, he heard some one stirring about the lower rooms of his house. Supposing them to be members of his household he spoke but received no reply, and on going to ascertain the cause of the disturbance saw a man run out of the house. The doors on the lower floor were unlocked, and evidently preparations were made for robbing the house, but for the interruption caused by the return of Mr. Conn. There were indications of attempts to enter the houses of Walter Wyman and A. G. Carter, the same evening, but they were not successful.

TEMPERANCE COMMITTEE.—The Young Men's Christian Association have appointed the following gentlemen a "Home Protection and Public Safety Committee":—Rufus Pickering, John Johnson, F. S. Burgess, Chesman Wright, Charles M. Strout, Joseph Buck, F. K. Cragin, Abijah Thompson, L. H. Allen, Charles H. Smith, H. A. Gleason, G. W. Kimball, Gilman A. Bean, Joseph G. Pollard, J. Henry Symonds, L. L. Whitney, Samuel Cook, Amos Cummings, P. E. Bancroft, H. Copeland. Their purpose is to promote temperance in the town, and secure for town officers men who will oppose the licensing of the sale of intoxicating drink.

FRATERNAL GREETING.—We have received from our old comrade, Capt. Wm. Plimley, a card containing on one side the organization of the New York Post Office, and on the other views of the P. O. building, an Indian post runner, a one-armed letter carrier, clerks distributing the mails, a train of mail cars, a U. S. mail wagon, an ocean steamer taking the mail from a tug, an old-fashioned post boy on horseback, and a portrait of Thomas L. James, the Postmaster. An interesting and instructive card.

ACCIDENTS.—Last Saturday a son of Joseph Bryson, living on Arlington Street, aged three years, fell into a tub of boiling water, and was so badly scalded about the back and legs that he lived but eighteen hours.

On Saturday, a daughter of Patrick Burke, aged eighteen months, fell off a chair and broke her collar bone.

We understand that Mr. Elmore A. Pierce will soon introduce to Woburn, the wonderful whistling lady, Miss Ella Chamberlain. Should he do so there is no doubt that such a novelty as whistling in connection with his readings would draw a large audience.

POLICE COURT.—Thomas C. Taylor's case for assault and battery was placed on file on payment of costs. John Connolly, drunk, paid \$3 and costs. Frank Harney, drunk, was committed for non-payment of costs. James Tolliver, for larceny, was sentenced to six months in the House of Correction.

The Maine Fusionists have been thrown into confusion by the refusal of the Supreme Court of Maine to recognize them as the legal legislature, and they have fallen back from Augusta, until warmer weather.

GETTING BETTER.—Mr. C. H. Buss has again appeared at his place of business, after an enforced absence of a month, caused by the breaking of his leg last Christmas. He is able to get around with the aid of crutches.

CONUNDRUM.—What is one of the best things for the ladies of Woburn to have on hand? Ans. Those real kid gloves that C. A. Smith & Co. are selling at seventy-five cents a pair.

This cold weather makes an ice man smile, and the boys and girls laugh right out as they skate on the glassy surfaces of the ponds.

DRILL.—The Phalanx was drilled on Thursday evening, in the presence of Major Frost, who was well pleased with the appearance of the company.

WOBURN, ENGLAND.

I have been favored recently with occasional copies of the *Leighton Buzzard Observer*, a paper published in a town of some note that name in Bedfordshire, England, and not far from old Woburn. There being no daily or weekly paper printed at Woburn (it has a monthly issue in pamphlet form containing railway tables and local notes), the *Leighton Buzzard Observer* having considerable circulation there, serves as a vehicle for those inclined to express their views on the politics of the day, and matters of home interest. Among its writers is Mr. Castleden, the valued correspondent with our town, and the obliging forwarder of the paper. Before proceeding to the special object of this communication, it may not be amiss to fancy some person to be curious to know how such a peculiar name came attached to the town in question, as Leighton Buzzard. If such a name were found as the patronymic of one of our southern or western villages, it might reasonably be inferred it was from the fact of its being infested with that scavenger bird the turkey buzzard. That such an origin has been claimed for the old English town, is known from the statement gravely made, that the sexton of the old church in showing to visitors its ancient decorative glories, points to the brazen eagle perched above the lectern or reading desk, as the original buzzard that gave the town its name. Whether the sexton is belied in this current story, I have no means of knowing, as the young gentlemen from here who visited old Woburn last autumn, did not extend their researches into that neighborhood. The name, however, proceeds from an entirely different source. It comes through one of those numerous corruptions of an earlier name which quite commonly befall those of a personal as well as those of a geographical character. Thus it is well known our neighboring city of Boston draws its designation from a place of the same name in England, which was long ago founded as St. Botolph's town. The original of the city of York, England, was in old Saxon, Eborac. It is said the sailors of H. M. S. Bellerophon have transformed it into Billy Ruffian, and the *Æolus* into Alouche. In like manner the town now called Leighton Buzzard, was in the twelfth century christened Leighton Beadesert. The last part of the name is of undoubted Norman origin, signifying a fine open plain. Since the time of the Conquest or a little later, no material change has been made in the first part of the compound, but the last has been seriously curtailed of its beauty by being transformed to the image of a vulgar bird. But while some of the things in which "time works wonders" are sorry improvements, others are wrought into forms of greater comeliness and beauty. But I am wandering farther from my purpose than I intended, which was to refer to some of the articles from Mr. Castleden's pen, which have appeared in the paper on whose name I have been commenting. Particularly I wish to notice and ask you to reprint a poem from the paper last received. The articles in previous numbers on the Afghan and Zulu wars contained in brief space the most caustic criticisms on the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. More prominent writers than Mr. Castleden, may have given the premier more unrest, but it should have read these short pieces he must have felt the impolicy if not the iniquity of his course.

The verses which follow were written as a commentary on the recent fatal disaster in Scotland by the falling of a portion of the bridge over the river Tay, while a train of cars was upon it. It would seem to be impossible to put the logic, the science, and the morals of such a fatality in a more terse and compact form. Some of the lines in their weight of thought, remind one of Emerson, if not Shakespeare. G. M. C.

LINES ON THE TAY BRIDGE ACCIDENT.

SUNDAY, DEC. 27TH.

If nature is imposed upon, be sure
Whirlwind, sun, and moon, and stars endure,
She will assert her sway.

On mountains, by right and might
She hurls the offender into night,
And laughs at his dismay.

If science will it fly,
If geologic pride will pry,
Each step may lead to doom.

Nature has secrets all her own;
In seizing them death may be known,
And man may find his tomb!

The steam steed snorts, but where's the rein,
To curb, or its wild rush restrain?
Man, helpless, looks and sighs,
As plunging down the gulf of doom,
Too late his cry, "I find the tomb!"
And impatiently dies.

Man knows but little; he may know
The much, but increase may be woe!
"Eat and be gods!" O man,
If pride, ambition, hate, gold, fame,
Urge thee to win a vicious name,
Homes, climes may find the ban.

Be wise to know what wisdom is;
Peace and goodwill is honest bliss,
Their home the feeling heart,
Man's brain may scale, seek ether pole,
But only soul can speak to soul,
Old year, as now we part.

I saw a moral from this tale—
Ye who are busy on Time's rail,
As ye speed on beware!
In life 'tis death a moment may
Speed on the soul to Heaven's eye day
Or plunge in doom's despair!

Woburn, 31st Dec. GEORGE CASTLEDEN.

NOTE.—It may be said to limit service after what has been done is presumption. Let us say geologic wit may mean the granite pages of creation, yet there is a limit. Scientific lore may be disastrous ignorance, geologic dictum, gross impiety, and engineering skill link to calamitous folly. The pace, night, journey, cars, road, were all against the laws of Nature; the result, eternally to many souls.

So! Smith Russell is to appear in one of his immensely funny entertainments at the Lyceum Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 9th. He will be assisted by the popular author "Oliver Optic," (Wm. T. Adams) and together they will present a most powerful program. They come under engagement to Messrs. Hervey & Parker, who expect one of the most successful entertainments given here for a long time.

The Marlborough Times says that Gen. James A. Garfield, senator-elect from Ohio, is of Marlboro stock, his ancestors now lying in the recently rejuvenated Spring Hill cemetery.

CONDITION OF THE SAVINGS BANKS.—The forthcoming report of the Savings Bank Commissioners will show a decided improvement in the conditions of these institutions. The annual reports of the banks are brought down to the close of business on the 31st of October each year. At that date in 1879 the larger part of the recent unprecedented rise in all securities had been accomplished; but since then most of the changes that have been made have been in the direction of a further advance, while the most substantial gains in the assets of the banks have been of a character that can not be adequately represented in the reports of their condition. We refer more particularly to the real estate foreclosed and to the loans on mortgage of real estate. In very many cases where real estate was foreclosed by the bank it is now worth more than the face of the mortgage and accrued interest.

But, in the case of stock and bonds owned by the banks, the improvement in their condition is more tangible. Take, for instance, two of the largest savings banks in Boston, the Provident and the Five Cents. Each of these banks, though of unimpeachable financial strength, had among its assets, in the period of financial depression, small amounts of doubtful securities, and these have in every instance largely appreciated in value during the present wave of prosperity. Eastern Railroad bonds, of which they hold a considerable amount, have about doubled in price. Bank stocks, which form a large item in the assets of most of the savings banks, have largely advanced. During the worst period of depression a large proportion of these stocks sold below par, but this is now true of very few of them.

One of the most remarkable features of the recent rise is the fact that it has not been brought about by the diversion of capital from investments of unquestionable character to those of a more speculative nature. On the contrary, government bonds and similar securities have advanced steadily though not in the same ratio as the lighter "fancies." As the savings banks have very large investments in government bonds, they have been materially benefited by the advance. From every point of view, our savings banks were never in better condition, and there is every indication of a return of the old confidence which the people entertained for the banks.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

A GOOD RECORD.—One of the most valuable educational institutions in this State is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which was incorporated in 1861 and graduated its first class in 1868. One of the objects for which it was founded was to give instruction in industrial science, and as an industrial school it has attained marked efficiency and success in the course of its existence. This is owing to the fact that so far as possible theory is exemplified by experiment. Field-work, laboratory, investigation and practical work in shops connected with the institution supplement the lecture and the recitation, the application of principles to practice naturally serving to make permanent the knowledge acquired from the study of books and by listening to lectures. The idea underlying the foundation of such a school as the Institute of Technology has been growing in favor some time, and it seems strange now that so practically philosophic an idea was not sooner developed by the interest in general education which has existed so long in New England. The object of education being to prepare the student for the best possible performance of the duties of life, it stands to reason that where the lines of theory and practice can be united the result will be the larger qualification of the student for entering into business life. How successful education in industrial science may be is exemplified by a list of graduates and their present occupations, published in the fifteenth annual catalogue of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Twelve classes have graduated and of the 228 living graduates, all save one, who is unemployed, eleven who have not been heard from, and several others who are completing their studies in Europe, are employed in more or less responsible positions. A glance over the list of professors and instructors at the Institute reveals the names of five or six; several others are superintendents of mines; seven are professors or assistants in various institutions of learning; while among the rest are superintendents and assistant superintendents of railroads, chemists of manufacturing corporations, consulting engineers on railroads and in other connections, superintendents of mills, and so on. The list is a more suggestive one, and in itself embodies such a record as might well be a subject of pride to any school or college.

North Woburn.—Wednesday night some one entered Dr. Elliott's house, and stole a pair of pants containing a sum of money, and a case of surgical instruments.

Next Foreman.—Last Friday evening Capt. Cook, of Hose 6, resigned as foreman, and Charles W. Ames was chosen in his place. Frank Newcomb was chosen assistant foreman.

The next High School entertainment will be on Tuesday evening, Feb. 10th.

COLDER.—A cold wave struck in on Thursday, and winter is again suggested.

So! Smith Russell, the prince of jolity and mirth, will be here a week from next Monday.

Correspondence.—Boston, Jan. 29th, 1880. 40 Edinboro St. J.

I understand that I am billed with Farrar & Clark's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. to appear in your town. I am not with them. I left the Company Jan. 21st, and have not appeared with them since.

Respectfully,
DAISIE MARKEE.

P. S.—I was in your town Sept. 11th, and played "Topsy."

A baby is a very small thing. It doesn't usually weigh over nine or ten pounds, but it will keep a family awake all night as if it was as large as an elephant.

"The Best Cough Medicine in the World." The Old Vegetable Pulmonary Balm. Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston. Small reduced to 30c; Large 50c.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The *Agriculturist* for February is out, with a frontispiece of a sleighride. Perhaps there is sleighing where they print this magazine, but around here sleighing is only a memory. The number is full of useful suggestions, is profusely illustrated, and is probably the cheapest as well as the best of the agricultural publications.

The *Nursery* for February comes to us with all the freshness of childhood which its name suggests, and the children, with all who love them and enjoy what gives them pleasure, will welcome their little friends to a warm place in the home circle. The illustrations are always rich, and such as children will appreciate, and the stories no child can resist. J. L. Shorey, Publisher, Boston.

Shoe and Leather Reporter Annual for 1880.—This very useful annual contains 212 pages, 162 of which are devoted to a directory of the shoe and leather trade throughout the world and trade items and statistics of interest. A very valuable book. It is published by the *Shoe and Leather Reporter*, a paper that deserves the support of every shoe and leather man in the country.

The Midwinter (February) *Scribner* (of which 125,000 copies have been printed, to supply the growing demand in England and America), is as unique in points as in size of the edition. The most prominent feature perhaps, is the paper on Edison's Electric Light, by his mathematician, Mr. Francis Upton, which is endorsed as the "first correct and authoritative" account in a letter from Mr. Edison, printed in fac-simile, in this issue of *Scribner*. The first of Mr. Eugene Schuyler's illustrated papers, on the life of Peter the Great, given in this number, covers a wide range of interest, placing a most fascinating historical era clearly before the reader. Mrs. Barnett's new story, in four parts, entitled "Louisiana," is also begun in this number. The scene is laid in the North Carolina mountains the characters being chiefly some "literate people" from New York, and the ingenious young lady from whom the story takes its name. Mr. Cable's "Grandissimes" is full of action and character, and continues to reveal a strong basis for the high claims which are made for it. As an exposition of Creole life, in the beginning of the century, it seems likely to go at once into the common fund of historical novels. Two suggestive essays, of more than transient value, on topics now occupying much attention, are "Present Phases of Sunday-School Work," by Rev. Edward Eggleston, and "The Political Outlook," by an anonymous writer. A biographical sketch of John Bright is made timely by his recent speech on America, and by the revival of political interest in Great Britain. A rollicking holiday paper, on "Bicycling," is contributed by Mr. Charles E. Pratt, of Boston, under the caption of "A Wheel around the Hub." Altogether, this number of *Scribner* is one of great variety and interest. The March *Scribner* will contain the long-looked-for paper on "The Title Club Affair," which is said to be even better than both in text and pictures, than "The Title Club at Play," which was acknowledged to be the "magazine hit" of the last season.

St. Nicholas for February opens with two Child-Songs by Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate of England. One of these is reprinted near the end of the number with its music, which also was sent by Mr. Tennyson. The frontispiece, a full-page picture on fine gray paper, represents the "Prince in the Tower," and was engraved on wood by G. Kruell after a mezzotint engraving by Samuel Cousins of the painting by J. E. Millais. Besides the installments of the two serials,—"Jack and Jill," by Louisa M. Alcott, with pictures by Frederick Dillman; and "Among the Lakes," by William O. Stoddard, with illustrations by W. Faber, there are six complete short stories. Among these are—"Editha's Burglar," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, a tale of a queer little girl who tabernacled a burglar, illustrated by W. Faber; "Mary Elizabeth," a pathetic "temperance story," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "Saved from Siberia," by A. A. Hayes, Jr., a story of nihilism in St. Petersburg, with picture by S. E. Colly and J. Harrison Mills; and "A Faithful Friend," a true story of a wonderful pet dog, by John V. Sears, with two illustrations by Herman Faber. There is a humorous rhymed alphabet by Helen J. Ford, printed in large type for little readers, and illustrated with twenty-six pictures by L. Hopkins; and Aunt Fanny describes the audiophone and its wonderful effects, in an article entitled "Hearing Without Ears." The poetry of the number—besides Mr. Tennyson's two songs—comprises contributions from S. W. Hallock (with a picture by Mary Hallock Folio), Celia Thaxter, E. McKean Ely, and Arto Bates; and among the jingles is one illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Several comic pictures by Frank Beard, L. Hopkins, J. G. Francis and others appear in the number. The "Letter-Box," in addition to funny bits and letters from the boys and girls contains an item telling the story of the frontispiece, accompanied by an engraving after a painting by Delaroché; and "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" and the "Kiddle-Box" are full of novelty and interest.

The *Weekly Underwriter* as a newspaper is a new candidate for popular favor. It is devoted to insurance matters and will hereafter give the news on such topics while it is new, thus recognizing a want of the insurance trade. Published at 59 Liberty St., New York for \$5 per annum.

Wide Awake for February has an interesting historical frontispiece, illustrating an incident in the life of Queen Charlotte, for which Jennie M. Burr has written a poem entitled "A Crown and a Letter." The popular story writer "M. E. W. S." follows with an excellent story, "Granny Luke's Courage," illustrated by spirited pen-and-ink drawings. Miss Amanda B. Harris has a long, well-illustrated article, concerning "A Chinese Mission School in Boston." Miss Lizzie W. Champney has a story that will delight all little girls about "Silver Bun-bright and her Rubber Baby," accompanied by pictures drawn by "Champ" from his experience in Brazil. "L. J. L." has an after-Christmas story worth thinking about, called "What Jennie did with her Christmas Present." Mary Wager-Fisher tells about "Nannette's Live Baby," and Kate

Lawrence gives "The Other Side of the Story," for which Palmer Cox has made some very funny pictures. "The Jewelled Tomb," by Mrs. Curwen, gives an account of a famous structure in India, a model of which is shortly to be on exhibition at the Boston Art Museum. The two serials, "Five Little Peppers" and "Two Young Homesteaders," are full of interest, and the "American Artists" paper on Quartley, the marine painter, has a fine Isles of Shoals picture. The first of the "Concord Picnic Days," by G. B. Bartlett, is gossip about Thoreau, and gives directions for a spirited out-of-doors game called "Fast Runners." Poems, Pictures, Music, and Tangles complete an excellent number. Subscribe now if you have not done so before. Only \$2.00 a year. ELA FARMAN, Editor, D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

American Punch for February has arrived ahead of time. The number is quite good, and devotes considerable attention to Maine. There is a striking cartoon of Columbia with an axe leveling a deadly blow at the Maine Fusionist in the guise of a serpent, saying, "I thought I had finished you once, but I find I must strike another blow."

Owing to the numerous attempts at housebreaking of late, the timid ones sleep with one eye open. One night last week Mr. B. A. Hervey was aroused by hearing a noise in the lower part of his house. He awoke his wife, got up and lit two lamps, and then with pistol in hand, requesting his wife to follow him with one lamp, while he took the other, so that if the burglars blew out his lamp, he would not be left in the dark, they cautiously proceeded down stairs. Stopping to listen they heard a slight stirring in the cellar. Ben. opened the door a crack and listened attentively, when he became satisfied they were tapping his keg of old "56," which he prized so highly. He closed the door and stopped to consider his next best step. He was not a bit frightened, oh no; but after taking a glass of water, at the sideboard he, failing to persuade his wife to precede him, stepped boldly forward and reached the cellar floor just in time to see a burglar—ous Thomas cat crashing through the cellar window. The police were notified, but no arrests have been made.—*Medford Chronicle.*

Winchester.—The Masonic Entertainment.—Thursday evening Lyceum Hall was filled, the attraction being the first entertainment of the course projected by Wm. Parkman Masonic Lodge, in aid of their new hall. There were twelve numbers on the programme, and eight artists, all of whom received hearty encores and some were recalled more than once. The programme, notwithstanding encores, was as follows:—Piano solo, Appassionata Sonata, first movement, Beethoven, F. L. Platt; Cavatina, O. Mio Fernando, Donizetti, Miss Annie Bell Clark; Reading, the Frenchman's Dilemma, Anon., George B. Ford; Song, Only to love, Santley, L. K. Palmer; Reading, Josiah Allen's Wife at A. T. Stewart's, Miss Minnie Herron; Song, When Sparrows Build, Miss Therese Adams; Piano Solo, Concert Paraphrase on Verdi's Rigoletto, Liszt, Mr. Platt; Song, Friar of Orders Gray, Sluick; Reading, Mr. Ford; Song, My Dearest Heart, Sullivan, Miss Clark; Character Sketches, William C. Pierce; Song, Coming, Osgood, Miss Adams. Mr. C. L. Harrington was the accompanist, and the piano was from the waterworks of Henry F. Miller. The entertainment gave great satisfaction, and the series which has opened so auspiciously will no doubt prove pleasing and profitable.

RANGELEY HALL.—The fourth concert given under the direction of Mr. Pond occurred Tuesday evening Jan. 27. The first number on the programme was the Sonata Pathétique by Beethoven, which was played by Mr. Preston in a manner more suited to Chopin's music, to which the sentimental style of Mr. Preston is better adapted. Two nocturnes of Chopin were excellently rendered, as also was the "Water Sprite" of Gottschalk; these last three compositions show conclusively that Mr. Preston's playing shows to the best advantage in compositions of sentimental character. Other numbers on the programme were two pieces by Schubert, a Humoresque by Tschakowsky which sounded very solemn for a humor piece; an uninteresting piece, by Drey-schock, was played better than the composition deserved. Mrs. T. M. Carter sang three solos, one of which was an encore, she sang very acceptably, receiving an encore; his singing proved a very attractive part of the programme. Both artists were also heard in a duet by Donizetti, with satisfaction. Of the four concerts given, the third was the best, judging from a classical standpoint. Nearly all of the Piano Forte numbers at the concerts were played from memory, which fact is worthy of mention. The audience are evidently ready for another series this season, and we hope they will be given.

Mr. Preston's Recitals.—The fourth and last of Mr. John A. Preston's series of piano recitals, was given in Rangeley Hall, last Tuesday evening. As at all the previous concerts of the series, the audience completely filled the hall, and was fairly representative of the best culture and intelligence of the town. To those who have attended these concerts, a brief review of the series may not be uninteresting. Projected originally by Mr. Pond, with the sole object of furthering the cause of good music, the enterprise met with an immediate and hearty response, and the subscription list was promptly filled. Mr. Pond's intention has been obviously, to present the best music, making the standard as high as possible without placing it out of our sight. In other words he proposed to interest us and please us, and at the same time to give us nothing cheap, or unworthy a place on a really good programme. The problem is one which has baffled many managers, amateur and professional alike, but we think that in this instance the general verdict of the subscribers will be that it has been successfully solved. The programmes have included two Beethoven sonatas, and one of Dussek; Bach's Italian Concerto, the overture to the 29th Cantata, arranged by Saint-Saens, and a fantastic and fugue transcribed by Liszt; by Chopin three studies, four pre-

ludes, two nocturnes and the Polonaise number one; an *Air and Variations* of Handel; Liszt's *Hark the Lark, Galop Chromatique, Study in E flat*, and transcription of Rossini's *Charity*; Schubert's *Impromptu*, number two, and *Moments Musicaux*, number three, besides pieces by Silas, Rubinstein, Tschakowsky, Drey-schock, and Gottschalk's *Caprice and Water Sprite*. In point of merit this list may be called absolutely unexceptionable, and if at the first concerts some of us were inclined to think they were a little too "classical" for miscellaneous audiences, and to ask for something lighter, at the closing concert of the series the influence of the masters of music had done its work, and there was a plainly perceptible increase in appreciation and interest, and the audience enjoyed and applauded pieces which at the first would have been pronounced dry and uninteresting. With such an evidence of the result of his determination to give us only the best, Mr. Pond must be extremely gratified.

The chief burden of interpreting these ambitious and important programmes fell upon Mr. John A. Preston. Mr. Preston is one of a school of young musicians now coming on the stage, many of whose names will at once occur to your readers, and who are distinguished by zeal, enthusiasm, a sound and thorough knowledge, correct schooling, industry, and a perfect devotion to their art. Upon these young artists much of the future of music in this country depends, and among the . Mr. Preston stands in the front rank. To the qualities which belong to them as a body Mr. Preston brings an individual talent of high order, and his playing is at all times thoroughly satisfactory, and enjoyable, marked always by great intelligence, a perfect clearness of conception and a faithful rendering, with the technical skill in execution which seem to belong of right to the modern school of piano-forte—apparently a special gift of Providence to enable them to overcome the almost insuperable difficulties presented in modern piano-forte compositions. The impression which this young gentleman has made during this series of recitals is one which would be most flattering to his modesty, did he know it, and which is the just and natural consequence of his own merit. Mr. Preston has been assisted at the various recitals by Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Carter, Mr. C. N. Allen, and Mrs. Allen, Mr. Cornelius Cheney, and Mr. Gardner Lamson. The vocal and instrumental pieces contributed by the ladies and gentlemen have added very greatly to the pleasure of these delightful concerts; at the last Mr. Lamson's noble voice and dignified but spirited style awakening the warmest enthusiasm of the audience.

I am so strongly impressed with the importance of

AN ELECTRICAL MARVEL.—The invention that is at present attracting the most attention and in the greatest demand is the telephone, and it is perfectly wonderful how the invention has increased in use since its introduction, some two years ago. In all parts of the world may be found the telephone, and in all large places district exchange systems are being established with gratifying success. There are at present in use in the world over 200,000 instruments, of which 800 are in Lowell—the pioneer city in the telephone business. The National Bell telephone company, the lessors of all these instruments, receive, on an average, \$5 per annum for all machines, their manufacture, at C. Williams, 109 Court street, Boston, turns out from 10,000 to 15,000 per month. Lines are being built from city to city, and are long all the exchanges in the country will be in speaking communication, so that a house in Lowell can converse with one in New York, Chicago, etc., as easy as with Boston.

The present season here will be the most eventful, in the electrical business, ever known. Besides the telephonic facilities, there will be in the field no less than four large telegraphic companies, viz.: The Western Union, Atlantic and Pacific, the American Union, and the Continental company, all of which will compete for the telegraphic business. The Edison light is in progress of perfection, and the telephone company is promised the agency of the same for Lowell and vicinity. The Atlantic and Pacific telegraphic company will open at once in charge of the telephone company. Their operating department will be in the central office and presided over by day time by Clark Glidden, and at night by an operator not yet selected. This facility will afford all subscribers to the telephone system a substantially direct wire communication from their place of business or residence to all parts of the world; it will also furnish Lowell with a communicating method at all hours of the day or night, something which has long been needed, as many an important telegram has been delayed hours when it should have been sent. An office will be opened on the street for the accommodation of the public not connected with the telephone system. The local telephone company of our city is worthy of the following description, briefly mentioning its progress since its introduction:

It was with great difficulty the first telephone was introduced into Lowell—the people having little, if any, confidence in its satisfactory working; and what confidence they did have was considerably shaken, owing to the failure of the exhibition between here and Boston, which was caused by poor telegraphic connections. The Lowell gas company ventured first, followed by the corporations, headed by the Merrimack Company. This was in October, 1877. January 1st, 1878, the Lowell district telephone company was formed, with Charles J. Glidden as manager, and Clark Glidden, a brother, as operator. The company commenced business May 24th, with 50 subscribers and 7 miles of wire. A few months later the list ran to 120 stations; then 160; and one year from its start, 200; and that day, nearly 500 stations, using in the vicinity of 800 machines and 200 miles of wire.

So largely has the business increased that the company has, for the fourth time, been obliged to change over its operating department. They occupy six rooms in Shattuck's block, on Central street, where enter 300 wires, some of which are held in reserve for future increase of business, to a switch that will accommodate 3000 stations. The force of the company consist of the following:—W. A. Ingham, president; Charles J. Glidden, treasurer and manager; Clark Glidden, assistant manager; Joe Grady, chief operator; Frank Clark, 2d assistant; Miss Florence Taft, 2d assistant; Willie Courland, night chief; operators: Miss Emma Taft, Miss Hattie Washburn, Miss Flora Davis, Miss Edna Foster, Bertie Hunt, Charles McEvoy, Frank Brooks, Charles Perry; superintendent of construction, Cyrus Roberts; general inspector, L. A. Derby; assistant superintendent of construction, Henry Mace; linemen, John Grady.

A cashier is also employed, making a force of twenty persons, not including "Dollie," the horse. No less than seven persons are in constant attendance in the operating department, from 6.30 a. m. until 11 p. m., and then one man handles the business until morning. From 2,000 to 3,000 messages daily pass over the lines, no less than 10 persons talking at the same instant, making business exceedingly lively for all concerned. We will not repeat the many marvels of the instrument, which have many times been published, and are probably well known. The stock of the Lowell company sells at an advance of \$100 per share, its par value being \$100.—*Lowell Mail.*

The Congregationalist of this week has an interesting article showing the results of efforts, led by Mr. Edward Kimball, to pay off church debts in this vicinity. At Dr. McKenzie's church, in Cambridge, \$83,000 were subscribed, and of this the sum of \$73,000 has been, and most of the remainder will probably be paid soon. At the Central Congregational Church, Chelsea, \$35,000 was subscribed, all but \$8,000 has been paid and all but about \$2,000 will be paid. The subscriptions at the Berkeley-street Church, Boston, Rev. W. B. Wright, pastor, were \$25,000; all but \$3,100 has been paid, and the church will probably soon be out of debt. The North-avenue Church, of Cambridge, received subscriptions for \$18,500, and \$13,000 has been paid, and it is hoped that the whole amount will be paid, this year. The results of Mr. Kimball's labors are certainly most gratifying.

At a meeting of parishioners of Rev. Father Scully, in Cambridge, Thursday evening a lengthy report was made concerning the differences in the parish. It was announced that the Archbishop had listened to individual complaints and forbidden Father Scully to refuse the sacrament to persons making complaints, and this was regarded as a substantial victory. The removal of the obnoxious priest was confidently expected within six months.

Rev. John F. W. Ware, of Boston, at the Unitarian Church, next Sunday evening. The Young Ladies' Chorus will assist in the music.

HARDSHIPS OF SUSPECTED MURDERERS.—By a singular coincidence, two women have recently been arrested in this city on a charge of murder, though in each case the murder would seem a most unnatural and unexpected one for them to commit. We refer, of course, to the Ward matricide case, and the case of Margaret Anderson or Stella Varnell, who is accused of killing her sister on Bowker Street last Monday evening. On the occasion of the Ward matricide, some of our daily contemporaries waxed manfully indignant that a young and beautiful girl should be taken into custody and locked up in jail, like other persons who have the misfortune to be placed in circumstances where suspicion of a felony at first sight rests upon them; but some of us have not noticed any similar expression of solicitude in regard to Stella Varnell.

Nevertheless, there is some degree of parallelism between the matricide and the soricide. It is true, Stella Varnell is not beautiful, though on the sunny side of thirty; she is, in fact, described as viciously ugly. But ought that fact to make any difference to such impartial and valiant critics as the contemporaries already mentioned? Not the slightest. Neither ought we to insult their sense of justice by mentioning that Mrs. Varnell lived in a far less respectable neighborhood than Miss Ward, as if this consideration could have weight with them. We are, therefore, at a loss to understand the unfeeling way in which the outrage perpetrated by the police on Mrs. Varnell has been neglected by the friends of oppressed humanity, who were but lately so active. Be it understood that we are not now reviewing the Ward affair, which has been passed upon by lawfully constituted authorities. We expressed our sympathy with the young woman under arrest on so terrible a charge; we awaited the action of the court without prematurely attacking the police; and now that the whole tragic business is disposed of, we bring it into notice again only incidentally.

We desire to see fair play accorded. Here is another young woman whose near relative—the only member of her family in Boston—has died a violent death, and the poor creature is instantly, on a hasty glimpse of the situation, accused of causing that death, and is accordingly clapped into prison. If sympathy was so generously excited in the former instance, that some of the most trusted makers of public opinion were ready to have the entire system of arrests for murder abolished forthwith, why does it not rouse itself for another effort now? Stella admits the fact of stabbing, as the arrested daughter admitted the fact of shooting. She also seems to have been considerably daunted by the occurrence. Entering a saloon immediately after her sister Lizzie was wounded, she said, "I have just stabbed my sister;" but when captured by the hasty and malevolent minions of the law, her explanation was that in a struggle with a third person, the latter had produced the knife, and that the stabbing had been done by him. Is not all this very simple? On entering the saloon she exclaims in a general way that she has stabbed her sister, meaning, of course, that she was indirectly the cause of the deed. When taken into custody she utterly denies having done her sister a physical harm. Lizzie was "all she had to love in the world," and she would not have "cut" Lizzie "for the world." In fact, Stella shows such grief at the mere thought of injury to her sister that the police officers are obliged to keep from her the fact of Lizzie's death from her wounds.

Yet this same heartless police which could believe a daughter capable of killing her mother, imagine that this tenderly attached sister murdered Lizzie. And still worse, the editorial philanthropists who want to abolish arrest for murder, raise no protesting voice. No weight can be allowed to the excuse that sundry persons declare Stella to have threatened her sister's life. This is a mere hearsay. And if Stella's habits had been bad, and that a reason why we are to deny all the better feelings of humanity to the low and vicious? Are we to assume the untenable position that sin destroys all the natural affections?

But the Varnell is posted as a murderess, without hesitation. She seems to have been "tried by newspaper." We have been hearing a good deal about trial by newspaper; but no one has remarked that in the Ward case there was an acquittal by newspaper. If the press is to be allowed to acquit, it also has the right to convict and if it is going to enjoy these judicial functions, we think it is about time to form a mode of procedure, and establish some kind of consistency, justice, and regard for precedent therein.

The House Judiciary committee, which was obliged by enthusiasts to inquire whether further legislation might be necessary to prevent in future painful arrests like that of Miss Ward, has reported in a way to disappoint our contemporaries; and possibly this has damped their ardor in the Varnell case, for the report was published on the morning with that of the Bowker Street murder. This committee, in its old-fogy conservatism, finds that the existing system of investigation mysterious deaths is good; and that, even if innocent persons sometimes chance to be unjustly suspected, it is desirable that public and private safety should be guarded by the precautions now in vogue of examining all the circumstances exactly and detaining persons who may be connected with a crime, until the autopsy and inquest have been concluded. The committee, we also infer, does not think it advisable virtually to accuse the police and the medical examiners of conspiracy or persecution, when they are merely trying to make sure that guilt shall not escape, through carelessness.

It does not look, therefore, as if the Legislature would authorize acquittal by newspaper. In view of this, we would suggest to those who are opposed to trying to ferret out crimes, that they induce the Legislature to consent to a compromise, by which only beautiful young women living in good quarters of the city shall be exempt from arrest, while ugly persons addicted to vice and inhabiting bad localities shall be considered murderers until the theory is disproved.—*Sunday Courier.*

Hon. Richard Frothingham, of Charlestown, died Thursday evening. He was a journalist and historian of some note, and was highly esteemed by his fellow citizens.

Rev. Mr. Keys, Evangelist, has been holding a series of meetings at the M. E. Church, East Douglas, during the last week, all of which were well attended and considerable interest manifested. The sermon on Sunday evening was deeply interesting and was listened to by a large congregation. The text, Matt. 6: 33—"But seek ye first the kingdom of God," was eloquently commented upon and beautifully illustrated. After the sermon a meeting was held in which all who loved Christ were asked to state their reasons for so doing; between thirty and forty gave in their testimony and stated why they had accepted of Christ. The meeting throughout was very interesting. Mr. Keys will continue the meetings through the week and also on Sunday next. All are cordially invited to attend these services that the name of the Lord may be greatly magnified.—*Uxbridge Compendium.*

The annual report of the Commissioners of Prisons lacks one prominent feature that is usually a marked characteristic of such documents—it does not indulge in the use of whitewash. The commissioners find things in several of the county institutions that they do not like, and they say so with a refreshing plainness of speech, and point out remedies which the authorities ought at once to apply. They do not find great abuses, nor startling cases of injustice, and the evils complained of are in most cases incident to the construction of buildings rather than incompetency or neglect of officers in charge. The commissioners make important suggestions in relation to the classification of prisoners, some of which can be adopted at once, and at little cost, while others must be deferred because of the expense involved. The thanks of the people of the Commonwealth are due to the members of the commission for their thorough investigation, and the out spoken language of their report.

Dr. S. Dana Hayes, the State Assayer, has closed up his affairs in Boston and suddenly disappeared.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco

DELICIOUS!
These Boston Caramels, 10 cents package; and New York Caramels, 5 cents package. Chocolate and Vanilla Caramels, at
BODGE'S DRUG STORE,
Geo. S. Dodge, - - Pharmacist,
105 Main Street, 126 Woburn.

Died.
Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 2 cents a line.
In Woburn, Jan. 25th, Andrew Bryson, son of James Bryson, aged 2 years, 6 months and 15 days.
In Woburn, Jan. 24th, Mary A. Quigley, daughter of Michael and Ann Quigley, aged 2 years and 10 months.
In Woburn, Jan. 28th, Ellen A. Hearn, aged 35 years.
In Woburn, Jan. 26th, Emma A. Foley, of Boston, daughter of Matthew and Catherine Foley, aged 9 years and 10 months.

For Sale and To Let.

STOCK HAY FOR SALE.—About 20 tons of good meadow hay for sale by ADEL SIMONDS, Burlington.

TO LET.—The "Carroll" House, No. 307 Main Street. Inquire of JOSEPH KELLEY, 116 F. O. Box 775.

FOR SALE.—A Bay Horse, seven years old, gentle, will work anywhere, is not afraid of cars or any known object, is perfectly safe for a woman to drive or harness, he was sired by St. Lawrence, New Hampshire, can trot a mile in three minutes, and has had no accidents. Price \$200. Address B. J. Woburn, Journal Office.

TO LET.—A desirable Tenement To Let on Pleasant street, to a small family. For terms apply at this office.

TO LET.—A five room cottage on Sherman St. Apply to Dr. HULLINCHES.

ROOMS TO LET.—Suitable for light manufacturing or for offices. Can be arranged to suit tenants. Steam Power furnished if desired. Inquire of G. F. JONES.

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WANTED.—1 to 10 shares of Woburn Bank Stock. Will pay 135. Address "INVESTMENT," Journal office.

LOST.—A Masonic Pin, on Friday last. The finder will receive a great favor on a Mason's watch by leaving it at the Journal Office.

LOST.—A Ladies circular cloak, near the Watering Station, Thursday evening. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at the Journal Office.

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REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
NO. 196 MAIN STREET.

FOR SALE.

House—Mt. Pleasant Street.
House—Court Street.
House and 1 acre of land.
Building land, Bedford street.
House and Barn, Beach street.
House—Warren street.
House—Pleasant street.

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Rooms for a small family.
House of 8 rooms.
House of 12 rooms.
Tenements of 6 rooms each.
House with gas, 8 rooms.
Main street. Rent \$300.
1 Office. Rent \$50.
House—East street.
House—Church street.
House—Myrtle street.
Rooms for small families.

WANTED.

Money to invest in small mortgages.
Small loans to purchase at moderate cost.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

To the Next of Kin and others interested in the estate of Sarah T. Butters, late Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, Lemuel Pope, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court for allowance the account of his administration on said estate, and application has been made for a distribution of the balance in his hands among the next of kin of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why said account should not be allowed and distribution made according to said application.

And said Administrator is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

Vocal and Physical Culture.

Miss Marie S. Hussey, graduate of the Boston University School of Oratory, and highly recommended by prominent educators, solicits pupils, either separately or in classes, for the study of Elocution. For terms apply to Miss Nellie Hayward, Miss Sarah E. Barren, of Woburn, or by letter to Miss Hussey, 7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass. 107

NEW SPRING Prints and Cambrics OPENING DAILY.

C. J. SMITH & SON, 177 Main Street, Woburn.

Collector's Notice.

The public and the owners and occupants of the following described parcel of Real Estate, situated in the Town of Winchester, Mass., are hereby notified that the taxes thereon for the years hereinafter specified remain unpaid, and that said parcels of Real Estate will be offered by public auction for sale by the collector of taxes of said Winchester, at the office of the Selectmen, on Saturday, February 7th, at two o'clock, P. M., for the payment of said taxes, together with the cost of the charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

Mrs. ANNIE L. CLEMENT, of Boston, — Lots Nos. 34, 35, 37, 38, and 40, on plan of J. B. Judkins, drawn by Josiah Hovey, July, 1874, containing about 83,728 square feet, bounded northwesterly by Highland Avenue; northwesterly by lot No. 33, on said plan; southeasterly by land of Asa Fletcher, southwesterly by lot No. 40 on said plan, excepting lot No. 39 on said plan.
Tax for 1879, \$27.13. Tax for 1877, \$22.75. Tax for 1878, \$20.50. Tax for 1879, \$20.00. Taxes for 1876 and 1877 reassessed June 2, 1879.

Mrs. ELIZABETH WESTON, of Boston. — A lot of land containing about 7.10 acre, bounded westerly by Cambridge street; southerly by land of John Swan; easterly by land of Harvey H. Shepard; northerly by land of Niles Brothers.
Tax for 1879, \$7.50.

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Another lot containing about 16,000 square feet of land, bounded southeasterly by Pond street; northwesterly by land of George A. Savage; northwesterly by Woburn line; southeasterly by land of Peter Collins.
Tax for 1879, \$3.84.

ESTATE OF Mrs. NANCY GLEASON. — A lot of land containing about 1 acre with buildings thereon, bounded southeasterly by Washington street, northerly and northwesterly by land of the Receivers of the Mercantile Savings Institution, southeasterly by land of Mrs. Nancy Gleason.
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JOHN G. FLAGG, JR., of Woburn. — A lot of land near Beacon Street, bounded southerly by a private way; easterly by land now or late of James H. Prince; northerly by land now or late of Mrs. Robert H. Fidler and George H. Chapman; westerly by Boston and Lowell Railroad, containing about 21 acres.
Tax for 1879, \$1.97.

WILLIAM PRATT, — A lot of land with buildings thereon, on Bacon street, bounded southerly by Bacon street; westerly by land of John Bradford; northerly by land now or late of Mrs. Robert H. Fidler and George H. Chapman; easterly by land now or late of C. F. Pratt and C. J. Peters, containing about 10 acres, or less.
Tax for 1879, \$67.50.

Tax for 1878, \$5.96.

MIAL CUSHMAN, Collector.

Winchester, Mass., Jan. 16, 1880.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles B. Winn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, John Johnson, Parker L. Converse and Edward D. Lyeend, executors of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the first account of their administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge in said County, on the first Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executors are ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esq., Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND.

Tourist's Third Educational Excursion, 1880.

All Travel and Hotels first-class. More furnished for the money than any other Excursion.

STREET, Thursday evening. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at the Journal Office.

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Journal Club Column

THE OLD MAN WHO SMILED.—One time there was a good old man living in Detroit. His back was bent; his step was slow, and men who gazed upon his snowy locks and wrinkled face, whispered to each other: "He is a good old man who has not long to live."

The old man had been well off in his day, but when he found himself on the shady side of life, wife dead and home broken up, he said to his only son: "Here, William, take all I have, and let your home be my home until I die."

The son took the papers—you bet he did! and the father was given a cozy corner, a big chair and a corn-cob pipe. All went well for a year or so, and then the son's wife began to make it uncomfortable for the nice old man in the corner. They threw out hints, deprived him of his comforts, and one cold day in winter he was told that he had better go to Halifax—Nova Scotia.

The old man's heart was sore as he went out into the world to battle against hunger and cold, and when night came he covered in a doorway and wept like a child.

"Who is making that chin-music up there?" called a reporter, whose steps had been arrested by the sobs, and he went up the steps, patted the old man on the head, and by and by the story was told.

"Come down to the station with me," said the reporter, taking the old man's arm. "Your son is first cousin to the man who preferred buzzard to lamb, and I'll help you fix him."

Next morning one of the daily papers contained an item to the effect that an old gentleman named Goodheart had been found wandering the streets at night, and that when taken to the station \$10,000 worth of United States bonds were found on him. The old man read it over three times, slapped his leg as he saw the point, and a beautiful smile covered his face and climbed up through his hair. In about an hour his son William rushed into the station and called out:

"Father, dear father, come home! All of us were crying all night long, and my wife is now lying in a comatose state on your account!"

The old man went home with him, winking at the lamp-post and smiling as he turned the corners. He had all his comforts back, and the son bought him a costly pipe and a pair of box-toed boots that very day.

Well as time went on the son ventured to suggest that the bonds had better be turned over to him, and every time he said "bonds" the old man would smile and turn the subject. The other day the father went to bed to die, and he smiled often than before as he lay waiting for the summons. The son said his heart was breaking, and then went through the old man's clothes to find the bonds. He didn't find any. He searched the barn and the garret and the cellar, and finally when he saw that death was very near he leaned over the bed and whispered: "Father, do you know me?"

"Oh, yes; I know you like a book," replied the dying man.

"And, father, don't you see this thing is almost killing me?"

"Yes, William, I see it."

"And, father—those—those—bonds, you know. I suppose you want them used to purchase you a monument?"

"Correct, William," whispered the father, winking a ghastly wink, and as that same old smile covered his face death came to take him to a better home.

When evening fell the son and the son's wife were wildly searching the straw-bed, to get their hands on those bonds.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SAD MISTAKE.—He was about leaving her. The ormolu (or something) clock had rung eleven. The fire crackled in the grate. It was very impressive scene. "My darling," said he, "when shall I again look into the blue depths of your eyes?" and he put both arms around her. "Come at the earliest possible moment, my king," said she. Then he drew her toward him, and as he clasped her to his heart, there rang out a sound like the crack of a rifle, and he felt something under his right arm. "Oh, je-whit-taker," he yelled, as he rushed out doors, "I've broken her ribs, by jingo," and he streaked it down the street, while there floated after him a pleading voice—"Oh, my heart's idol, come back! It was only a cornet-bone!" But he was gone.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

Incentives to matrimony.—"You ought to marry?" "Never." "I know the very girl." "Let me alone." "She is young." "Then she is silly." "Beautiful." "The more dangerous." "Of good family." "Then she is proud." "Tender hearted." "Then she is jealous." "She has talent." "Then she is conceited." "And a fortune." "I will take her."

Lady of the house: "In the name of common-sense, Molly, how many pounds of meat have you brought from the market? I said to bring only two pounds." Molly: "Yes, madam, you said two pounds, but I understood four pounds, so I told the butcher six pounds, but he understood eight pounds, so I brought ten pounds."

A Boston wife softly attached a pedometer to her husband when, after supper, he started to go down to the office and balance the books. On his return fifteen miles of walking were recorded. He had been stepping around a billiard-table all the evening.

A red-nosed gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits. "Ay, sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt that."

"Py Schimmy how dot boy studies do languages?" is what a delightful elderly German said when his four-year-old son called him a bear-eyed son of a saw-horse.

Love is sentiment—marriage is business. says the Boston Transcript, and every employee of a cradle factory is willing to back it up in any assertion.

Self made man (examining school, of which he is a manager): "Now, boy, what's the capital of Holland?" Boy: "An 'H,' sir."

Miscellaneous.

PLAYING AT HOUSEKEEPING.

The Boston correspondent of the Worcester Spy gives an account of a "Kitchen Garden," established for the benefit of poor girls at the North End, which we are sure will be read with interest. She says:

"The Kitchen Garden" was first established in New York city by Miss Huntingdon, an active worker in the mission to the poor. She says that she spent hours of thought by day and night trying to devise some means by which the drudgery of the toiling children might be lightened, and they come to like the work that then filled them with weariness and disgust. The problem for her was how to teach the mass of children to put courage into their drudgery.

A kindergarten solved the problem for her. Instead of blocks and balls and colored paper, there should be brooms and dust pans and little beds; and instead of lessons in geometry, there should be object lessons in household work, given on the Froebel method with music and songs. She tried her plan with such success, that she prepared a book with the music, the lessons and the household catechism that the children learn, to be used as a text-book by other teachers; she called her school a kitchen-garden, and her plan has already been adopted by thirteen of the New York churches for their mission schools. Last summer a Boston lady established schools here, at her own expense, and they are now in excellent condition at the Children's Mission and at the North End Mission.

A visit to one of them is very interesting and amusing. The class that I saw was of 24 little colored children, the eldest 10 or 11 perhaps, and even the youngest quite capable of helping a good deal at home. They had four teachers—one who played the piano or organ, one who led the singing, the principal who gave the instruction, and an assistant who was learning the art of teaching. The first lesson was bed-making. On the long tables, with 12 children each, were toy beds about two feet long, each with a mattress, two sheets, two blankets, one spread, a bolster, two pillows, with pillow and sheet shams. The children marched in to gay music, and before they began their lesson they sang together the bed-making song:

When you wake in the morning,
At the day dawning,
Throw off the bedding and let it all air;
Then shake up the pillows,
In waves and in billows,
And leave them near windows, if the day is quite fair.

For beds made in a hurry,
A feet and a worry,
Are always unhealthful and musty, 'tis sure;
But left for airing,
Pains-taking and caring,
And one must sleep sweetly, to know it is pure.

The rules for bed-making,
If ever forsaking,
You list to the careless and hurry them through,
They'll soon grow so matted,
So hard and so flatted,
You'd wish you had listened and kept them quite new.

The beds are already made, and the first thing the children do is to prepare them for sleeping. Working together and keeping time to music, they take off the pillows and shams, turn back the spread, turn down the other clothes, and make the bed ready for its occupant. Then they take off the clothes, putting them on two chairs, to air, turn the mattress over and around, and make the bed scientifically. The rules are to make it level, square, and smooth, and they are taught how to do this. The children are not allowed to take a lesson unless or until their heads, faces and hands are perfectly clean, and this rule has been so thoroughly enforced that the little bed-clothes, which have been in use since June, are still unsold and look as if they had just been done up. The questions and explanations take some time, and make a variety in the lesson.

Then came a washing lesson. Each child got her tub in which was a bag of clothes, table and body linen, coarse towels, and colored stockings, a wash-board, and a bag of clothes-pins. No water is used; but the clothes are carefully sorted, the fine ones washed, or apparently washed without the board, then the coarser ones, and so to the end, the proper twist in hand-wringing being insisted upon; then the clothes are properly hung upon a line. A sweeping lesson is conducted in the same thorough way, each child having a broom, a brush, a feather duster, a cloth, a dust pan and small broom. Of course there is no limit to the lessons that can be given in this way. Miss Huntingdon's book has the songs and music for those I have mentioned, for setting tables and folding table linen, for dish washing, and for simple lessons in butter, biscuits, etc., and for rolling out cookies.

The kitchen garden is intended to be a sort of preparatory or primary school fitting the pupils for a cooking school or other advanced course of household education. The children have great fun doing all these things, and it seems that they really learn a good deal, and even the little ones like to practice at home, as far as they can, the lessons learned and the songs sung at school. The improvement in families at the North End is said to be noticeable, since the children learned to make beds, set tables and sweep. The compulsory cleanliness is a great thing; the fun of it, the having a real good time, is a good thing, but the ladies who work for the kitchen garden think of it and believe in it as something which will give children some interest in home pleasures, and some ambition.

There is nothing in our present methods of education to foster domestic life, or household employment. To shirk work, go to school, and race through a series of out-door excitements, are found to be the daily routine of a majority of children, way down to those whose out-door employment is only rough street play; and this kitchen garden seems to be a way to lead them to interests at home, to wanting things in order, and to a willingness to help out and keep them so. There cannot be a child in the world who does not look with a sort of artistic satisfaction at the doll's bed which she has, with her own hands, made so square and smooth; and a majority of the children are eager to try the same thing on a grown-up bed at home. At any rate, the classes are a pleasant sight, and the plan is working well.

Ancient grease—Old butter.

THE INDIAN BOYS AT HAMPTON.—To go to bed with boots on and leave off half their under-clothing the next morning were among the trifling peculiarities which had to be watched at first. A drill in bed-making was found quite necessary for the braves, and is thus amusingly described in the *Southern Workman* by the teacher who superintended the operation:

"When they first began to make beds, the sheets were either tucked up under the pillow or laid on the outside. One boy was found to have seven sheets, who did not know the proper use for two. The janitor helped me to carry a bedstead into the sitting-room, the boys began in and seated in a semi-circle, and I began the process of bed-making, the boys grunting and laughing as it proceeded. When the clothes were neatly tucked in, and the pillow shaken and put into the place, I said, 'Now, boys, I will show you how to get into bed,' which I did. Then, through the interpreter, I asked who was willing to try. He had hardly put the question when a boy who had objected to having his hair cut when he first came, stepped forward. He began where I did, and followed every movement, so closely he had observed. No sooner did he finish than there was a stunning applause. He was then asked to show us how to go to bed, and when his head touched the pillow and he drew the clothing up over him, up went another shout."

A WOMAN'S GLOVE.—A woman's glove is to her what a vest pocket is to a man. But it is more capacious, and in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred it is much better regulated. A man will carry two hundred dollars' worth of small change, four matches, half a dozen toothpicks, a short pencil, and a pack of business cards in his vest pocket, and yet not be able to find a nickel, or a match, or a toothpick, or a pencil, or a card when he wants it.

Not so with a woman. She has the least bit of a glove, and in that glove she carries the tiniest hand and a wad of bills, and the memoranda for her intended purchase of dry good, and car tickets, and matinee check. We have no idea how she does it—how she manages to squeeze those thousand and one things into that wee space. But she does it every time and the glove never looks the least discomposed, or plaited, or ruffled. And when a woman wants an article concealed about that glove, she doesn't seem to have the least trouble in the world getting it at. All that is required is a simple turn of the wrist, the disappearance of two fairy fingers, and the desired article is brought to light! It is a wonder no savant can explain.

THE CENSUS.—The comprehensive report of the Superintendent of the U. S. Decennial Census, Francis A. Walker, is full of wise suggestions as to the necessity and mode of covering the field in this important canvass of the country. The report states that "there is, by the act of 1879, as by that of 1850, both a census day and a census year. The census day is June 1, 1880; the census year comprises the twelve months ending at that date. The census day is the day on or for which the count of inhabitants is required to be made, and certain facts relating to the status of population and industry to be obtained; the census year is the period for which certain other classes of facts, relating to the movements of population and the operations of industry, are required to be taken." Special investigation will be conducted by experts, and from this source it is expected that the fullest information with regard to the important industries will be obtained, which shall make this census vastly superior to those previous. It appears that the greatest care has been taken in preparation for a thorough research into the several features relating to the most complete canvass.

Phillips Academy in Andover has petitioned the present legislature, for authority to hold a larger amount of real and personal property than it can at present, but it does not specify the limit which it wants fixed as the maximum. The reason for the request, as stated in the petition, is "that donations are likely to be received by said corporation for the purposes of further endowment both the theological and academic departments, and for the general purpose of furthering the designs of the founders and benefactors of said institution."

A good Rochester pastor, a widower, proposed to a young lady a short time since, but was rejected. His feelings had the second severe test when a widow neighbor sent him the following text to preach from: "You ask and receive not, because you ask amiss."—James iv. 3. We trust the good man was encouraged to try again, and that the next time he asked neither a miss or amiss.

Who said this occurred on the Brooklyn Branch? He entered a car, when a brakeman came inside and took a key out of his pocket, unlocked the stove, put in some coal and locked the door again, and he asked him what he locked the stove door for. The brakeman shut his left eye and said he locked the door so the fire couldn't go out.

Says the *Roxbury Gazette*, about these days the local politician reaps his reward. He marches proudly to the Common Council chamber, is sworn in, and in the name of humanity, justice, and equal rights demands that a new street shall be cut through his father-in-law's peat meadow.

An old lady wearing a pair of green goggles stepped on the Sacramento train at South Vallejo, California, and knocked at the car door, and actually waited till it was opened on the inside by a passenger. For consummate politeness this has no parallel.

"Mark Twain never was a policeman," says an exchange. True! Neither was Oliver Wendell Holmes ever a driver of a butcher's cart. It is a good thing that these little interesting points of great men's lives be brought out.—*Boston Post.*

The only kind of cake children don't cry after—A cake of soap.

Even a hen has brains enough to scratch.

1880.
Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.
"Studying the subject objectively and from the educational point of view—seeking to provide the largest number of the most serviceable to the largest number—I long ago concluded that, if I could have but one work for a public library, I would select a complete set of Harper's Monthly."—CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.
Its contents are contributed by the most eminent authors and artists of Europe and America, while the long experience of its publishers has made them thoroughly conversant with the desires of the public, which they will spare no effort to gratify.

The volumes of the Magazine begin with the Number for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the current Number.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year, \$4.00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " " 4.00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " " 4.00
The THREE above-named publications, One Year, 10.00
Any TWO above-named, One Year, 7.00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, One Year, 1.50

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.
A Complete Set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, comprising 50 Volumes, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, freight at expense of purchaser, on receipt of \$2.25 per volume. Single volumes, by mail, postpaid, \$3.00. Cloth cases, for binding, 50 cents, by mail, postpaid.
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Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.
Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

1880.
Harper's Weekly.

ILLUSTRATED.
This periodical has always, by its able and scholarly discussions of the questions of the day, as well as by its illustrations—which are prepared by the best artists—exerted a most powerful and beneficial influence upon the public mind.
The weight of its influence will always be found on the side of morality, enlightenment, and refinement.

The Volumes of the Weekly begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of order.

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1880.
Harper's Bazar.
ILLUSTRATED.
This popular periodical is pre-eminently a journal for the household.
Every Number furnishes the latest information in regard to Fashionable dress and ornament, the newest and most approved patterns, with descriptive articles derived from authentic and original sources; while its stories, poems, and essays on Social and Domestic Topics, give variety to its columns.

The Volumes of the Bazar begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of order.

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The Annual Volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$2.25 per volume. Single volumes, by mail, postpaid, \$3.00. Cloth cases, for binding, 50 cents, by mail, postpaid.
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1880.
Harper's Young People.
ILLUSTRATED.
The evils of sensational literature for the young are well known, and the want of an antidote has long been felt. This is supplied by HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, a beautifully illustrated weekly journal, which is entirely devoted to the objectionable features of sensational juvenile literature and of that moralizing tone which repels the youthful reader.

The volumes of the Young People begin with the first Number, published in November of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of order.

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Only perfect device ever known
For supporting pantalones.
No Rubber. No Springs.
Priced by everybody.
\$50c, 75c, \$1.25
Orders by mail should be accompanied by measure from right front button over shoulder to left back button.

FOR SALE BY
A. GRANT,

Where all the leading novelties in Gentlemen's wear are made to order. Spring Overcoats are a good thing to have on hand. If you want a Nobby Business Suit or a nice fitting Dress Suit, Grant's is the place where you get suited every time.

A. GRANT,
Merchant Tailor
169 Main Street, Woburn.

\$1500 TO \$6000 A YEAR, or \$5 to \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cents to \$2 an hour, by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address, and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth \$5.00 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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On and after Jan. 11, 1880, passenger trains will leave Boston for:
Upper Railroad, 7:30 A. M., 12 M., 2:30, 5:35, P. M.
Lowell, 7:30, 11 A. M., 12 M., 1:15, 2:30, 4, 4:45, 5:35, 6:15, 7:00, 11:15, P. M.
Lawrence, 7:45, 11 A. M., 2:35, 4:45, 6:15, 7, 11:15 P. M.
Wilmington, 7:45, 10, 11 A. M., 1:15, 2:35, 4, 4:45, 6:15, 7, 11:15, P. M.
Walton Hill, 7:45, 10, 11 A. M., 2:35, 4, 4:45, 6:15, 7, 11:15, P. M.
Stonham, 7:45, 10, 11 A. M., 2:35, 4, 4:45, 6:15, 6:30, 10:30, P. M.
Montvale, 7:45, 10, 11 A. M., 2:35, 4, 4:45, 6:15, 6:30, 10:30, P. M.
WOBURN CENTRE, 6:45, 7:45, 10:00, 11:30, A. M., 12:10, 1:15, 3:00, 4:00, 5:30, 6:45, 6:15, 6:30, 7:30, 10:30, 11:20, P. M.
Winchester, 6:45, 7:00, 7:45, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00, 11:30, A. M., 12:10, 1:15, 2:30, 2:55, 3:00, 4:00, 4:45, 5:10, 5:45, 6:15, 6:30, 7:30, 10:30, 11:20, P. M.
*Wednesdays only. *Wednesdays and Fridays excepted. *Saturdays only. *Saturdays and Fridays excepted.
TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Lowell, 6:45, 7:30, 7:55, 8:30, 9:25, 9:30, 11 A. M., 12:15, 1:30, 2:30, 4:10, 5:30, 6:15, 9:15, 9:50, P. M.
Lawrence, 7:45, 9:25, 11:00, A. M., 1:15, 4:15, 6:00, 9:00, P. M.
Wilmington, 6:25, 7:25, 8:15, 9:50, 9:55, 11:20, A. M., 1:45, 2:42, 4:38, 6:42, 8:41, 10:10, P. M.
Walton Hill, 6:31, 7:33, 8:07, 10:08, A. M., 2:31, 9:50, 10:20, P. M.
Stonham, 6:30, 6:50, 7:20, 8:10, 8:50, 10:05, A. M., 1:05, 3:50, 4:50, 6:15, 9:45, P. M.
Montvale, 6:45, 6:55, 7:05, 7:31, 8:25, 9:05, 10:17, 11:28, A. M., 1:15, 2:52, 4:02, 5:02, 6:25, 9:17, 9:52, 10:32, P. M.
WOBURN CENTRE, 6:00, 7:00, 7:30, 8:30, 9:00, 10:15, 11:25, A. M., 1:15, 4:00, 5:00, 6:25, 9:15, 10:15, P. M.
Winchester, 6:08, 6:37, 7:08, 7:40, 7:54, 8:28, 9:10, 10:23, 11:45, A. M., 1:23, 1:57, 2:57, 4:08, 5:08, 6:33, 6:56, 9:23, 9:56, 10:26, 10:28, P. M.
*Wednesdays only. *Wednesdays and Fridays excepted. *Saturdays only. *Saturdays and Fridays excepted.
JAN. 13, 1880. ARTHUR A. HOBART, Supt.

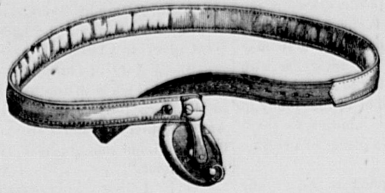
WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

NO. 6.

TRUSSES



Fitted and Satisfaction Guaranteed, by

WILLIAM W. HILL, Druggist,

Opposite the Common.

WOBURN.

Professional Cards.

George H. Conn,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NO. 159 MAIN STREET, 2
WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.
Office (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.
Hours / At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.

HENRY HILIER, M. D.,
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE
FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool, England.
I have this day been appointed AGENT of the
above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stone-
ham.
All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended
to.

GEO. H. CONN,
159 Main St., Woburn.
July 1, 1879.

A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.
Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street
Dr. FRED. F. GAGE,
DENTIST,
7 Pemberton Square, BOSTON.

REMOVAL.
DR. B. R. HIRSH,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Has removed to
110 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.
Particular attention paid to Surgery.

E. F. WYER, Agent,
DEALER IN—
Carriages, Harnesses,
Horse-Furnishing Goods.
Also Agent for the
MAINE STATE PRISON HARNESSES.
Best Harness in the world for the money.
63 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

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WILLIAM WINN,
AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, - - MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Of-
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main
Street Woburn, will receive prompt attention. 11

North Woburn Street Railroad.
FALL TIME TABLE.
Horse cars leave No. Woburn at 6:10, 7:30, 8:25,
9:45, 11:35 A. M., 12:45, 3:00, 4:15, 5:25, 6:35 P. M.
Mondays and Thursdays at 8:30 P. M. Saturdays
at 8:50 P. M.
Leave Woburn at 6:35, 7:50, 9:00, 10:55,
A. M., 12:05, 1:40, 3:25, 4:40, 5:50, 7:05 P. M.
Mondays and Thursdays at 9:00 P. M. Saturdays
at 9:15 P. M.
DEXTER CARTER, Supt.

GO TO
W. F. ESTABROOK,
FOR FANCY
Bread, Cakes and Pastry.
ORIGINAL HEARTH BREAD,
something new, and the best yet. Also his HOT
BREAD AND BISCUIT at 6 o'clock every
evening.
We keep the largest assortment and are still ad-
ding every day.
For a good article give us a call.

MISS MARY E. ALLEN
Has opened a class in
LIGHT GYMNASTICS,
—FOR—
Ladies and Gentlemen,
—IN—
Lyceum Hall, Winchester,
TO BE HELD ON SATURDAY EVENINGS.
Terms \$5.00 for 16 Lessons.
Exclusive of apparatus, which will be furnished for
\$1.00. P. O. Address, Box 265, Winchester. 91

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

Poetical Selection.

CREeping UP THE STAIRS.

In the softly falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play;
I was brooding o'er some trouble,
That had met me unawares,
When a little voice came singing,
"Me is creeping up the stairs."

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering
Like a magpie in the trees,
Till at last she reached the topmost,
When o'er all her world's affairs,
She, delighted, stood a victor
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
Whose best prizes must be captured
With a noble earnest strife;
Onward, upward reaching ever,
Bending to the weight of cares,
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs.

Selected Story.

VIRTUE REWARDED.

On the third of January, during the cold
which reigned so severely in Paris, at the
moment when the snow was falling in heavy
flakes, a stoppage of passengers, horses, and
vehicles took place suddenly at the corner of
the Rue St. Honore and the Rue de
l'Arbre-sec.

"What's the matter?" asked a young man,
whose ancestor declared him to be an inhabit-
ant of the South of France.

"I really can't inform you, monsieur. I
was going to ask the question myself."

"It's only a man who has fallen on the ice,"
said an orange woman who had over-
heard the colloquy—"nothing more. Two
soups apiece—come buy."

"It's a man dead drunk," said a porter,
pushing his way out of the crowd.

"Bah!" cried an old woman. "I bet that
it's one of those cursed omnibuses which
has overturned some wretch. I had my leg
broken by one, two years ago."

"No such thing," cried a stout man,
warmly wrapped up in a thick wrap-rascal,
a large handkerchief up to his nose, and his
hands fixed in his side-pockets—"It's no
such thing. Its a man struck with cold and
hunger. He is dying—that's evident. Poor
man! These things quite affect me! I
should have stopped to lend him some as-
sistance, but the fact is I am too late as it
is, for my wife is waiting dinner for me. Par-
don, monsieur, permit me to pass."

The stranger, however, to whom this re-
quest was addressed, pushed the stout man
in the contrary direction, and pressed through
the crowd of gazers until he arrived, not
without difficulty, at the spot where the
cause of this assemblage was lying. There,
near the fountain, was extended on the ice
an old man, scarcely covered with a few
rags. The stranger, yielding only to the dic-
tates of a kind heart, stepped down, and
was in the act of raising the unhappy man,
when a cry broke the silence of the crowd,
and a sweet voice exclaimed, "It's my poor
old man!" At the same moment a young
girl, piercing the crowd, joined her feeble
aid to that of the stranger.

"You know him, then?" he demanded,
without looking at the new comer, but try-
ing to prevent her from having any share of
the burden.

"Yes and no, monsieur," she replied,
taking out a smelling bottle. "I know him
by sight, but an ignorant of his name."

A third person came to add his assistance
to the efforts of the young people. "It is
old Gerald!" he said. "He must have
gone out this morning, the first time for
these four days. This way, monsieur," said
he, speaking to the stranger, "he lives here
at number thirty, and I am the porter of the
house. Come let me take your place, my
little woman," continued he to the young
girl; "this gentleman and I can take him
to his room in the top of the house. It is
sheer want that has reduced him to this
state. They say he was once rich, and I
believe it; for it is only the rich, who al-
low themselves to perish from hunger when
they are poor—we have still two stories to
go up—I would not be guilty of such a fool-
ish act; I would at once go to the Mayor
and demand aid. Take care—the stairs are
steep; it is so dark here we can't well see
it. It is different with me, I am used to the
place—that's the door. Push! He never
needed a key to lock up his property, poor
man. They say Gerald is not under these
diables! how cold it is up here under these
stairs!"

They placed the old man on some straw
in one corner of the garret, and the stranger
hastened to feel his pulse. "He is dying
of cold and want," said he; "here, my friend,
here's some money for you; bring up some
soup, some wine, and a fire." The porter
took up his hand for the money, when the
stranger, suddenly exclaimed, after having
searched his pockets, "Good heavens, they
have taken my purse!" and his features ex-
pressed most vividly, vexation and fear for
the old man's recovery.

"I will get them," cried a gentle voice;
it was that of the young girl, who had fol-
lowed them unperceived. She hurried out
of the room, and returned speedily; for she
perceived that the slightest delay might be
fatal. A woman followed her bringing fire
and wood with which she lit a fire and then
retired. The young messenger was loaded
with a bottle of wine, a small loaf, and the
wing of a fowl, wrapped up in a piece of
newspaper. She placed the whole near the
old man, and then kneeling down, arranged
the fire and stirred it up to a blaze.

The old man by degrees recovered his
senses; he was presented with food in small
quantities, and in a short time animation
was restored. Too weak to thank his bene-
factors, he could only express his feelings
by looks of the most touching gratitude,
particularly when they rested on the young
girl, still occupied near the hearth. To the
stranger she appeared nothing else than a
charming and mysterious vision. Who
could this young creature be, who so earn-
estly and effectively devoted herself to a
work of charity, when her own attire gave
every indication of privation and penury?
Cold as the weather was, the bonnet which
encircled her beautiful features was of black
straw; the silk gloves, mended in several
places, served to cover her hands, but cer-
tainly not to guarantee them, from the cold.
An old cashmere shawl, worn to the last
extremity was thrown over a faded gown of
dark silk, and her whole appearance be-
tokened the absence of any warm garment.
The young man would undoubtedly have
been struck by the extreme beauty of her
features had there been no other char-
m to attract him; but there was about her
that indescribable something, which
pleases more than mere beauty—and
that is, a union of goodness and elegance,
which is, indeed, but seldom to be met
with, but when seen is irresistible. At
last her self-imposed task was over—she
approached the old man, and stooping down
towards him, nodded her head kindly as she
uttered the words, "I will soon return."

She then took up a small case which she
had put down on her entrance, and, alighting
the stranger, she left the room and descended
the narrow stairs with a rapid step.

The young man gazed on her a moment,
and then turned towards the invalid. "I,
on the contrary, shall not return, for I leave
Paris this evening; but you shall soon hear
from me." He then pressed the old man's
hand kindly and departed. When he
emerged from the gateway of the house into
the street, though hopeless of seeing his
young assistant in the work of benevolence
in which he had been engaged, he could not
avoid looking round to see if by chance she
was still in sight. As chance would have it,
she was standing, as if undecided, at the
door of a jeweler's shop at some distance.
At last she appeared to have formed her de-
termination, for she opened the door and en-
tered. Without exactly analyzing the cause
of her curiosity, the stranger approached the
window of the shop and observed what was
going on within. He saw the young girl
take off her gloves, and whilst he was ad-
miring the dazzling whiteness and aristoc-
ratic form of the hand, she drew, with some
emotion, a ring from her finger, and pre-
sented it to the person at the counter. He
took it, examined it carefully, rubbed and
tested the stone, and then methodically took
a small pair of scales, and having ascertained
the weight, offered his customer a price,
which it was easy to see she accepted, from
the movement of assent with which she bent
her head. The jeweler opened a drawer,
and counted out some money, which he
pushed over the counter; and having written
down the name and address, he cast the ring
into another drawer, amongst a heap of jew-
els of all sorts and colors. The girl then
departed, and in a minute afterwards the
young man entered the shop.

In a short time afterwards she turned into
a plain-looking house, in one of the streets
off the Rue St. Honore, and opening the
door of a room on the Rue de Chaussee, she
entered hastily, crying, "Here I am, dear
mother. You must have been uneasy at my
long absence?"

Madame Reval, the person to whom these
words were addressed, appeared infirm,
though more from trouble than from years.
She was stretched on a sofa, and appeared
in delicate health. Her features, unusually
pale, assumed an appearance of animation
when her daughter entered, and then imme-
diately became more sombre than before.

"Dear Anna," said she, "I have an un-
pleasant piece of news to acquaint you with;
it was this perhaps that made me rather fear
your return, than take note of your pro-
longed absence."

Anna, having cast on a chair her shawl
and bonnet, immediately seated herself on a
low stool near the end of the sofa which
supported her mother's head. The latter
passed her hand affectionately over the dark
hair of her daughter, and then continued:

"You know that your father had promised
your hand to the son of M. Barsac, of Bor-
deaux, his oldest friend. The death of your
father—the lengthened illness which has so
much reduced me—I had not overcome my
courage, as long as I could live in the hope
of seeing you one day rich and happy, and
under the protection of a worthy husband. This
very morning the scaffolding of happiness,
which I loved so much to build up for you,
fell to the ground. This letter, addressed to
our old habitation, ought to have come to
hand yesterday. Here, read for yourself."

Anna took the letter which her mother
held out to her, and looking at the signature,
remarked: "It is from Jules Barsac him-
self." She then read the contents aloud:

MADAME—As long as fortune smiled on
me, I thought with delight on the alliance
which M. Reval and my father contracted
for me; but the late failure of the firm of
Dandlias & Co., has drawn on ours; and as
a man of honor I deem myself bound to re-
store to you your promise. If your daugh-
ter and myself were well acquainted, and if
mutual affection had been the basis of the
projected union, I would have bent my knee
before you, madam, and prayed to wait until
I repaired our disaster; but have I the right
to call on another to partake in my poverty,
and to join in my labors? Do I even know
what space of time it will take to acquire a
fortune equal to that which you have lost?
He that is above can only tell. Your daugh-
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and to join in my labors? Do I even know
what space of time it will take to acquire a
fortune equal to that which you have lost?
He that is above can only tell. Your daugh-
ter and myself were well acquainted, and if
mutual affection had been the basis of the
projected union, I would have bent my knee
before you, madam, and prayed to wait until
I repaired our disaster; but have I the right
to call on another to partake in my poverty,
and to join in my labors? Do I even know
what space of time it will take to acquire a
fortune equal to that which you have lost?

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

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On Thursday evening, at the regular meeting of the Ladies' Charitable Society of the Unitarian Church, Miss Emily D. Southwick gave a very entertaining talk concerning what she had observed during her travels in foreign lands. Miss Southwick displayed fancy articles, embroideries, photographs, and mementoes of the places she had visited, enough to stock a museum, and of much more interest than any similar collection we have seen. After these had been examined by the company, Miss Southwick spoke in a familiar way of her impressions in other countries. Glasgow she regards as a rag-muffin city, on account of the vast number of people clothed in rags, and miserable to the last degree, that one encounters in the streets. The domestic life of the people visited chiefly arrested her attention, and she vividly improved every opportunity to observe it. The European custom of washing clothes in the streams and lakes was described and contrasted with the American fashion of set tubs, with hot and cold water. The universality of the wine drinking habit in France was illustrated by a visit to a large establishment in Paris, where provision was made for the lunch of the employees, 2000 persons, and that number of bottles of wine were served every day. The beer drinking habit of Germany was commented upon, and the singular fact that all classes in that land seem to be satisfied with spending every evening in some beer garden in eating, drinking, and talk, a more ordered sort of pleasure quite at variance with the American idea. In the eastern countries willing testimony was given that aside from any religious considerations the condition of the people was improved wherever missionaries had gone. Of all her treasures, Miss Southwick most prizes a little willow stick, cut for her on the banks of a tributary of the Jordan, near the site of ancient Dan, a stick which by some strange chance she retained through her journeyings and cherishes as a memento of the place where it grew. Whenever possible she visited the interiors of the homes of the people, and whether it was examining the "antique wife" of a pasha, or the little hut of the Russian peasant woman whose just completed woolen gowns she secured, or that of the Pole who set out bread and salt for his visitors and parted with a little shrine, or the Arab school where all the boys were screaming the words of the Koran as they swayed backward and forward on the floor in momentary dread of the long stick of the master, or in the bazars, wherever she went she was keenly observant, and has the faculty of giving her auditors such graphic views of what she saw, that in imagination they saw her companions, and enjoy with her the pleasures of travel with none of its discomforts.

There was a large audience in attendance, and the evening was greatly enjoyed.

SELECTMEN.—All present but Cummings. On application of J. P. Bartiaux for license, granted leave to withdraw. Notice of claim of Lewis Perry and Caroline R. Perry his wife, for damages, referred to committee on Claims. Applications of Thomas D. Hevey and J. Fred Leslie for endorsement to Hon. C. D. Wright, as census enumerators, referred to Assessors to investigate and report. Voted to hold a special meeting Feb. 26th. Permission was granted to the Phoenix to use rooms on occasion of their annual ball. Bernard Fletcher was appointed special policeman for duty at the Library. Voted to have 2000 copies of Town Report by By-Laws printed. W. T. Grammer, T. H. Hiney, E. W. Gray, John Johnson, P. W. Kinney were appointed a committee to receive proposals for printing Town Reports. W. B. Doyle was appointed a public weigher.

One of the biggest nuisances at public meetings in the boy who feels that he must say something to his companion, and not being able to impart his precious information in a whisper, mumbles into the ears of his friend and spoils the enjoyment of half a dozen people in his neighborhood. The mumber goes to the Sunday evening meetings, and his humdrum tone drowns that of the speaker; he was at the Unitarian vestry Thursday night and his neighbors could not hear Miss Southwick in consequence; he goes to the High School entertainment, and some of the best passages of the readings are lost on account of his dismal mumble. Is there no way that this nuisance can be suppressed?

SAVINGS BANK.—The business at the Savings Bank may be denominated "healthy." Comparatively small amounts were drawn out this week, and the number of depositors and the amount of deposits are on the increase.

STABBED.—Hugh Dorrington and Edward Bowe had a difficulty on Salem Street, Saturday night, during which the former was stabbed in the left shoulder by Bowe.

The horrible caricatures that adorn the windows of some of the stores in town are awful reminders of the approach of Valentine Day.

If "Juno" will send us her name, we will publish her verses. We must know the names of our correspondents, you know.

Hon. John H. Lord, formerly State Treasurer, died in Boston on Monday.

THE EXODUS.—We have received, and cheerfully publish, the following circular, which explains itself:—

TO THE PUBLIC.
BOSTON, January 29, 1880.

Whatever causes underlie the movement known as the Southern Exodus, it is evident that it must steadily increase in volume as the Spring approaches. In the nature of things the transition state is attended with temporary privation and suffering, necessitating food, shelter, and clothing, and a judicious organization to direct and distribute laborers, and obtain employment.

It is gratifying to know that the refugees of last Spring have successfully established themselves in Kansas and other States as useful and productive citizens; and the Committee takes pleasure in assuring former contributors that their money was wisely and effectively applied, accomplishing the object intended.

It now appeals with confidence for fresh supplies of money and clothing, not as a charity for improvident and incompetent subjects, but for the purpose of helping an unfortunate and persecuted people to help themselves under favoring conditions denied them at the South.

Money sent to H. P. Kidder, Esq., Treasurer, 40 State Street, and clothing forwarded to Garrison & Co., 137 Federal St., Boston, will be publicly acknowledged and accounted for.

Thomas Talbot, Henry P. Kidder, George Higginson, Samuel Cabot, M. D., William Endicott, Jr., Jas. Freeman Clarke, Robert Morris, N. P. Halliwell, William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., Edward W. Kinsley.

We published the poem entitled "Why don't the girls propose," on the 24th ult., as original, because we received it from a regular correspondent who occasionally "drops into poetry." It seemed rather better than his usual style, but on the supposition that he was improving we welcomed it to a place in the Journal. It seems, however, that he has imposed upon us, and made us unwittingly the receiver of stolen property. The Somerville Journal of last week copied the verses, whereupon one of its correspondents writes to say:—"The 'Leap Year Lyric,' which you copied from the Woburn Journal last week, was written by a Somerville lady, many years ago, for Ben. P. Shillaber's Carpet-Bag, published in Boston. I am certain of this fact, as the lady was my wife, and the alliterative heading was placed upon her manuscript by myself, which I at once recognized it."

We offer our apologies to the Somerville poet, and will endeavor to prevent the recurrence of a similar offense.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY A GIRL.—Last Friday forenoon, a little daughter of Frederic A. Forsyth, was sent to the store on an errand. On her return, when near the box factory on Prospect street, she was knocked down and robbed of her pocket-book, which contained a small sum of money. From the description given by the child, the police concluded it was the Mullen girl, who was visiting in Woburn, though not now a resident of the town. She was arrested while on her way out of town. On being taken before Judge Converse, on Saturday, she admitted her guilt, and was committed to the charge of the State Commissioners of Health, Charity and Lunacy, who will indenture her, or if incorrigible send her to Sherborn.

RUNAWAYS.—On Wednesday there were several runaway incidents, all within a few minutes, and all near the Journal office. The first on the scene was Stephen Hennessey's horse, which had broken his attachment to a sleigh, and came up street alone. The next was John D. Gilman's horse driven by Mr. Gilman's brother. The runner caught in the foot rail of a pung, and the horse did some heavy kicking which in a few seconds made the spectators think of a new sleigh. Then came Jacob Brown's sleigh, which the deep snow turned over, and the horse got mixed up, but somehow he came out of the scrape all right. The snow was leveled off soon afterwards, and if there were any more runaways they did not show up under our windows.

Y. M. C. A.—The annual meeting of the Woburn Young Men's Christian Association was held on Monday evening last, when the following officers were elected:— President, J. Henry Symonds. Vice President, H. Copeland. Secretary, Samuel B. Mitchell. Treasurer, John K. Murdock. The Association is in an excellent condition, in good working order, and engaged in commendable labors in various parts of the town, notably at Cedar Street, where an interesting revival is in progress. We are requested to say that the Association has no connection with the Committee of Safety, other than to grant them the use of their rooms.

ACCIDENTS.—Last Saturday night, Edward Clark fell on Kilby street, and seriously injured one of his knees. On Wednesday, William B. Smith, employed at Ramsdell & Murdock's, caught his little finger in a crank of the engine, and was obliged to suffer amputation of the finger.

"WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD."—Everybody is on the qui vive to hear Miss Chamberlain, the lady whistler, who appears with Mr. Pierce a week from next Monday. Several years ago a lady whistled a solo at a concert in Woburn, and it proved the feature of the entertainment.

LARGE FIRE.—The summer residence of W. D. Pickman, at Beverly Cove, Mass., was burned early Tuesday morning; loss about \$10,000. By the falling of a chimney one young man was killed and four persons were injured, one perhaps fatally. The light of the fire was seen in Woburn.

BALLS.—There were three balls in Woburn last Friday night. The Mishawum Club, at Lyceum Hall, the Hook & Ladder Co., at Amory Hall, and a third at Cummingsville. Some of the most enthusiastic ones took them all in.

STUCK IN THE SNOW.—The Stoneham & Lynn express wagon got stuck on Green St. last Tuesday, the storm being too much for the motive power.

ALMOST A FIRE.—One of Estabrook's ovens fell in on Tuesday, and an alarm of fire was imminent, but the danger was soon over, and the damage repaired.

A FEBRUARY PROPHECY.—Henry G. Vennor, of the Geological Survey of Canada, writing from Montreal, makes predictions of the weather that is yet to form part of the present winter, and which, he says, may extend over the northern portion of the United States. "One of the heaviest snow falls of the winter is likely to come upon us on the 2d or 3d of February, and occasion deep drifts and railroad blockades. Following this immediately, a cold snap will set in, of considerable severity, lasting some four or more days. Next will come a period of mildness, even warmth, with rain and slush, up to about the 15th or 16th. The 16th will give us the second heavy snow-fall of the month, with drifts again, and another railroad blockade. Between the 20th and 25th the second cold term will probably set in, and this bids fair to be very severe, and occasion some very low thermometer readings. Thus, with the exception of one considerable thaw in this month, February will be an exceedingly wintry month. The 17th and 21st of March will again give heavy snow-falls, and it is probable in this month we will have more snow than at any time previous during the winter." Mr. Vennor has proved himself a prophet in the first item, the bill being very well filled on the 3d. The remainder of his prophecies will be awaited interest.

HIGH SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.—The High School entertainment next Tuesday evening will be in charge of Mr. H. B. Wood, who will deliver the essays. The following programme will be presented:— 1. Dr. Samuel Johnson. Mr. H. B. Wood. 2. His letter to Lord Chesterfield. Mr. George Perkins, Jr. 3. "The Vanity of Human Wishes." Mr. Wood. 4. William Cowper. Mr. Wood. 5. Selection from "The Task." Miss Fannie Jones. 6. Selection from "The Task." (Winter Evening.) Miss Rebecca G. Ellis. 7. "Lines on the Receipt of My Mother's Picture." Miss Emma A. Putnam. 8. "The Diverting History of John Gilpin." Mr. Elmore A. Pierce. 9. Song dedicated to the Boston Bazaar Club at their Centennial Festival. "The Bonnet and the Feather and the Claymore." Mr. Charles C. Shaw. 10. Robert Burns. Mr. Wood. 11. Song—"The Red, Red Rose." Words by Burns. Music by Coffman. Miss Minnie Robie. 12. "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Burns. C. K. 13. "My heart's in the highlands." Burns. C. K. 14. "The Soldier's Return." Mr. Wood. 15. Duett—"O, Wert thou in the cold blast," Burns. Mendelssohn. Misses Herrick and Robie. Accompanists, Miss Merrile L. Bancroft and Mr. John C. Buck.

At the close of the exercises, the members of the Association will stop a few minutes to greet officers for the ensuing year.

SUDDEN DEATH AND REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—Last Saturday forenoon, Mr. William Pierce, a farmer on Russell street, in the west part of the town, came over to town on some errands, and called on his daughter, Mrs. J. H. Symonds. On his way home, when near the residence of W. B. Harris, he was observed to fall over in his wagon, and on going to him he was dead. Mr. Pierce was a native of Woburn, and lived on the farm formerly owned by his father. In 1855, his mother, when on her way from church, one very warm Sunday in summer, died in the road within sight of her home.

MASSACHUSETTS PRESS RE-UNION.—The executive committee of the Massachusetts Press Association held a meeting in Boston, on Saturday, to arrange for the annual winter re-union. It was decided to hold the annual meeting and social festivities in Boston, Tuesday, Feb. 17. President, N. A. Horton, of the Salem Gazette; Vice-president, Charles W. Slack, of the Commonwealth; corresponding secretary, John L. Parker, of the Woburn Journal; secretary, Luther L. Holden, of the Boston Journal; were appointed a committee of arrangements.

POLICE COURT.—Edward Bowe and Hugh Dorrington were each fined \$5 and costs for assault and battery. E. W. Crosby, drunk, \$3 and costs. John J. Hall, the tramp who stole some property from Hon. B. F. Whittemore, was captured in Boston, brought to Woburn, and sentenced to four months in the House of Correction.

DRAMATIC.—The St. Charles Dramatic Club, which has produced several acceptable dramas this season, will appear again next Tuesday evening, Feb. 10, at St. John Institute, in the domestic drama, "The Chimney Corner," and the laughable farce, "Rough Diamond." Further particulars given hereafter.

The Rev. Ebenezer P. Gifford, of Wallingford, Conn., eked out his salary last year by selling the skins of forty-eight muskrats and twelve skunks which he killed. Before expending any sympathy, it might be well to inquire if he doesn't love trapping.

Thanks to Hon. S. Z. Bowman for the report of the Board of Army Officers on the case of Gen. Fitz John Porter. The report is embraced in four volumes, one containing maps, and the three other containing an aggregate of 1,792 pages.

FETE.—Post 33 G. A. R. held a fete on Thursday evening, in honor of the elevation of Past Commander Hill to the office of Senior Vice-Commander of the Department of Massachusetts. It was a very enjoyable occasion.

On Tuesday, William Winn and F. M. Pushee started in a double sleigh to attend an auction, but by the breaking of a whiffletree they were unable to reach their destination, in season, and the auction was postponed.

SURPRISE PARTY.—A party of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. George Beggs surprised them on Wednesday, at their home on Mt. Pleasant Street, and passed a very pleasant evening.

The town teams are removing some of the superfluous snow on the streets, making sleighing more safe and agreeable.

The Stoneham engine was off the track on Tuesday, at Farm Hill, and delayed the Woburn train somewhat.

We understand that a lodge of the Ancient Order of Foresters is about to be instituted in Woburn.

Chew Jackson's best sweetwaty tobacco

Communication.
Mr. Editor:—In your Journal of the 24th ult., one of your correspondents alludes to "An uncomfortable evening at the High School Hall on the occasion of Dr. Kelley's Essay." I sincerely sympathize with the writer, not merely from observation, but from personal experience, and, apparently, make arrangements to sit together; a few go early and secure some of the most desirable seats and reserve seats for their associates who enter later; when the number is complete, their entertainment commences;—whispering, laughing, and almost incessant motion, to the great annoyance of those who wish to give attention to the essayist and readers. A little more vigilance on the part of the officers of the H. S. G. Association would have a salutary effect on the disturbing element, and insure more comfort for the audience. I will venture to offer an amendment, if your correspondent will accept it,—that no children (boys and girls, if you please,) be admitted to these entertainments, unless accompanied by their parents or some person who will be responsible for their correct deportment during the evening. ANON.
Woburn, Feb. 3, 1880.

HARMONY.—Troy, N. Y., has a notable church choir, which was organized nine years ago on the first Sunday of February with 43 members, and during all the public services of intervening years the attendance has averaged 40, and is now 42. The choir is remarkable in this respect, that it maintains a devotional manner during service, evidently considering its efforts a part of the worship, and will not brook laughter, talking, or any unseemly conduct. There are 16 sopranos, 11 altos, 6 tenors, and 9 basses in the choir at the present time. During all the years of its existence the choir has been under the direction of Mrs. Mulford, wife of the pastor, and its success is due almost solely to her executive force and musical ability. There are a great many people who would like to know more of Mrs. Mulford's methods.

W. T. Adams (Oliver Optic) and Sol Smith Russell are having immense success everywhere they appear. Halls rarely filled are crowded to the doors, even standing room being at a premium in many places. A refined and at the same time exceedingly humorous entertainment is not often presented and is always sure of a large audience. Sol Smith Russell is to-day at the head of all comedians in this country and an evening of laughter inspired by his genius is an experience not soon forgotten. Tickets for the great humorous entertainment, by Sol Smith Russell and Oliver Optic, are now for sale at A. E. Thompson's. Take our advice and secure your seats at once. There will be a crowd that night.

The Providence Journal, in an article on the "Young Scratchers," says: "If this or any other set of men have the right to say beforehand who shall not be nominated, they have the right to say who shall. Of what use, then, to hold a convention? If they are of themselves the Republican party, so good; if not, the party is entitled to act; if they avow their determination not to act with it as a whole, they are not of it. There can be no co-operation with a set of men who refuse to co-operate."

Queen Victoria contributed \$10,000 to relieve the starving Irish in 1847. The same year she probably drew from the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000. It was like putting a penny into the contribution box and taking out a pound. Victoria is a very good woman, but she can afford to be benevolent when her subjects supply her so liberally with the means.

It is stated of postal money-orders, that not even one rightful claimant has lost a single dollar under this system from the date of its organization until the present time, although during the last fiscal year alone the post-office department issued over \$90,000,000 worth of these orders. Of misdirected orders, or orders not called for on account of death, the aggregate worth now amounts to \$700,000.

An exchange says if your local paper happens to tread on your toes a little in performing its mission, don't you get your back up and abuse its editor, but stop and take a good breath and think for a season, and see if you can't remember some of the favors and kindnesses it has shown you in the past. Then reflect that it may not be long before you may want some favors again.

It is within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant," if he chooses to exercise it, that a warehouse in New York was so loaded down with pennies that the floors gave way. Now they have become so scarce that the Philadelphia mint coined three millions of them in November, all of which were spoken for.

The Republican State Committee met on Wednesday, and organized for the coming year. Col. Eben F. Stone of Newburyport, was chosen Chairman; Solomon B. Stebbins, of Boston, Treasurer; Edward H. Haskell, of Gloucester, Secretary; and Geo. H. Foster, Assistant Secretary.

The New York Herald has opened a subscription for the Irish sufferers, and heads it with a magnificent gift of \$100,000. Returns by counties show that there are in Ireland over 300,000 persons in immediate need. What is the Irish World doing with its "skirmishing fund?"

The Mormons are proselyting in Mexico with considerable success,—it is thought with an idea of colonizing there in case the Government makes it too hot for them in Utah. Another curse, more or less, won't affect Mexico much.

TO THE LAND OF FLOWERS.—Mr. D. H. Richards left on Wednesday for Florida, to spend a few weeks with friends, to see the country, habits of the people, and enjoy the climate.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.—Rev. J. L. Seward, of Lowell, morning and evening.

Winchester.
SUPERINTENDENT.—Mr. C. E. Swett, has been elected Superintendent of the Congregational Sunday School.

COMFORTABLE.—Passengers by the barge to Woburn, are pleased with the stove which keeps the establishment so comfortable.

TAILORING.—Mr. Henry A. Manroe, well known in Winchester, is established at 338 Washington St., Boston, where he will be glad to see his friends. See advertisement.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Operations have been begun in Lyceum Hall to re-paint the fresco, and put the hall in thorough repair. This much needed improvement will be welcome to patrons of the hall.

There will be an oyster supper in the vestry of the Baptist church, Thursday evening, Feb. 12. Oysters and ice cream will be for sale from seven until ten o'clock. Admission, free. All are invited to come.

The polished surfaces of the wood work in the new block, reflect great credit on the skill of Mr. James Byrne, who has given so fine a finish to the work. He makes the polishing of hard wood surfaces a specialty, and we doubt if a better workman in that line can be found in this vicinity.

IN THE DITCH.—Thomas Doten while riding a horse on Thursday, narrowly escaped serious injury. He was following the path made by the snow plow, when the horse missed his footing and slipped into the ditch, by the roadside, and then fell over upon Mr. Doten, who with difficulty extricated himself and horse from their predicament.

We have the best authority for saying that it is not the intention of the proprietors to rebuild or enlarge the Waldmeyer tannery. There has been some talk relative to its purchase, with a view to using the land for other than its present purpose, but parties interested have thus far been unable to agree as to terms.

ACCIDENT.—Last Saturday morning as lawyer Coffin, of Winchester, was riding along Marble street to Stoneham in his buggy, to take a horse-car to the Highland station, a young eight-year old son of widow Henry Orne, ran on behind the team, holding his right foot in the wheel, receiving a severe fracture of the main bone of the right leg.—Stoneham Independent.

MUSICAL TREAT.—The citizens of Winchester are looking forward to a rare treat at the concert to be given by the Musical Committee of the Good Will Club in the Unitarian Church on Monday evening, Feb. 9th. Among the artists who have consented to aid the Club, is Herr Carl Feininger, the noted violinist, who is a guest of Mr. Emmons Hamlin, and to whom the lovers of good music are indebted for this opportunity to hear one of the best violinists of the day. It is seldom that Herr Feininger appears before an audience, except in classical recitals at such places as the Chickering and Steinway Halls, New York.

TEMPERANCE CONCERT.—The first Temperance Concert under the auspices of the Winchester Reform Club, was held last Sunday evening. The following order of exercises was presented:—Song, "Yield not to temptation!" prayer; opening address by the President; "Temperance Work," Miss Jennie Nowell; "The Pledge," Master Herbert Bradish; "The Youthful Advocate," Master Bertie Rust; "Brave Boys," Master Allie Phelps; "The Water Mill," Miss Minnie Heron; song, Master Rowe; "Pretty Stars," little Miss Richards; the "Onions," Miss Ella Love; "Ladder of St. Augustine," Charles A. Conant; illustrated piece, girl holding goblet of water, three boys, one holding basket of apples, one basket of grapes, one sheaf of wheat, by Miss Nutter and Masters Bradish and Rowe; "Work in some way," Miss Ada Foss; "Working and wishing," Master Butler; "Temperance Pledge for Boys," Master Harry Chase; "Admiral Farragut," by the President; talk on power of habit, by Robert C. Metcalf. Livingstone Hall was filled to overflowing, with a very interesting and appreciative audience, and the concert was a great success. At the meeting in the afternoon, addresses were made by the Hon. J. M. Usher, and Mr. Calef, of Boston. Good speeches will be provided for the meeting next Sunday afternoon.

The courts have just rendered a decision of great importance to all who use water power. It seems that two mills were built on the same stream, the lower one being a paper mill. The upper one only worked in the day time, during which it sent down the water to the lower one, but at night the upper one, in seasons of drought, stored all the water of the stream in dams or ponds to serve its purpose through the next day. Thus the paper mill got no water at night, and complained that its business could only be carried on profitably by running day and night. The decision was that proprietors on the side of streams, had a right to use the water to any extent they chose, and if the lower mill suffered by the upper one exercising its right, there was no redress for it.—Commercial Bulletin.

THE EAST CAMBRIDGE PRISON.—The annual report of the Prison Commissioners speaks as follows of the institution of East Cambridge, so long and so successfully managed by Capt. Jas. J. Adams: "This prison receives most of the long-sentence prisoners of Middlesex County, and also those from that part of the county who are committed for non-payment of fines. The labor system is well planned, and the returns show that the earnings are in excess of the expenses. The manufacturing business is conducted on the public account, and has for many years been carried on successfully. The prison is neat and in good order, and the general management is better than the average. The use of the parti-colored sets seems to be unnecessary, serving no good purpose, and tending to degrade those who are compelled to wear them."

The deplorable condition of the navy has at last become evident to our members of Congress, and a plan of reorganization submitted by Representative Harris of Massachusetts is likely to be adopted. In the course of ten years we may have a navy that is not the laughing stock of nations abroad, and which shall number a few ships at least, carrying such a thing as a rifled gun, something that it does not contain to-day.

Correspondence.
BOSTON LETTER.
Boston, Jan 31, 1880.

If, as I have too frequently been given to understand by irate editors, interviews are the life of journalism, a couple of brief but happy encounters to which I was "the party of the second part" to-day, may be considered as a vital spark each, and as such you shall have them. For though to "beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall," is the recognized method of seeking an interview, a casual meeting, prolonged somewhat by hooking an interviewing finger into the button-hole of the victim's coat, is frequently productive of happier results.

You must know that Boston has been running wild, so to speak, for the last four weeks, over that dainty bit of impossible Irish character-acting, known far and wide as "The Shaughraun," which has been playing at the Museum, the oldest and most conservative of Boston theatres, with the famous author, Dion Boucicault himself as "Conn." Now this gentleman is so busy an individual that a regular interview with him is a very difficult thing to achieve, consequently to encounter him in the lobby of the Museum, with five minutes to spare before the matinee, was a piece of genuine good luck.

"So you are really going to take your new piece to England for production?" queried the button-holer.

"Oh yes, I go over expressly for that purpose. The tide of feeling in England is just now far too harsh against old Ireland, and whatever influence my plays may have towards softening this unbrotherly enmity must be brought to bear as soon and as powerfully as may be. This is my last day in Boston, you know, I leave at once, and after my engagement at Wallack's in New York, I shall sail for London, where I appear in April."

"But you will tell me something of the play—what is it like?"

"Like 'Colleen Bawn,' and 'Arrah-na-Pogue,' and 'Daddy O'Dowd,' and the 'Shaughraun.' They are all a series of pictures of Irish life in its true aspects, such as I knew and experienced, when as a boy, the old country was the only one in the world to me. Still the scenes and characters themselves are not often exact reproductions of any real ones, but the foundations are actual, and the structure idyllic. It consists of three acts and a prologue, and its title is an old Irish motto, 'Foga-Beallach' or 'Faugh-a-Ballagh,' Irish for 'Clear the Way.'"

"A live title, certainly, if the play is ideal. Of course you anticipate a success?"

"Why," laughed Mr. B., "that is an old question to ask an author! But really, I have never expected the successes which have been my good fortune. I did not anticipate in the least, that the Shaughraun would live so long, when it was first produced in 1874. But hope is an essential part of my nature, and experience ought to count for something, you know. But time's up—good bye." And lifting his hat, the speaker disappeared through the little door at the right of the ticket office, which serves as a stage entrance for want of a better. Mr. Boucicault is one of the fastest literary workers of the age. From 8 A. M. till 2 P. M., of every day is devoted to writing, and his thinking is done outside of this time even, so that these six hours daily are devoted to putting his ideas on paper as fast as he can scribble. Still the mechanical aid of seeing his thoughts produce themselves in black and white under his pen, is absolutely essential, and he finds it impossible to dictate successfully to a shorthand scribe. The great amount of work which he accomplishes is principally due to his happy faculty of being able to utterly abstract himself in his work, throwing off everything outside of it as completely as if nothing else existed. If only he could give a recipe for this concentration of mind, to more luckless scribblers and students!

My second happy hit of the day, was at Music Hall, where the Quarterly Concert of one of our musical Conservatories was taking place. My chat with Boucicault made me a little late, so that the hall was packed in every part when I arrived, and not finding a seat, took a stand for the time being, in the corridor behind a door through which I could both see and hear. Soon the guardian spirit and Director of the Conservatory beamed down upon me in my red-corned, and regretting that I hadn't a seat, wished he had one to offer me. I saw my opportunity and improved it, for he is quite as busy a man and as hard to catch for a five minutes talk as the play-writer or any other man of whatever calling, for he always has a dozen largest-sized irons in the fire at a time, keeps them all red-hot and never scorches a finger—neither his own nor anybody's else.

"Never mind, Dr. Tourjee, I don't mind standing; and now I have you safe for a moment, tell me, are you really going to run another European excursion this summer? Haven't you had enough in two years?"

"Enough" and his merry blue eyes twinkled. "Did you ever know me to have enough of any good thing? And the Excursions of 1878 and 1879 were thoroughly good, everybody delighted—everything completely successful from the day of leaving New York to that of returning; and although of course one couldn't make his fortune on running excursions at about half the regular rates, still I haven't lost any money, and I don't expect or want to grow rich out of it. So long as I don't lose, it is all right. Why, you know last summer that there was a large overflow of the party which had to go in another steamer, and the same was true the year before, and lots of people disappointed because they didn't apply soon enough to get a chance even in the over-flow. But they were all satisfied, and are recommending their friends."

"Oh yes, I know that," I interrupted, forgetting the gravity of my position as an interviewer. "My friend, Mrs. —, of last year's party, has been talking to me in most enthusiastic strains about it ever since she came home; says she is going again and wants me to go too. But even so small a sum as \$500, is something of a mountain to a proverbially impoverished newspaper scribbler."

"But you needn't go the \$500 trip; you can have your choice of six different Tours at different prices, you know—no, I forgot, you don't know, for the circulars aren't quite out yet, but I'll tell you. You can go for

\$285, starting on June 12th from New York, and making the tour of Scotland, England, Holland or Belgium and France, with five days in Paris and a week in London—during which week the great Centennial Sunday School celebration will take place, and which will write up well for your newspaper—free carriage-rides in the cities and all the other advantages,—I'll send you a circular when they come out. Parties of sections are to consist of but from 25 to 35 people, so there will be no crowding anywhere. In fact, the experience of two years has helped us amazingly in planning, and I really think the thing is perfection at last."

"No doubt—there's \$250's worth of perfection in such a trip as that at any rate."

"Don't forget that all the accommodations in cars, boats and hotels are first-class in every case."

"I won't forget; tell me about the other trips, please."

"Well, \$400, adds Switzerland, Germany and the Rhine to the route already named. \$500 gives in addition a large number of prominent cities of Germany and Northern Italy. \$600 takes in another extra 16 days in Southern Italy, with a week in Rome. And the other two tours are in Egypt and the Holy Land and are next fall instead of the summer."

"Oh! I drew a long breath, whether of surprise or envy it would be hard to say, 'so you are actually going to carry the war into Africa!'"

"Yes; we shall leave New York Sept. 18, and for \$500, will go to London, Paris, Marseilles; by steamer via Naples to Alexandria in Egypt; then to Cairo and the Pyramids, paying our respects to the Sphinx in passing; up the Suez Canal to Port Said and thence to Jaffa, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Dead Sea and banks of the Jordan, Bethany, etc. An extra hundred dollars will include an additional fortnight's journey to Bethel, Shiloh, Nazareth, Cana of Galilee, the Source of the Jordan, Damascus and Beyrout. Oh! it will be a grand old picnic, I assure you,—better go. But there's a seat, and I see that I am wanted, so goodbye." A bulky old picnic! I guess it will! Happy they who have a few hundred dollars that they don't know

COMING OF AGE.—It is common to say that a young man "comes of age" at one and twenty. This means that he is then old enough to manage his own property, to do business for himself, and to be made to do as he has agreed; also to vote. Before he is twenty-one if he has any property his father or guardian manages it for him; he is not expected to do business on his own account; and, if he makes foolish bargains he can say: "I have changed my mind." There are several other ages which are important; indeed, a person may be said to be "coming of age" for different purposes at different times all through his life. From his very birth he is of age to be owner of property, and to be protected from violence and cheating. At seven years he becomes of age to be punished for a crime if it can be shown that he was a bright, intelligent lad, had been taught somewhat, and knew that the thing he did was against the law and would be punished. These things are not taken for granted until he becomes fourteen. From and after fourteen it is supposed that a youth knows enough to refrain from attacking people, or stealing, or setting houses on fire, or things of that kind. At fourteen, also, he is of age to be asked, if his father should die, whom he will choose as guardian; and of age to marry. This last does not mean that it is right or wise for a young man only fourteen to marry; but that if he does so he cannot retract afterwards, and say he was too young. At eighteen he is of age to be a soldier. At twenty-one he becomes independent of his father and may vote; these things are so much more important than any of the others that reaching twenty-one is commonly called "coming of age," as if it were a magic date for everything.

At twenty-five he is of age to be representative in Congress; that is, after that the people can elect him if they choose, before that they cannot. After thirty he can be elected Senator, and after forty, President. At forty-five he is of age to be excused from going as a soldier.—*Christian Union.*

A CENTENARY ANNIVERSARY.—Mr. Brackett, of Boston, offered an order in the Legislature, on Tuesday, which was adopted, that the Committee on constitutional amendments consider the expediency of commemorating the 100th anniversary of the adoption of the constitution of the Commonwealth. Pursuant to a vote of the General Court, delegates were chosen to a constitutional convention held in Cambridge, Sept. 1, 1779. Nov. 11 of the same year, the convention adjourned to meet in Boston, Jan. 5, 1780. A form of constitution was agreed upon, and March 2, a resolve was passed submitting the constitution to the people for adoption, and the convention adjourned to meet in the Brattle Street Church in Boston, June 7. Eight days later, June 14, the convention resolved: "That the people of Massachusetts Bay have accepted the constitution as it stands in the printed form submitted to their revision," and, the day following, a resolve was passed providing for carrying the instrument into effect. Upon what particular day the 100th anniversary occurs, whether upon that on which the people voted for the adoption of the constitution resolved that it had been adopted, is for the committee, or others, to decide.

FEBRUARY'S FIVE SUNDAYS.—A writer in the *Cleveland Leader* answers a query as to when we shall have another February with five Sundays. He says: "There are five Sundays in the month of February this year,—something that will not occur again for 40 years. The years containing five Sundays in February recur in a regular order every 40 years. The order is as follows: Three times with intervals of 28 years each, and then comes one after an interval of 40 years; then two with intervals of 28 years each, then one after 40 years, then two after intervals of 28 years each, and then there is an interval of 40 years before another such year. This is followed by three of intervals of 28 years each. This will occupy 400 years, and then the same order will come round again. The following are the years that have had and will have five Sundays in February during the present period of 400 years: 1604, 1632, 1660, 1688, 1728, 1756, 1784, 1824, 1852, 1880, 1920, 1948, 1976, 2004.

HEARING THROUGH THE TEETH.—Mr. Charles DeMerritt, of this city, has been totally deaf for many years. A few nights ago he placed the end of a stick in his mouth and rested the other end against the keyboard of a melodeon while a companion was playing upon the instrument. To his astonishment and delight he heard every note distinctly. He has since frequently carried on a conversation with another person by means of a three foot stick pressed against the teeth of each. While Mr. DeMerritt's discovery of this method of hearing was purely accidental, still, the idea is more than a century old, and the principle has recently been embodied in what is known as the Audiphone.—*Lynn Transcript.*

There are many little customs adopted in families that think the art of living well not beneath their study, which give an additional charm to the Sunday dinner. The first fruits of the year are always brought forward on that occasion. We quite appreciate the sentiment of that executive and successful home-maker, who insists on having strawberries, green peas, and all other good things in their season, make their first appearance at the family dinner on Sunday. Her choicest table service and brightest flowers are brought into requisition to give distinction to this meal. And the result is that the hour is welcomed with a double pleasure, and enjoyed in like proportion. A happy home-life is one of the sweetest of Sabbath blessings, and few things will contribute more to this than the amiable moods resulting from a delightful dinner hour.—*Golden Rule.*

The antiquity of Masonry has been doubted by some, but the discovery of Masonic emblems in the base of the obelisk at Alexandria, which is about to be brought to this country, will now set at rest this question. The emblems found have been preserved, and drawings made of them. The pedestal under which they were found was set up by the Romans.

POSTAL CARDS.—The thrifty city of Holyoke is now the scene of production of the millions of postal cards which are annually consumed in the country. The manufacture is an unpretentious edifice, and utterly insignificant in dimensions and otherwise, when compared with the towering paper and other mills which surround it. The business is carried on by the American Phototype Company, of New York, who have a contract for a year from next July. The interior of the manufactory is seemingly as inconsequential as it is outwardly, but the firmness with which general or special visitors are denied admission seems to impress one with the fact that the concern is of more than ordinary account. The government is represented on the premises by a special agent or superintendent, who sees to it that all the cards printed are properly turned over to him, while all the other business is under the direction of the contractors. About forty hands are employed altogether, and, during working hours, they are as industriously kept from all intercourse with the outside world as if they were under the care of Warden Chamberlin, of Concord. The cardboard is manufactured in the immediate vicinity by the Parsons Paper Company, and is furnished in packages of 3600 sheets each. The work of transforming one of these packages into postal cards, counted, packed, and ready for shipment is only momentary when the concern is driven to its full capacity, as is at present the case. Three of Holyoke's superlative presses are kept in operation both day and night, and each sheet bears the impression of exactly 40 cards, a register attached to each press keeping a faithful record of each sheet printed. Having become properly seasoned or dried, the sheets are slit up into strips of ten cards each, and then in immediate succession a sort of rotary hopper, with ten compartments, receives the cards as fast as cut, and, when each compartment contains 25 cards, the hopper revolves and empties them on a table. Here they are received by girls, who quickly detect and throw out all damaged or imperfect specimens. Boxing is next in order, and then the cards are ready for shipment to any desired part of the country. They are placed in seamless pasteboard boxes, each box containing 20 packs, or 500 cards. Lots of less than two thousand are forwarded in these boxes, strongly wrapped in heavy paper, and large quantities are sent in strong iron-bound wooden cases. As before intimated, every process of manufacture is industriously guarded by the vigilant agents of the government. The mechanism of the registers on the presses is secured by padlocks, to which none but this agent has a key. They are examined at night, and the number of sheets printed is noted. Again, in the morning, they are examined to see that they have not been tampered with before the day's work commences. A strict record is kept of all damaged or imperfect cards, also of all blank cardboard given out, and, as all has to be accounted for, to the smallest fraction, undetected pilfering is rendered simply impossible. In forwarding the cards, every package or box is registered, and hence, loss, in this respect, is positively guarded against. In fact, it is true that not a single card has ever been lost in the factory or in transit since their introduction into the postal system of the country. The growing popularity of the postal card as a means of correspondence is something wonderful. The entire number manufactured and used during the first year of their introduction was 100,000, 500, and during the year which has just closed, the aggregate number sent out was 246,063,060. This latter number is an increase over the number issued in 1878, of 36,879,060.

KEEPING CHILDREN AFTER SCHOOL.—There is one common practice of the public school which ought to be abolished at once and everywhere without question or parley. That is the practice of imprisoning the children in the school-house beyond the school-hours. Pretty nearly every school-house in the land is thus turned into a penitentiary in which children are immured every day, some of them for imperfect recitations, others for faults of deportment. This method of punishment, might, if the teachers were all judicious, be resorted to occasionally with good effect; but teachers are not all judicious, and thousands of children are thus detained every day to whom the detention is a serious injury, and a grave injustice. For some trifling breach of order, like turning in the seat or dropping a pencil, or some small failure in a recitation, and often for no fault at all—whole classes being kept on account of the indolence of some of their members and the innocent thus suffering with the guilty—the children are shut up in the school-houses, sometimes during the intermission, often after the close of school. Thousands of children in delicate health, to whom the regular school hours are too long, are permanently injured by this system of confinement.—*Good Company.*

"The biggest thing on ice" has been done at Montreal at the expense of some \$6000, which, although of merely temporary use, will more than repay that outlay, besides being a great convenience at present, with the prospect of producing much value annually. This very original thing is a railroad built on the ice across the St. Lawrence at a point where it is two miles wide, and which the builders say is firm enough to carry a train of cars, drawn by a twenty-six ton locomotive, with perfect safety. In building the road the ice was tested as to quality and thickness every yard; then cross pieces of plank, twelve feet long by three inches thick, were laid on the ice, over which stringers—hemlock beams twelve inches square and fifteen feet long—were laid, and on these again the ties and rails. Water was then pumped between the stringers, which, as soon as frozen made the road much more firm and secure.

NEWTON LEADS IN THE NUMBER OF HER CHURCHES.—Brooklyn has one church for every 1721 inhabitants; Washington, one for every 932; Cleveland, one for every 1044; New Orleans, one for every 1345; Cincinnati one for every 1350; Baltimore, one for every 1412; Boston, one for every 1666; St. Louis, one for every 1852; New York, one for every 2613. Newton leads in this respect, as scattered over the city are twenty-nine churches, or one for every six hundred and twenty inhabitants.—*Newton Journal.*

NOVEL SCENE IN THE UNITED STATES COURT.—There was a novel scene in the United States Superior Court Room at Washington, on the 2d of February. Joel Parker of New Jersey, Democratic candidate for Presidential nomination, had just had his admission to the Bar of the United States Supreme Court moved, when Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who was admitted to practice before that Court by special act in the last Congress rose, and in a shrill, piping voice moved the admission of a lawyer from South Carolina, who, she certified upon honor, possessed the necessary qualifications to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States. The lawyer whose admission she moved rose and proved to be a negro. Joel Parker, Democratic candidate for President, and this negro then stepped forward to the Clerk's desk, placed their hands upon the same Bible and were sworn in together, very near to the niche where the bust of Chief Justice Taney, the author of the Dred Scott decision, is placed. The most visionary prophets of the last decade would scarcely have ventured to predict that a negro, upon motion of a woman, who is a qualified counselor before that court, would have been enrolled among the counselors of the Supreme Court of the United States together with a Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

A SCRAP OF POLITICAL HISTORY.—The Washington Post states that Mr. Lincoln wrote to Mr. Seymour in 1865, urging him to become the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, so that if Mr. Chase secured the Republican nomination, honest Republicans could vote the Democratic ticket. Mr. Seymour declined. Whereupon Mr. Lincoln wrote him a second letter urging that the statesmanship then required demanded a higher duty than party consideration or State pride, and reiterated the confidence of the people in Mr. Seymour's honesty, loyalty, and fair dealings to all classes and interests. Mr. Seymour was proof against all these solicitations, and it was upon his inflexible refusal to become a candidate that Mr. Lincoln addressed himself to the task of securing the re-nomination of his own party and defeating Mr. Chase's ambition.

There are a goodly number of gold watches missing from this community, or there is a lamentable propensity for lying. A few days ago, to illustrate the carelessness with which the mails are used, we mentioned the fact of the receipt at the Lawrence post office, from a town in northern Vermont, of a gold watch, which was simply put in a cardboard box, tied with a string, and sent a couple of hundred miles in that fashion. The watch was promptly delivered by carrier the next morning. But an impression seems to have got abroad that the watch had been found without direction, and was waiting an owner, and already there have been three applications at the post office, by persons claiming to have lost gold watches in the mails!—*Lawrence American.*

The year 1880 will be a peculiar one in several instances. Three holidays come on Sundays, viz: Washington's birthday, Decoration Day, and the Fourth of July. Thanksgiving Day, will come on Thursday, as usual, rents and board bills will come due just the same as in the past.

Married.
In Woburn, February 3, by Rev. Daniel March, D. D., Mr. Joseph W. Bedelle, and Miss Louisa R. Fowler, both of Woburn.

DELICIOUS!
Those Boston Caramels, 10 cents package; and New York Caramels, 5 cents package. Chocolate and Vanilla Caramels, at
DODGE'S DRUG STORE.
Geo. S. Dodge, - - Pharmacist,
165 Main Street, 125 Woburn.

Died.
Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.
In Woburn, Jan. 29, Daniel Doherty, aged 52 years.
In Woburn, Jan. 31, William Pierce aged 72 years, 9 months.
In Winchester, Feb. 2, Jeremiah A. Keefe, of Boston, aged 27 years, 10 months.
In Forest Home, Amador Co., Cal., Jan. 13, John D. Wood, formerly of Woburn, aged 28 years and 9 months.

For Sale and To Let.
STOCK HAY FOR SALE.—About 30 tons of good meadow hay for sale by ABEL SIMONDS, Burlington.

TO LET.—The "Carroll" House, No. 267 Main Street. Inquire of JOSEPH KELLEY, 116 P. O. Box 775.
TO LET.—Stall and Carriage Room. Address P. O. Box 775.
TO LET.—A desirable Tenement To Let on Pleasant street, to a small family. For terms apply to this office. 85
TO LET.—A five room cottage on Sherman St. Apply to Dr. HUTCHINSON, 52
ROOMS TO LET.—Suitable for light manufacturing or for offices. Can be arranged to suit tenants. Steam Power furnished if desired. Inquire of G. F. JONES, 52

Lost, Found, Wanted.
WANTED.—A lady to canvass for the sale of a patent Corset. Address Box 95, Woburn.

ELMORE A. PIERCE
Will render some of his latest and best selections
—OF—
READINGS AND RECITATIONS,
ASSISTED BY THE
Wonderful Whistling Soloist
Miss ELLA CHAMBERLIN,
IN THE
UNITARIAN VESTRY, WOBURN,
Monday Evening, Feb. 16, 1880.

You will be sorry if you fail to hear the novel whistling lady.
ADMISSION, ONLY 20 Cents.

MR. PIERCE solicits pupils in Elocution, comprising the cultivation, development, and proper use of the speaking voice and organs of respiration, the art of delivery, gesture, &c., and the philosophy of expression.
Terms much lower than Boston rates. Address: P. O. Box 569, Woburn, Mass.

HEVRY J. MURKOE,
(Late with A. Tolman.)
MERCHANT TAILOR,
338 Washington St., Boston.

My long experience in one of the best houses in Boston enables me to satisfy the taste of all who may favor me with an early call.
151

NEW SPRING Prints and Cambrics OPENING DAILY.

C. J. SMITH & SON, 177 Main Street, Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

All persons interested, take notice.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Dole Parker to George Winn (now deceased), dated November 7th, A. D. 1877, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., book 1022 page 145, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on Tuesday the second day of March, A. D. 1880, at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Burlington, in said County of Middlesex, on a road leading from Burlington to Wilmington, containing about one-half acre, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz: West by land formerly of Jonathan Reed, and later of said Dole Parker; thence the line runs southerly about six rods; thence more westerly about four rods to the road leading to Wilmington; thence easterly by land formerly of said Dole Parker to the point of beginning.

Also, one other lot of land situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about five rods, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the northerly corner, thence the line runs southerly on an old wall about three rods to a stake and stones; thence southerly to a stake and stones; thence more westerly to the road, thence northerly on land of Mark Fiske to the bound first mentioned.

Also, one other lot of land containing about seven and one-half acres, more or less, situated in said Burlington, called "Winn Pasture." Said land is bounded westerly by a road leading from Burlington to Wilmington; northerly by land of Benjamin Carter; easterly by land of Mark Fiske; and southerly by land formerly of said Dole Parker. Said premises being the first four lots of land with the buildings thereon, described in said mortgage, and together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said Parker, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.
FRANCIS M. PRINGLE,
Administrator of the estate of George Winn, and present holder of said mortgage.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, Mass., Feb. 7, 1880.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. IN INSOLVENCY.

Messenger's Notice.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
Woburn, February 4th, 1880.
Notice is hereby given that Hon. GEORGE M. BROWN, Judge of the Court of Insolvency in and for the County of Middlesex, has issued a warrant under the seal of said Court, directed to John W. Adams and Augustus Adams, both of Winchester, Co.-partners under the firm name of J. W. Adams & Co., to inventory and take possession of all debts and the delivery of any property belonging to said debtors, or for their use, or the transfer of any property by them are forbidden by law. A meeting of the creditors of said debtors to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of their estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of February, A. D. 1880, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff.

FOREST OR OCTAGON.

For PARLOR STOVES, buy the

Spartan Weldone,
OR
Star Parlor,
OF C. M. STROUT, Agent.

**New Photograph
GALLERY.**
The subscriber would respectfully announce to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he will open on Monday, Oct. 12, a photograph gallery in Mrs. Fox's building next door to the Journal Office, upon easy terms. He is prepared to make all kinds of pictures known to the art, and in the best style, at prices to suit the times.

Shopworn Boots.

GRUBER BROTHERS,
ALLEN'S BLOCK.

Have for sale a few hundred pairs of LADIES' BOOTS at very low prices. Also Ladies' French Kid and Goat Boots of our own manufacture, suitable for winter wear.

\$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

WANTED.
Money to invest in mortgages.
Small farm to purchase at moderate cost.
123

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. PROBATE COURT.

To the Next of Kin and others interested in the estate of Sarah T. Butters, late Woburn, in said County, deceased.
GREETING:
WHEREAS, Lemuel Pope, the administrator of the estate of said deceased has presented to said Court for allowance the account of his administration on said estate, and application has been made for a discharge of the balance in his hands among the next of kin of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why said account should not be allowed and distribution made according to said application.

And said Administrator is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

\$300 A MONTH guaranteed. \$12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as can be done at home. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and receive for themselves. Course of Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

GRANT AROUND THE WORLD
It describes Royal Palaces, Rare Curiosities, Wealth and Wonders of the Indies, China, Japan, &c. A million people want it. This is the best chance of your life to make money. Beware of "catch penny" imitations. Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia.

\$77 a month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents. Address P. O. Box 109, Agusta, Me.

\$777 free. Address P. O. Box 109, Agusta, Me.

IS YOUR TIME TO VISIT

CUMMINGS'

CLOSING OUT SALE,

AT COST.

REM NANT

SALE.

Previous to our stock taking, early in February, we will close out REMNANTS and ODD LOTS, at such Prices as will ensure their sale.

Our customers will find good bargains in remnants of white and colored Flannels, Woolen Cloths, Dress Goods, Prints, Gingham, Cheviot Shirting, Buttons, Small Wares, Hamburg Edgings, Cotton Edgings, Laces, Paper Collars, Neck Ties, Winter Gloves, Ladies' Kid Gloves, Children's Hosiery.

A few Ladies Cloaks very cheap. We are well stocked in all our regular lines of goods and prepared to give good Bargains in all kinds of Woolen Goods, Flannels, Blankets, Under Flannels, Hosiery, Leggings, Cardigan Jackets, Scarfs, Gloves, Mittens, Ladies' Shirts, and a large stock of Sheet, at the VERY LOWEST market prices. A full stock of Table Linen and Housekeeping Goods.

COPELAND, BOWSER & Co.,

147 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

THE BEST OVERCOATS

EVER SOLD in WOBURN

FOR TWENTY DOLLARS.

At G. R. GAGE & Co.'s, - - Merchant Tailors,

171 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Tea House

We are offering for sale a large and well selected stock of family groceries, at the lowest cash prices. Having superior advantages we have been enabled to purchase our goods from importers, at greatly reduced prices. Our stock is fresh and we guarantee entire satisfaction and will refund the money in every case where goods are not as represented.

Fine Tea a Specialty.

Our teas are selected with great care in regard to strength and flavor, and customers can rely upon purchasing teas of us at a saving of at least 10 or 15 cents per pound. Having bought a full invoice of teas, to arrive, before the advance, we feel confident, we are selling our teas for 20 to 25 per cent less than any other dealer in town.

FULLERTON Brothers,

130 and 131 Main Street, Woburn.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,

Lumber and CHOICE Hay.

No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

COAL

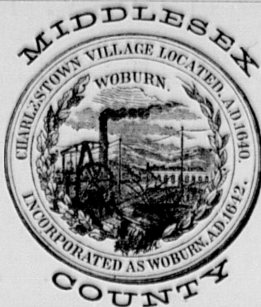
From \$6.25 to \$8.00 Per Ton.
JOS. B. McDONALD.

STATE
Normal School,
BRIDGEWATER, MASS.
FOR BOTH SEXES.

The ninety-fifth term will begin with an examination of candidates for admission on
Tuesday, February 10, 1880,
AT 8 O'CLOCK, A. M.
One course of studies is for two years, another for three. Tuition and text-books free. Board at cost. For further information address
A. G. BOYDEN, Principal.

T. H. HILL & CO.,
Real Estate and Insurance,
FOX BUILDING, 196 MAIN STREET,
Opposite Post Office, Woburn.
W. T. GRAMMER, T. H. HILL

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Poetical Selection.

A VALENTINE.

Beware of eyes that softly fix on thee,
Of one who fain would bind thee with a spell,
With power to draw thee, like an unknown land
Lures the impassioned traveler to its strand.
Oh! if thou wouldst be free,
Beware of me!

Beware of eyes that softly fix on thee,
Tamed in their restless glances by thine own,
And of a voice, where all things that may be
In maiden hearts are told in every tone.
Oh! if thou wouldst still be free,
Beware of me!

But if a longing, born within thy soul
Gives thee a far off glimpse of unknown bliss,
Then let thy love speed onward to its goal,
Nor thy true rest and joy for blindness miss.
If thou wouldst not be free,
Then come to me!

—Scribner.

Selected Story.

Aunt Marston's Legacy.

Aunt Marston was dead, and I sat looking at the legacy she had left me in her will. "To my beloved niece, Nelly Stanhope, the faithful nurse, the loving comforter of my declining years, I bequeath my gold ball earrings, with the brooch to match, marked with my initials in black enamel." Thus ran the passage referring to me.

When my cousin, Lucinda Marston, handed me the little morocco case she could scarcely repress a smile of triumph as she thought of the difference a few short weeks had made in our relative positions.

I had been brought up by Aunt Marston, had lived in ease and luxury all my life, while my cousin had been obliged for years to earn her own living by sewing.

I had always looked upon Greylands as my home, while she had never been invited to spend even a week at the delightful old country house on the Hudson since she was a child.

And now she had come into possession of the old homestead, and I, the favorite, whom she had hated and envied for so many years, was put off with this insignificant bequest!

"After all your toadying," she said, with a sneer, "it is too bad to be cut off with a shilling; but if Mr. Lewis—the other executor—knows anything about it, they are worth a great many shillings, for he says they are solid eighteen-karat gold, and that Ormolu, who made them, would give you fifty dollars for them to-day. However, you are welcome to them. And now I suppose you will see the necessity of looking about for another home."

The bitter, insulting words, the desolate, deserted feeling at being thus cruelly turned out of the only home I knew, overcame the unnatural calmness with which I had hitherto borne my irreparable loss, and I threw myself on my bed and wept, as I never in my short, happy life thought it possible I would weep.

I don't know how long it lasted, but when I became calmer my heart still ached, but when I read the deed, and I could look my situation in the face.

I was no sycophant; I knew that well, for I loved my aunt dearly, and had always given her a daughter's devotion, without one thought beyond the present; I even told her, as she would have it, that I was engaged with her consent, that "we'd better bide a wee"—for I could not leave my second mother to spend her last days alone, or cared for by hirelings.

Aunt Eunice had often said to me, "You and Charlie will not have to wait long, dear child, and I will see that your future is provided for." I did not care for myself, but I felt so disappointed for his sake, when I found that I was left absolutely penniless.

I think now, as I look back, that after she became paralyzed she wanted to say something to me about it; for as she lay there so white and still, almost like a piece of statuary, the muscles about her lips would twitch as if trying to form words, and the ever restless eyes would turn on me with an earnest, appealing look like the yearning, pitiful expression of a dumb animal trying to make its sufferings understood.

But she died and made no sign, and now Charlie must plod along in the old way, and I must try to earn my own living, for I had made up my mind that I would never be an additional burden on the poor fellow.

I threw the jewel-case from me with a sigh of disappointment as I thought it all over, and then, ashamed of myself, took it up again and kissed the well-known trinkets, in fact, the only ones my aunt ever wore, and put them tenderly away among my other treasures—her gifts and Charlie's—in the trunk I was packing.

Alas, for the frailty of human resolutions. Charlie would not hear of my earning my own living, and though he did not exactly threaten to commit suicide if I refused, he looked so utterly miserable and forlorn that I was forced to reconsider my decision.

Charlie and I are quite old married folks now, and four little, curly-pated, restless bodies tumble about in the small, poor room that serves me as a bedroom, sitting-room, and nursery, coming to mamma with their small hurts and pains to be kissed well again and petted, while often my heart and head both are aching.

So many little mouths to feed, so many little limbs to clothe and sew for; eight little feet that are never still to cover with shoes that wear out so fast.

It is no wonder that Charlie has to wear his coat till it is threadbare, and my only best dress is my old black silk made over again and again, with lace ruffles at the wrists and throat, and Aunt Marston's legacy, forms my gala-day toilet.

I would not complain for myself, but Charlie looks so pale and tired, and his

cough gets worse and worse every day. If he could only go in the country for a month, the doctor says, rest himself, keep in the open air, drink plenty of milk, and take some gentle exercise, such as a little rowing or riding, he would get well.

My head aches with thinking how to get the money that will save Charlie's life. My darling husband, so unselfish, so devoted, depriving himself of even the smallest indulgence for me and our little ones!

I think bitterly on the unequal division of the good things of this world; so few have all, and so many have nothing; but when I say so, Charlie laughs and says I'm a little communist, a dangerous character, and should be suppressed.

As usual, while I sit sewing, I am devising a thousand impracticable schemes, when my reverie is interrupted by my elder boy, Robert.

"Oh, mamma! see those beautiful ponies!"

I look out and see a phaeton drawn by a span of black ponies, and seated at the reins, her lapdog beside her, I recognize my cousin, Lucinda Marston.

How circumstances have changed! She and her dog in my place. I and my children living a life of privation! My husband dying for the need of the money she lavishes on her horses and dogs in a week!

I cannot help a reproachful feeling toward my aunt as I reflect on her capricious treatment of me. At sight of that cruel face I live over again that dreadful interview when my cousin gave me the jewels. Her words rang in my ears once, but with a new meaning.

"Ormolu would give you fifty dollars for them," she had said.

"Fifty dollars!" I exclaim aloud. Fifty dollars means rest, country air, rowing, riding, life, and health for Charlie.

I opened the satin-lined box and looked at the yellow baubles, that smiled and twinkled in their soft bed, as if they were glad they were going to be of some use at last.

"Oh, you treasures!" I said, and kissed them rapturously with a thankful heart.

While I put on my hat and shawl, I had mentally made away with half my legacy, for I had bought Charlie an entire new suit, nice, warm flannels and all, and barely left him enough to pay his board with in the country.

Carried away by the excitement of the moment, I scarcely knew what I was doing till I found myself in the palatial store at Blank street, and heard a gentlemanly voice say, in answer to my question: "Will you please wait a moment, miss?" while he spoke to an elderly man, who in a while came to me and said:

"Would you mind telling me, madam, how this set of jewelry came into your possession?"

My heart sank. There seemed to be something of a doubt as to whether they had been honestly come by.

"Certainly not," I said. "They were left to me by my aunt, Miss Eunice Marston. You may perhaps remember that she bought them here."

"Will you give me your name and address, please?"

I did so, and found that the younger man knew my husband well, and also remembered having seen me in the store with my aunt.

"Do you know, madam, what these jewels are worth?" questioned the elder gentleman.

"About fifty dollars, I suppose," I said.

He took one of the earrings out of the case, and giving a little twist and a light pressure of the small gilt knob at the lower side of the ball, it opened in two parts; taking off the golden envelope, he held up to my astonished eyes an immense colt's-head diamond that sparkled and blazed like a star as it trembled in his hand.

"The earrings alone are worth ten thousand dollars, and with the brooch, which opens, too, you see, the set is worth about twenty-five thousand dollars."

The words had no meaning to me; everything faded before my eyes—all was darkness.

When I came to my senses I was lying on a lounge, and a sweet-looking lady sat by me bathing my head. When I was sufficiently recovered to think what had happened, and was assured that it was not a dream, I had another interview with the gentleman, who, like the agent in an Arabian story, had evoked such wonders from a simple golden ball.

Upon my signifying my desire to sell the jewels an agreement was made, and I went out of the store a rich woman, with Ormolu & Co.'s check for twenty thousand dollars in my pocket.

When I reached home, Charlie stood at the front door waiting for me, looking anxious, poor fellow, for no one could tell him where I had gone, and it was very unusual for me to be out when he came home.

"He must have thought I had gone crazy, when, putting the check in his hand, I threw my arms around his neck right there in the vestibule, and crying as if my heart would break, said:

"Oh, Charlie! Oh, Charlie!" Then when he had taken me into the house, I drew all my little ones together in my arms crying, "Oh, my darlings! my darlings!"

When my excitement had abated somewhat, I thought of the precious paper.

"Where is the check?" I asked.

"Check!" said Charlie, blandly; "what check?"

"I gave you a check for thousands of dollars!" I excitedly answered.

"Poor child!" said Charlie, "poor darling, trouble has turned your brain."

But upon my insisting, very much as one

"Here is something, papa," exclaimed Amy, as she put in his hands a crumpled bit of paper she had picked up in the hall.

I can see the expression on his face now. I do really believe my dear husband, for one minute, thought I had, in my insanity, been guilty of forgery, burglary, highway robbery, or some dreadful thing.

It seems but yesterday, and yet five happy years have gone since then, and we have a house of our own, with a cozy library full of books for Charlie, and a large, sunny, lovely room for the children's nursery.

You would't know Charlie, he is so rugged and brown. He is now cashier of the bank in which he began as errand-boy.

We are not rich, by any means, but have everything we need and many luxuries.

No matter; Charlie and my darling children are happy, and I wish Aunt Eunice could look into my grateful heart to-night—a heart so filled with a sense of all my blessings—that I can scarcely see through the happy tears that fill my eyes, to write these few last words.

FEMININE MEN.—A lady writer says:—

Women, generally speaking, do not like or feel attracted toward a feminine man. If he has a handsome face and dresses like a lady figure, possessing the vanity of the weaker sex, he never becomes a hero in the eyes of a noble woman. The plain faces carry more power with them, and the homeliest men often create the greatest havoc among the fair sex.

Weakness of character seldom accompanies them. They usually possess sensibility, fervor, and tenderness, and those are far stronger attractions to a woman than a handsome face. The mere exterior of a person has so little power to interest our vanity or respect. The charms of mind and body are seldom united to one individual. Personal vanity in a woman may be pardoned, but it is never overlooked in a man, and shows a weakness of character and an egotism that harms their influence much more than they are aware. There are few in the world who do not feel an admiration for beauty in any form, but we cannot value one long for merely personal advantages. There must be something besides to interest, to call forth our affections.

Handsome men are usually spoiled; their overweening vanity blinds them to any defects of mind they possess; and, with talents lying uncultivated, they become so infatuated with worshipping at the shrine of their own physical perfection, that they cannot look beyond, and women hold them in contempt. The fair sex need something for their heart to honor and esteem, some strength to the oak to cling to, something grand and strong for their weakness to repose upon. To inspire a passion requires much more than mere personal charms.

A man who has only his beauty of face and form, and a shallow vanity to recommend him, can never become the object of a worthy woman's devotion. "To see the lover's visage in his mind is the type of our sex," and talent, a fine mind, gentle manners and a tenderness of heart will awaken a passion in a woman that mere physical beauty can never do. So the handsome and noble in nature and feeling appeal to all our womanly instincts, but when our little, harmless vanities are repeated in the masculine sex, we turn from them and despise them as foolish weaknesses. Some of the ugliest men have inspired the grandest passions. The heart will go out toward strength and sense, and feminine men stand little show to fascinate the women who are worthy to be the objects of a life-long devotion and love.

MARRYING EARLY.—Why, of course, young people ought to marry; it is intended that they should according to nature. But love must always be tempered with prudence, and it is all the better—and very much better—if both love and prudence were thinectured with religion. Do I think a man ought to have a fortune before he marries? No.

The prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire a fortune before he marries, that his wife shall have no share or sympathy with him in the work or struggle to gain a footing, and in the pursuit of it (and in the pursuit a great deal of the pleasure is really found to consist) is absurd. Then, too, it is thought necessary that a young married couple should set out with as large an establishment as is enjoyed by older people whom they seek to show equality, who have perhaps been married for twenty years, and in that time have built up commercial success and social respect. The idea that a man must be wealthy before he weds fills the community with fortune seeking bachelors and unhappy spinsters; it endangers virtue, destroys true economy and design, and the beneficent intentions of the home. It promotes vice, idleness, inefficiency, and imbecility among females, who seem from an unsympathetic outset to be determined to expect to be taken up by fortune and passively sustained, and without any concern on their part. It is thus that a man finds it difficult to obtain a help-mate.

At a theatre at Aston, near Birmingham, England, recently Mr. Bruno, one of the musicians, heedlessly caught hold of two brass connections used in the electric light apparatus and received the full shock of the electric current generated by the powerful battery which supplies the lamps in the buildings and grounds. The candles not being then burning, Mr. Bruno was unable to disengage himself and pulled the wire down. The shock rendered him insensible. Medical men were soon in attendance and restoratives applied, but he died in forty minutes afterward.

"I have nothing but my heart to give you," said a spinster to a lawyer who had concluded a suit for her. "Well," said the lawyer gruffly, go to my clerk; he takes the fees."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

In examining the momentous subject which the date at the head of this paper suggests, for the sake of order and clearness we shall first dwell on the supposed origin of the day; and secondly, indicate some of the lessons to be drawn from such a history. If everything human ought to interest us, as the Latin poet teaches, it is obvious that a day on which for ages postmen have been burdened with missives of tenderness, and young hearts have been throbbing with the social affections—when the grave and the gay have occupied so many minds, like those of the immortal Pepsys—such a day is well entitled to our modest notice.

The authorities are not agreed about the origin of the day as the lover's opportunity. The following accounts of it are given and defended by their respective authors:

1. It is alleged that this is the time when birds choose their mates for the year, and that this suggested the corresponding course to the unfeathered bipeds. This may be called the Rationalistic account of it, and will satisfy those who carry myth and legend into history, and try to explain what they can by natural causes. It seems to us that the Darwinians ought to take this side, and argue thus: What reason is there to think that birds only, and not beasts also, make their choice on this day? None whatever, except that we have noticed the birds, and not the beasts. It is probable, then, indeed, to a scientific mind, it will be certain, that at this time in the pre-Adamite long ages the vertebrates mated; and man retains in his hereditary form this hereditary tendency. Valentine's day, then, is an unconscious testimony to our theory, like the instinctive calling of mischievous boys, "monkeys," and rude, coarse men, "bears," or "brutes."

2. By others it is alleged that St. Valentine was a good Bishop or Presbyter, at Rome, beheaded—mark the method—in A. D. 270 by Claudius; duly canonized, and his festival fixed for 14th of February. Wheatley (not Whately—he was a man of rare good sense) says that on account of the love and charity for which Valentine was distinguished, his festival was taken for choosing Valentines, "which," he says, "is still practised." Wheatley lived till 1742. This theory has one infelicity, namely, the connecting of lovers' decisions with the day when the patron-saint lost his head. It suggests—what is well-known to be an unfounded libel—that lovers take leave of judgment and common-sense, justifying the statement that all men (who have been lovers) are fools once in their lives. It may be so; but it is not fair to require lovers to say so. No one is bound to convict himself. But this infelicity is perhaps balanced by the fact that the patron-saint is a clergyman—up to whom all honest love-making naturally leads.

3. It is alleged that in the month of February, in the ancient Roman Empire, there was a feast called *Lupercalia*, in which much honor was done to Juno, who is sometimes called *Februa*. Among the rites of this rather rowdy festival one was the putting of young women's names in a box, whence the men drew them by chance. This usage continued according to the invaluable Mr. Pepsy (see *Diary*), to his time when married persons were drawn, and the lady drawing was entitled to a gift from the gentleman. Mr. Pepsy, the mean fellow, chuckles when his wife was his Valentine. "But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5. But that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines." He incidentally tells us that jewelry to the value of £800 was given by a lady's Valentine in those days—happily for the men—passed away.

This however, is by the way. Mr. Douce (of whom some curious things might be said,) in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, says, that the early Christian pastors, not liking the Pagan way, adroitly got St. Valentine into Juno's place, though he does not make it clear just how. This is not remarkable, for Mr. Douce was a crabbed man, and not likely to understand a subject like this. It is well known that the ministers did, in those days, and with the best intentions, put Christian names on many heathen usages; but as Mr. Douce, while deferring to Alban Butler as authority for this view, admits, the old thing largely remained under a new name. What is bred in the bone you cannot get out on the skin.

4. Yet a fourth account of St. Valentine is made to rest on philological grounds. We give it for what it is worth. *Galaatin* is the familiar word for a lover, one who dangles after a lady. But "g" and "v" interchange in the corruption of words, as in "gallant," "valiant," or in "guard," "ward." So Valentine in only *Galaatin*, with "St." prefixed as in Santa Claus. The Max Mullers of the world who think all great questions can be settled by the dictionaries (which they make themselves) may like this. We do not. We say of it, with an eminent character in English literature, "It is most tolerable and not to be endured."

Among these competing accounts of the sweetheart's day we do not decide. This is a free country. Our readers can take their choice.

We now proceed, as promised, to the moral reflections appropriate to such a theme.

And first of all, no one is under obligation to buy and send Valentines. There is no State law nor church law on the subject. St. Valentine did not urge, nor so far as is known, follow the practice. To send, or not to send, is a matter of individual taste.

But, secondly, if the thing is to be done, it should be done kindly. Nobody's feelings should be hurt. Anonymous letters give great pain, before persons learn to put them in the waste-basket, and a Valentine may

sometimes have all the acid of an anonymous and abusive letter. A poor heart may have had its sore and unspoken troubles and vain aspirations, dwells sorrowfully, with many a conjecture, on a dirty, hideous caricature which, perhaps, was sent in perfect thoughtlessness and fun. Indeed it ought to be a principle with people to discourage the manufacture of ugliness in dress, china, decoration, and Valentines. We have ugliness enough in men and—well, everywhere, physical, moral, social, without going out of the way to make it.

And, thirdly—and this is the legitimate use, it seems to us, of a Valentine—if there is anywhere a modest, honest, straightforward fellow, who would face a howling mob, or scale a burning house, and rather enjoy it, but who cannot for the life of him get up courage "to say the word" (for reverence is a large element in all true love) to the maiden of his choice, of whom he sometimes hopes that pity is melting her heart to love for him, let him buy a nice Valentine, of modest and quiet tone, and send it to the lady. Next time he sees her he can ask:

"Did you get a letter without any name?" She will be "on the fence," perhaps, and say: "What sort? Why do you ask?" "It had a heart on it, and arrows, and things, and some lines—and I sent it. Did you get it?" By this time the recipient is blushing, and then the sender can say: "The reason I sent it was that I had not the face to tell you in any other way how much I love you, and I wanted to find out if you?" Here—speaking figuratively—the curtain drops.

This will be at least as good a way in which to propose as the following, of which we have heard: An eligible lady was a guest at the house of a young man. She was there on purpose of his mother. But he could not be brought to the point, and at last his mother undertook to help him. So she took the girl to her room, broached the subject, and did her persuasive best. The son lay in wait at the bottom of the stairs for the young lady, and, stammered out, "will you do what mamma says, Miss Mary?" Miss Mary was "unanimous."—*Rev. Dr. Hall.*

PEOPLE WHO CAN SHAKE THEIR EARS, AND OTHER PHYSICAL ODDITIES.—About forty years ago I had a lad in my employ who had the habit when unexpectedly spoken to of pricking up his ears in so decisive a manner as to remind one of the cars of Press or of Tray when suddenly called. Marie Louise, the second wife of the great Napoleon, was in the habit of amusing the ladies of her court at their private soirees by turning her ears almost completely round, and in a manner closing them up. She did this by a peculiar motion of the jaw, and she is said to have prided herself on the exploit not a little.

A man I knew well wore an enormous shock of raven hair, and would allow himself to be lifted by the hair from the ground by any one who was strong enough to do it, and to be swung to and fro like a pendulum, and to be dragged along the floor. The faculty of sleeping at will was one of the endowments of the first Napoleon, who, it is said, could sleep any length of time, long or short, and awake at the time, almost to a minute, he had resolved upon. Among the muscular movements not common, I have noticed several instances of persons who could throw back the four fingers of either hand until they stood quite perpendicular to the back of the hand and wrist.

Other instances I have seen, though but a few, who can project the lower joint of the thumb almost into the hollow of the palm. In neither of these cases is the use or the ordinary symmetry of the hand at all affected. Of left-handed people we have all seen many, and they abound among the working classes; but of the arduous, or both-handed, that is, of persons who could do everything with either hand, as well with one as the other, I have known but one in the whole course of my life. This was an orphan boy who had had no parental care, but had been left almost to himself from infancy. Quick, active, and sharp-witted, he had taught himself many things tolerably well, could draw fairly, could play the fiddle and the flute, and wrote admirably well and with unrivalled rapidity with either hand.—*Leisure Hour.*

He came up a little late, stepped in without lingering, and striding softly into the parlor, dropped into an easy chair with the careless grace of a young man who is accustomed to the programme. "By Jove," he said to the figure sitting in the dim obscurity of the sofa. "By Jove, I thought I never was going to see you alone again. Your mother never goes away from the house nowadays, does she Minnie?" "Well, not very frequently," cheerfully replied the old lady from the sofa. "Minnie's away so much of the time now, I have to stay in."

In the old hickory at the end of the house the moping owl complained to the moon much in its usual style, the katydids never sang more clearly and the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill filled the night with poetry, but he didn't hear any of it, all the same.

"And, by George," he said to a friend fifteen minutes later, "if I didn't leave my hat on the piano and my cane in the hall, I'm a goat. Think of 'em? Forgot 'em?" Strike me blind if I knew I had any clothes on at all. What I wanted was fresh air, and I wanted about thirty acres of it, and mighty quick too."

A weather observer in Rhode Island, who has kept a record for forty years, states that during the forty years of the consecutive past, no month of January has presented us with so high an average of temperature as that of 1880. This average is 33—one degree above the freezing point. There have been sixteen 42's during the month that the husbandman might have plowed, so far as the frost interposed any objection.

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Pocket Knives and Scissors,	3	3
No trouble to show goods,	3	3
W. W. Hill,	3	3
For Sale,	3	3
For Sale,	3	3
Wanted,	3	3

COUNTY FINANCES.—The Savings Bank

Commissioners have made their first annual report to the Legislature upon the condition of county accounts, and it shows a most deplorable state of affairs. The books of the county clerks and other officials seem most of them to have been kept with no special system, and in many instances serve to confuse rather than explain the affairs of the county. Such appears to be the case in this county particularly. The books of the East Cambridge jail, where a manufacturing business amounting to more than \$600,000 in the past nineteen years is carried on, show no evidence of having been balanced during the whole of that time, and, though an expert has made a cursory examination of them without finding positive evidence of misappropriation of any of the county's funds, there occur all through them such glaring mistakes, and evidences of gross carelessness as are next in order to positive dishonesty. If a county officer is incapable of keeping his books so that they will show just how he stands at any time, and so that the county will be safe from loss by loose management, he is as bad a man for the place, financially, as though he were a dishonest man. The expert found errors in these books which a boy should be ashamed of, and for which the only excuse must be either extreme negligence and indifference, or incapacity, either of which are sufficient to disqualify any one from holding an office of the importance of clerk-driver. But, though Middlesex county bears off the palm for loose book-keeping, according to the report of the commissioners, it by no means stands alone. The accounts of sheriffs, clerks of court, jailers, etc., have been examined in other counties, and found in many instances to be in such bad shape as practically to show nothing, though the jailers' accounts were generally better. Clerks of courts were found to be charging a fee of from nothing to \$50 for services for which the law did not authorize them to make any charge. Many sheriffs had kept no books at all previous to 1879. There was no direct evidence of dishonesty discovered by the commissioners, but the opportunities for fraud were almost unlimited; and the only too evident lesson to be drawn from their report is that the Legislature shall enact such laws as will provide for a system of book-keeping for county officers in place of the slip-shod no-system now practiced, and for a systematic supervision of county accounts.

MASSACHUSETTS PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting and winter re-union of the Massachusetts Press Association will be held at the Revere House, in Boston, on Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1880, and a full attendance of the members with their ladies is expected. A suite of fine parlors, with dining room adjoining, will be assigned to the exclusive use of the Association. The business meeting will be held at one o'clock, and the dinner will be served promptly at three o'clock. At the table, short speeches may be expected, as usual, from the guests and others; singing by the Weber Quartette, who have kindly volunteered their services; impersonations by Mr. William H. Sayward, etc. Messrs. Tompkins & Hill, managers of the Boston Theatre, have generously invited the members of the Association, and their ladies, to attend their establishment in the evening, when the distinguished American actress, Miss Mary Anderson, will appear in one of her greatest impersonations.

CALL DECLINED.—Rev. Edward Mills,

pastor of the First Baptist Church, having received a very hearty call to the pastorate of the Fourth Street Baptist Church, South Boston, the members of his church and congregation raised an earnest protest against his accepting it, and on Monday evening Feb. 9, a church meeting was held which was largely attended, and by a most emphatic vote, the pastor was requested to continue his labors here. The church also passed resolutions endorsing the pastor's work and pledging to him continued sympathy and co-operation in all his labors. In deference to this expression of his people Mr. Mills has promptly declined the call to South Boston.

THE PHALANX BALL.—The 45th annual

ball of the Phalanx, which occurs on the 27th, promises to be a brilliant affair. Gov. Long and his staff, Lieut. Gov. Weston, the military committees of the Senate and House, with other military gentlemen, have signified their intention to be present. The reception committee includes about forty of our prominent citizens, and the ball cannot fail of being a success.

PERSONAL.—Congressman Bowman and

Mrs. Bowman have visited the members of the Massachusetts delegation and a few friends to their house Wednesday evening, to meet several ladies and gentlemen from Massachusetts, visiting in Washington. The guests were very pleasantly entertained.

The Selectmen have petitioned the

Legislature of Connecticut to pardon Tully Gallagher, who is a citizen of Woburn, and is imprisoned as a vagrant in that State.

THE WOBURN LAUNDRY.

"Cleanliness," saith the proverb, "is high unto godliness," and in these days there are found few who are inclined to dispute the truth of what has come to be rather an axiom than a proverb; and in these days also, it has become a much easier task to comply with the requirements that do make up the second virtue on the list prescribed. Not the least among the causes that make the observance of the rule easier and pleasanter now than it has been in years past, is the establishment in most cities and larger towns of laundries. We are all perfectly familiar with the family "washing day;" how it was looked forward to with dread by every member of the household; by the female portion because it brought a hard and wearing day's work for them, and by the male portion because it turned the house into a steaming, uncomfortable place for the whole day. The laundries, however, bid fair to do away with all this labor, and the work of domestic evils. They do the laundry so much better and at such low prices that, on the score of good looks or economy, the prudent housewife can hardly afford to continue to "do her own washing."

Thinking that a glance at the inside of a laundry, and a little information as to how the marvelous degree of polish that adorns the young men's collars and cuffs is attained, might be of interest to the readers of the Journal, our representative called at the establishment of Messrs. A. L. Richardson & Brother, 91 Main Street, and was kindly shown the laundering process by Major Richardson.

The two upper floors of the building are occupied by the laundry, and power is furnished from Simonds's shoe-stock factory. The first thing done is to open the packages sent in, and verify the count of the number of articles. If there appears not to be the full number called for by the label, a note is made of the fact on the label, and the error rectified with the owner when the goods are returned. They are then put into a large cylindrical washer, of a peculiar pattern devised by Major Richardson himself, water and soap in proper quantities added, the steam let on, and turned from twenty minutes to one hour and a half according to the necessities of the case. From this they are taken by women at tubs, and inspected, rinsed in bluing water, to give them the proper tinge of blue, and passed through the wringer, which is simply two rubber rollers running close together, and turned by steam. All goods that do not need starching are next sent directly to the drying room, which is kept heated to a temperature of about 160°, and are dried in from five to ten minutes, ironed and packed ready for delivery. Collars, cuffs and shirts are subjected to a different process. Collars and cuffs are all put into a tub as they come from the wringer, and the starch kneaded into them as a cook kneads bread, and then smoothed perfectly flat, wrapped in cloths and sent to the drying room, where they are hung upon ingeniously contrived racks, which were also made by Major Richardson. Shirts are placed upon a board, and the starch rubbed and beaten into the bosoms. From the drying room all goods go to the ironing room, where unstarched articles are ironed in the ordinary way, by hand. Collars and cuffs are placed on a felt-covered cylinder under a heavy iron, pressure is applied by the foot, and the cylinder turned back and forth until the required polish is put on. Shirt bosoms are polished on a patented machine by means of an iron with a surface of about two by four inches, which exerts a pressure of from forty to fifty pounds upon the article. Thus it will be seen that the duties of the dreaded and wearing "ironing day," are, with the aid of machinery performed easily, quickly, and very much better, than they otherwise could be. In the packing room all goods are assorted, and each individual or family washing made into a package by itself, a label with the owner's name and residence, the number of pieces and the price charged put upon it, and it is sent to the agency or house from which it was taken.

The Messrs. Richardson have been established in their present convenient quarters but about four months, and have not yet got into real working order, though they now employ ten hands, have agencies at Winchester, Stoneham and Boston, besides those in Woburn, and launder about 4,000 pieces every week. In the Spring they intend to put in more machinery and occupy several rooms now now stand vacant, and establish agencies in several more of the surrounding towns. There is one of the quiet and unostentatious industries which make no great show in the outside world, but which contribute much to the substantial prosperity and convenience of any town.

A RAMBLE IN PALESTINE.—The Sunday

School of the First Church was given a rare treat, Sunday evening, in an illustrated lecture, by Rev. Dr. March, upon the scenes in Palestine covered by the last quarter's Sunday School lessons, and which were most familiar as the scene of a large part of the Saviour's life and works. The lecture was illustrated by means of a stereopticon operated by Mr. J. Fred Buel. The pictures were good and well put upon the canvas, while the lecture was most entertaining and instructive, made particularly so from the fact that the country described has been visited by Dr. March, and he is perfectly familiar with it. It goes without question that the occasion was one of extraordinary interest to all, old as well as young, and that the remarks were attentively listened to, explained and supplemented as they were by views of Mt. Sinai, the Sea of Galilee, Mt. Tabor, the Mediterranean Sea, Scaptra, Mt. Hermon, Samaria, the river Jordan, the Dead Sea, and several of the city of Jerusalem and vicinity. Dr. March not only possesses a thorough knowledge of these Biblical countries, gained by travel in them, but also the faculty of making others see with his eyes; and the occurrences narrated in the Scriptures take on a more realistic coloring from hearing his graphic descriptions of their scenes.

Mr. Thomas Warland of North

Woburn has been elected delegate from the Methodist society to the annual conference, which is to be held in Boston, March 31.

There will be a lecture at the

Unitarian Church, Sunday evening, by the pastor upon the "Woman Question."

A NIGHT ATTACK.—Thursday evening, Post 33 G. A. R. was surprised, and their camp taken by the Ladies' Relief Corps. The comrades submitted to their fate with good grace, and the ladies having full possession, carried into the hall an elegant chair and carpet for the commander's platform. Mrs. J. L. Parker, representing her associates, then addressed the commander.

Mr. Commander, and Gentlemen of Post 33.—Allow me to introduce to you some (I wish all were here) of the members of the Relief Corps connected with this Post. We hope you are surprised to see us; but hope more that you are as pleased to receive us, as we are to come. So we will offer no apologies for our intrusion upon your special time. We have sometimes thought that perhaps you did not fully appreciate the feeling of this society towards the Post, and did not understand how ready we are to co-operate in every good word and work. We have not been unkindly that we have always gathered in a room warmed and lighted by no exertion of ours. We call for no bill of such expense, for we trust we have adopted a better way to repay your kindness. So to be a constant reminder that there is such an organization, we bring you this chair to be occupied by the commanding officer. May you receive it with the same degree of pleasure that we take in presenting it. It is always said that a lady's letter is to be written out a P. S. So mine shall take the form of a paper for your rostrum, that the chair may have a suitable place to rest upon. And now, in behalf of my comrades, I will add that we desire each member of the Post would go home and urge upon the members of his family to come with us. It may not be fully understood that all wives, daughters, mothers and sisters of soldiers, or sailors are eligible to membership and we need them to encourage us by their presence and good will.

Senior Vice Commander Arnold was in command (Major Richardson being absent on regimental inspection duty), and responded for the Post. Mrs. Cutler, President of the L. R. C., was then installed commander for the evening. Mrs. Brooks, senior vice; Mrs. Whitten, junior vice; Mrs. Murdoch, chaplain; Mrs. Hadley, surgeon; Mrs. T. M. Parker, officer of the day; Mrs. J. L. Parker, adjutant; Mrs. A. G. French, quartermaster. Remarks were made by several comrades, and the evening closed with a social half hour.

New York detectives think they have got a fresh clue to the identity of the abductors of Charles Ross, and are working up their case. In October, 1876, two persons were tried in Philadelphia for complicity in a burglary, but the evidence was not sufficient to convict them. They were, however, held on the information of a colored man who they were concerned in the Charles Ross abduction, which evidence also proved insufficient to hold them, and they were discharged. It is thought this is the clew the New York detectives are at work upon.

A temperance meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. room, Sunday afternoon, which was addressed by Messrs. Gleason, French, Cummings, Nason, Barrett, Fish and others. The speakers all agreed that the outlook for the cause in this town is very hopeful, and that concentrated effort alone is needed to accomplish great results for temperance and good order. It seemed to be the unanimous opinion of the meeting that the hopes of their cause lay in public opinion, and that the best work temperance people can do is to educate that.

The "Committee of Safety," are actively canvassing the town to obtain signatures to a paper with this heading:—

We, the undersigned, voters of Woburn, hereby agree that in the election of Selectmen, we will vote for only such candidates as are pledged to vote against and use their best endeavors to prevent the issuing of licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage in the town of Woburn.

They report a large number of signatures and a lively interest in the matter among the voters of the town.

Mr. Norcott, an artist, is at the Central House for a few weeks making sketches from life in a manner that is rather unusual. He makes a complete portrait in about fifteen minutes, and it is generally a "speaking likeness." Mr. Norcott is an artist of some note, having been engaged at one time in sketching for Scribner's Magazine in the South, and his facility with the pencil is something to wonder at.

SEWING MACHINES.—The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co., have established an agency at room 3, 194 Main St., with Mr. J. M. Tuttle as manager and a large corps of efficient and gentlemanly agents, where a supply of these celebrated machines will be kept constantly on hand. Mr. Tuttle will be pleased to show his machines to any one wishing to purchase or exchange.

SOCIAL CALL.—About forty of the friends of Mr. Rufus Pickering, comprising members of the Y. M. C. A., called at his house, Wednesday evening, and presented him with a cake basket and several articles of silver ware, in recognition of his services in furnishing transportation to the Cedar street meetings.

SOCIAL DANCE.—The members of Hose Company No. 6, held their first ball at their new house on Clinton street, on Wednesday evening. There were about sixty couples present, music was furnished by Ford's band, and the affair was a pleasant success.

Mr. Rufus Pickering of this town is building an ice house at Winchester, of a capacity of two thousand tons—enough to supply that town. He puts in three thousand tons for his trade in Woburn, at his Horn pond house.

The Y. M. C. A., at their regular meeting, on Tuesday evening, chose the following gentlemen as a devotional committee:—J. H. Nason, F. S. Burgess, Fort Staples and A. D. Carter.

On Saturday last, Carl H. Kylander's horse slipped and fell in crossing the track of the street railway, in front of the Post Office. A broken shaft was the extent of the damage.

Rev. Dr. March delivered his illustrated lecture "From Egypt into Palestine" at North Woburn, Monday evening, in the North Woburn lecture course.

Remember Mr. Pierce's reading and the whistling lady, Monday evening.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL AND "OLIVER OPTIC" made their appearance at Lyceum Hall on Monday evening last, and went through the prescribed programme. The audience was not of the largest, though sympathetic and discriminating. Mr. Russell prefaced his personations with a few words on the benefits of fun and laughter. Besides noticing the favorable effects of these on the stomach, liver and diaphragm, he might have quoted to advantage the encomiums of Falstaff on the virtues of sack as apropos to their further stimulating qualities. "Firstly," it ascends me into the brain; it makes it quick, apprehensive, forgetful, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes. Secondly, it warms the blood which before cold and settled, lead the liver white and pale; makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme, illumines the face, and gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom of man to muster to their captain the heart which is then both any deed of goodness and courage. The parts introduced by Mr. R. had all these pleasant and valuable tendencies. Mouths were distended, faces crumpled, and laughter, "shaking both his sides," became convulsive and irresistible. Of the old characters presented it is not easy to say which had the greater merit. Certainly all were good. Nearly every one, however, will accord to Miss Dorcas Pennyroyal unqualified praise. The metamorphosis of person was complete, and the combined assurance, timidity, bashfulness, and candor of the antiquated maiden were portrayed with great humor and fidelity. The "Composition on the Horse," was strikingly ludicrous, and yet it seemed as the outcome of a peculiar phase of human nature which we are not unaccustomed to see. Deacon Silvergreen's visit to the Museum was cleverly told, but in these days of theatrical amusements in regular establishments, in public halls and church parlors, it is a stretch of the imagination to conceive that such a person exists. In one particular at least, Mr. R. is an artist of unusual excellence. This is in his perfect self-control before an audience. He is never in a hurry. Without seeming to make disturbing pauses, he so times his sentences, and utters them so coolly and distinctly that his points are never lost. He does not talk when his audience is laughing. He takes note when "the laugh comes in," and without apparent waiting, reserves his next phrase till it can be spoken to a quiet humor. That is art. But while Mr. Russell can convulse an audience through laughter to tears, he can also subdue the soul by his feeling and pathos, to the same tender point. As witness to this power, his recitation of Shamus O'Brien and the imitation of Gough may be safely offered. Nature has done much for Mr. R. also in the gift of a deep, clear and richly-toned voice. It is capable of a wide range of expression, and bearing evidence of careful cultivation, is used with great skill in every variety of scene in which it is called upon to play its part. No one could have left the hall that evening without having been roused and braced to a higher and healthier manhood.

It may be presumed necessary where an entertainment is mainly sustained by one person that a chance should be given for breathing time, change of costume, or other preparation for the next appearance. This position is usually given to some one who can add a pleasant variety to the programme. But Mr. Russell could hardly have brought a more uninteresting person to aid him than "Oliver Optic" proved to be. Mr. Adams has gained a wide popularity as a writer of stories for the juveniles, whatever may be thought of their literary merits and social tendencies; but if he cares for his reputation as a man of letters, and the young folks' favorite, he will not often call public attention to himself as a reader. Those pleasant fancies that have gathered about the incongruous "Oliver Optic," will not fail to be readily expelled when he comes upon the platform in propria persona. Waits are bad enough, but dreary reading is worse.

THE AMATEUR DRAMA.—The St. Charles Dramatic company presented the drama of "The Chimney Corner," or as it was originally called, "Old Honesty," at St. John Institute, Tuesday evening. This drama is one that amateur companies seldom feel strong enough to undertake, as it requires good acting to bring out some of the points, but this company did remarkably well with it. The parts were all well taken, and the business of the play went off smoothly. Mr. Hevey as Solomon Probit, Mr. Walsh as Peter, Mr. McDonald as John and Miss Sheehan as Patty Probit were particularly good, while the other parts were well sustained. After the play the farce entitled "The Rough Diamond," was given, which is a piece much better adapted to amateurs than is the drama, and the actors did themselves great credit. Miss Sheehan as "Margery" was all that could be desired. Her acting was entirely free and natural, and would have done credit to a professional. Mr. McDonald was also much more at home and did himself better justice as "Joe" than as the wrongfully accused "John Probit" of the drama. The other parts of the farce were well taken. Excellent music was furnished by the orchestra of the National band. The club may justly reckon the entertainment a success.

At the close of the performance Mr. Hevey was presented with a watch by the members of the company, at the hands of Miss Sheehan. Mr. Hevey responded in fitting terms, and the evening's entertainment was brought happily to an end.

Written for the Journal.

KENDALL QUERIES.—In the Billerica record of births is the following:—Jacob, the son of Jacob and A. [?] Kendall, was born July 4, 1877. The letters are obscure of the mother's name after the "A," but it is probably Alice. Was this a nineteenth child of Jacob Kendall, to whom the "History of Woburn" gives eighteen? Or is there another and an unrecorded Jacob among the grandchildren of Francis Kendall? And who was the Ephraim Kendall, who, with his wife Judith, had, 1716—24, Ephraim, Edward, Ezra and Reuben, and died about 1738? Can any of your readers give his connection with the family as outlined in "History of Woburn?"

HENRY A. HAZEN.

BILLERICA, Feb. 11, 1880.

The jewelry and music store of F. B. Dodge is undoubtedly the place to go for everything in that line.

TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—The first of a series of temperance lectures to be given under the auspices of the "Committee of Safety" was by Rev. Edward Mills at Lyceum Hall, Thursday evening. On account of the inclemency of the weather and the extremely bad walking there was but a small audience present to listen to the stirring and convincing remarks of the lecturer, which is to be regretted, as it was a most forcible and practical setting forth of the evils attendant upon an excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants, and such a presentation of the duties and responsibilities of total abstinence as must have brought vividly before their minds wherein many of them fail to fulfill to the letter the whole duty of a temperance man.

Mr. Mills introduced his subject by speaking of educational, social, and political questions that are continually arising which demand and receive consideration and solution, and in due time pass from the arena of debate. But there are certain reforms touching the happiness and elevation of mankind the necessities for which are found in man's fallen nature and his consequent depravity. The first and most important of this latter class is his deliverance from the captivity of sin. Next to this spiritual reform, upon which there is such diversity of opinion, and which is carried forward by such a combination of divine agencies and human instrumentalities, is the temperance cause, the necessity for which has existed in all ages, and exists to-day with increased demands. In the advocacy of this question we are here to-night, and it is my duty to present "The Cause and its Claims." The cause may be briefly stated as an honest, earnest, Christian endeavor to lessen the evils arising from the use of intoxicating drinks, and the cause looms into importance in proportion as we obtain an appreciative view of the evils to be met, subdued and overcome. The lecturer now dwelt at length in a most convincing and logical manner upon the following points:

1. Intemperance quickly stamps out every

lingering trace of nobility in man.

2. Intemperance brings sorrow and want

to thousands of innocent victims.

3. Intemperance is robbing our Com-

monwealth and land of inconceivably large

sums of money. Under this head it was

stated that in 1871 the bill of the nation for

intoxicating drinks was \$600,000,000, and

it was probably not less now; and to illustrate

what a beneficent power this vast sum might

be made, a statement was made of what it

would do for the starving people of Ireland.

It would give \$600 to each of one million

families; or it would furnish 5,000,000 bar-

rels of flour at \$10 per barrel, 100,000,000

bushels of potatoes at fifty cents a bushel,

100,000,000 bushels of corn at \$1 per bush-

el, 500,000,000 bushels of beef at ten cents

per pound, 200,000,000 pounds of butter at

twenty-five cents per pound, 500,000,000

pounds of sugar at ten cents per pound, 100,

000,000 lbs. of tea at fifty cents per lb., 200,

000,000 pounds of coffee at twenty-five cents

per pound, 50,000,000 yards of cotton cloth

at ten cents per yard, 50,000,000 yards of

cloth at \$1 per yard, 5,000,000 pairs of shoes

at \$2 per pair, 5,000,000 pairs of shoes at

\$3 per pair, 10,000,000 pairs of socks at fifty

cents per pair, 3,000,000 blankets at \$5 each,

100,000,000 lbs. of seed wheat and potatoes at

\$1 per bushel; or it would pay the annual

rent of 1,200,000 Irish tenant farms at

\$100 rental; or it would ship the entire popu-

lation of Ireland (which is 5,412,377) to

this country, and land them all in Texas,

pay all traveling expenses by sea and land,

and give every man, woman and child \$50

each with which to begin life in the New

World.

4. Intemperance is the prolific source of

misery and crime.

The claims of the cause upon all classes

of people Mr. Mills conceived to be a per-

sonal and honest disavowal of the use

of intoxicating liquor, co-operation with all

sober and thoughtful people in the creation

and maintenance of a healthful public sen-

timent on the subject, and to call to the aid

of the work legislation and execution of

strong prohibitory laws.

SMASHER.—Last Sunday afternoon as Ar-

thur and Bertie, sons of J. D. Gilman, were

out sleigh riding on Green, near Mr. Pleasant

street, Bertie told his brother to hold up

as he noticed that the left shaft had become

unhitched from the body part of the sleigh,

and was steering for a fence, which it struck,

Bertie jumping out. The runaway proceeded

down Green street zig-zag fashion, when a

young man rushed into the street to stop

it, but the horse made a turn for Prospect

street narrowly escaping an overturn to be

dashed fairly against a tree in front of Hose

5's house, smashing the dasher, also crush-

ing in the front part of the body. Here the

horse left the sleigh and ran up Prospect

street with the reins and whiffletree dangling

at his heels, followed by Arthur, who found

him at his father's house on Montvale Avenue,

unharnessed excepting a slight cut on his hind

leg. Both the boys escaped unhurt.

NEW STORE.—As soon as the store can be fitted up and the goods procured, a new grocery store will be opened at No. 196 Main street, by H. M. and John Seaver, who have been in the employ of the Boston Branch and Grammer & White respectively, and are both very well known in town. They will bring to their business a practical knowledge, and, though there would seem to be no special need of more grocery stores in town, there is "always room at the top," and we wish them success to the full measure of their expectations.

KITTY LOUGE.—The Kitty Lougee Comedy Company are billed for one night at the Lyceum Hall, next Wednesday evening, when they will present the thrilling drama of "The Two Orphans," with Miss Lougee as Louise the blind girl. This drama is itself too well known to need a word of explanation or commendation, and Miss Lougee's reputation is too well established to doubt that she will do it ample justice. She will be supported by a company of twenty artists, and the entertainment will be one well worthy of patronage.

The Lowell railroad brought 177,047 bushels of grain to Boston last week,—more than twice the amount brought by all other lines. 150,000 bushels were brought on order for foreign ports, and the remainder consigned to local firms.

FATAL RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday afternoon Walter Safford, of Winchester and John C. Higgins, of Woburn, were driving up Green street, in Boston, in a single sleigh,

THE CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE.
This is one of the most important churches in Florence, and indeed in all Italy. The edifice itself is not showy, as it conforms to the church architecture of six centuries ago, but it has been made the burial place of some of the most distinguished of Italy's sons, including Michael Angelo, Alfieri, Machiavelli, Galileo, and other famous artists, poets, and scientific men. The church possesses additional interest on account of the frescoes of Giotto, which were discovered less than a score of years ago beneath a coating of whitewash. In front of the church stands a magnificent statue of Dante, which was inaugurated on the six hundredth anniversary of his birth in 1865. The great poet is not buried in Florence, but at Ravenna, where he died in exile in 1321.

THE HOUSE OF MICHAEL ANGIOLO.
The visitor to Florence is continually reminded of Michael Angelo. Not far from the church of Santa Croce in the Via Ghibellina, is the house in which the great sculptor and painter lived. It was restored in the last century, and is now maintained by the city as a sort of museum in which are a great number of relics of the celebrated master. Many models and drawings were shown which were the work of his own hands.

THE GALLERIES OF THE UFFIZI, AND THE PITTI PALACE.

The pride of Florence is the great art collection in the Uffizi Gallery and the Pitti Palace. These are two very large buildings on opposite sides of the river Arno, and the art treasures they contain are of vast extent. Think of standing in a room like the Tribune—and a small room at that—which contains the masterpieces of such painters as Titian, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Bartolommeo, Correggio, Paolo Veronese, Guido Reni, Domenichino, and Del Sarto, and in addition to these glorious creations, several of the greatest works of the sculptor's art, including the Venus of the Medici (found in the villa of Hadrian at Tivoli), the Dancing Faun of Praxiteles, and The Wrestlers, another famous specimen of ancient Greek art! One of the most celebrated of the pictures is Raphael's Madonna and Child with the bird. It is a picture of great beauty, often copied, but never reproduced. In the Pitti Palace are two more of Raphael's famous Madonnas, viz.—the "Madonna del Granduca," and the "Madonna della Sedia," and two others, partly from his hand, which are of lesser interest. The Pitti Palace contains some 500 works, and there are several saloons of almost equal merit to the Tribune of the Uffizi.

Much more could be written of Florence and its treasures, but my letter is already sufficiently long.

RANGER.

Winchester.

GOOD WILL CLUB CONCERT.—Monday evening the Unitarian church was well filled the occasion being the concert of the Good Will Club. Great expectations were raised and fulfilled, the concert being not only first class, but very pleasing. The programme opened with Spanish Dances, by Moszkowski, a four-hand piece by Miss Stone and Miss A. F. Wells. Mr. Lamson introduced the vocal parts with "The Day is Done," by Balfe, which he sang with much feeling. Mr. Feininger then gave a Rondo Brilliant, by Schubert, with piano accompaniment by Miss Hamlin. He is an artist of high rank, and his playing is such as is rarely heard. Miss Julia A. Wells gave Noli Signor from the Huguenots in fine style. Miss Hamlin, whose mastery of the piano has reached the point where she may claim to stand with artists, gave the Sonata Appassionata, of Beethoven, three movements, in a manner not inferior to any of the recent exhibitions of skill with that instrument. Mr. Lamson sang "Thy Sentinel am I," with improved style, and was well received. Herr Feininger next played some Hungarian airs, by Ernst. His treatment of the harmonics was as perfect as anything of the kind we have ever heard. He graciously responded to the call for more. Miss Wells sang the Angel's Serenade, by Braza, with violin obligato, in which it was difficult to tell which was the more pleasing, the voice or the instrument. Miss Stone and Miss Wells closed the evening's entertainment with the Hungarian Dance, by Brahms, in such a manner as to leave a regret that they had not been heard in solo parts.

ALL A BOARD.—A Boston paper says there came near being a serious accident on the Boston & Lowell Railroad near Winchester, at about ten o'clock, Saturday forenoon. The through express, which left Concord, N. H., at 7:30, came in contact with a board that protruded from a car on a through Northern freight train. The board swept the passenger car that came from Greenfield on the Wilton line, and crashed the glass in every window but two, and injured the ornamental works on the outside of the car. The broken glass flew into the faces and clothing of the passengers sitting near, and as would have been expected, caused considerable excitement, and one person got scratched, but not seriously. The refractory piece of lumber next struck a compartment baggage and smoking car, injuring the front platform and two windows, and then by some means got under the baggage room and came up through the floor, where the damage ceased. The passenger train was stopped and the injured cars examined, after which it proceeded to Boston. The freight train kept on its way, the conductor probably knowing nothing of the accident.

RUNAWAYS.—On Thursday, Charles O. Billings's horse was started by a snow slide, and ran away from the Centre. The toy was thrown out, but held on to the reins, and was dragged some distance before losing his hold. The horse wrecked the sleigh on a post, and ran home.

Last Friday, C. H. Dunham Jr., was out driving, and when near the stable his horse bolted, and smashed the sleigh on Stanton's corner.

UNCLE SOLOMON.—His annual benefit will occur next Monday evening, at the Congregational Church. Rev. Dr. March, of Woburn, will deliver a lecture for the above object, on "Incidents of travel in the Holy Land," illustrated by the stereoscope.

FAVORABLE VERDICT.—Walter Safford, who was injured in the Silver Lake disaster, a year ago last September, has been awarded \$9,000 by the referees to whom the case was left.

SOCIABLE.—A Grand Army sociable will be given in Knights of Honor Hall, next Friday evening. Davis's quadrille band will furnish music.

The delay in the trains last Friday noon was caused by the giving out of an engine, and the Woburn engine had to go to Lowell.

Miss Harriman, a graduate of the Winchester High School, has been admitted to the State Normal School at Salem.

Burlington.
S. S. CONCERT.—The subject of the concert on Sunday evening was "The Christian Mariner," illustrated by recitations of Scripture and poetry. The singing by the school was unusually good. Mrs. Mattie Sewall-Curtis sang "Jesus, Refuge of my Soul." Rev. Mr. Anderson closed his remarks on the subject of the exercise with an application from the Sermon on the Mount, referring to injuries received from others, which should not be avenged by ourselves, as only showing forth the low character and base ignorance of the insulters.

The Legislature decides that the town of Wilmington ought not to be authorized to pay bounties to certain soldiers.

Married.

In No. Woburn, Jan. 19, by Rev. Charles Anderson, Mr. Frank Warfield and Miss Ida S. Caldwell, both of Burlington.

In Woburn, Feb. 11th, by Rev. Daniel March, D. D., Mr. Francis A. Beckman, of Woburn and Miss Christina McCallum, of Boston.

In Woburn, Feb. 12th, by Rev. Daniel March, D. D., Mr. Frank C. Nichols and Miss Mary L. Crosby, both of Woburn.

In Woburn, Feb. 10th, by Rev. John Quigley, Mr. Joseph J. Sexton and Maggie Dorey.

In Boston, Feb. 10th, by Rev. H. J. Madlen, John F. Eaton, of Woburn, and Anna T. Fitz, of Boston.

In Boston, Feb. 12th, by Rev. O. S. Holman, Charles T. Dearborn, of Woburn, and Miss Carrie S. Fisk, of Boston.

Those TOOTH POWDERS.

Prepared by Dr. S. Dodge, give great satisfaction. They fragrant, cleanse and purify the mouth, remove offensive odor of Catarrh or teeth. They cleanse, brighten and whiten. All cleans, preserve and whiten. Sold only at

DODGE'S DRUG STORE,

Geo. S. Dodge, - - Pharmacist,

165 Main Street, 143 Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Feb. 6, Lillie Ann, daughter of Thomas and Martha Taylor, aged 8 months.

For Sale and To Let.

FOR SALE.—A light and spring express wagon in good repair. Inquire of E. T. HOWARD, at Gardner & White's, or T. WILSON, Union Street.

FOR SALE.—House of 11 rooms, painted, papered, and blinded. Situated on Washington Street, East Woburn, with about 23 acres land. Inquire of GEORGE F. POWELL, near by.

STOCK HAY FOR SALE.—About 20 tons of good meadow hay for sale by ABEL SIMONDS, Burlington.

TO LET.—The "Carroll" House, No. 97 Main Street. Inquire of JOSEPH KELLEY, 116 T. O. Box 773.

TO LET.—A desirable Tenement To Let on Pleasant street, to a small family. For Terms apply at this office.

TO LET.—A five room cottage on Sherman St. Apply to Dr. HUTCHINGS.

ROOMS TO LET.—Suitable for light manufacturing or for offices. Can be arranged to suit. Steam Power furnished if desired. Inquire of G. F. JOHNSON.

Lost, Found, Wanted.

WANTED.—A good Protestant Girl, to do general housework and cooking. Apply at the Journal office.

119-MAIN STREET-119.
Cash Provision Store

The subscriber would inform the citizens of Woburn, that he will open a FULL AND FRESH Meat, Vegetables, Canned Goods, Fruits in their season, etc., etc.

At 119 Main Street, Woburn,
—ON—
Saturday, February 14th

A complete stock of everything in the Provision line will be constantly kept on hand, and sold at the lowest living prices for cash.

By a careful attention to the wants of his customers, he hopes to merit a share of patronage.

Respectfully,
T. FRED. EMERY.

Pocket Knives and Scissors.
— Low Prices, at —
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE.

LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEB. 18.
One night only of the

KITTIE LOUGEE
Comedy Company.

In the great Parisian success, in 6 acts, of the

TWO ORPHANS.
Miss Lougee as Louise the Blind Girl, supported by a complete company of 20 Artists.

Prices as usual. Note the date.
50¢ Tickets on sale at Horton's Bookstore.

141 J. G. BROWN, Agent.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.
Second National Cat Show.

WANTED.
The following numbers of the Woburn Journal:—
Vol. 6, No. 39 (July 4) and 44 (Aug. 8) 1857,
Vol. 7, No. 8, Nov. 14, 1857,
Vol. 8, No. 29, July 2, 1859,
Vol. 13, Nos. 1, 2, 5, Oct. 3, 10, 31, 1864,
Vol. 13, No. 39, July 9, 1864,
Vol. 13, No. 13, Dec. 26, 1864,
Vol. 13, No. 45, Aug. 6, 1864,
Vol. 13, No. 16, Feb. 4, 1865.

For which a fair price will be paid. Or Vol. 13 would be bought entire, bound or unbound.
E. GIROUX,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER,
SHOP, REAR OF RESIDENCE, 146
EVERETT STREET, WOBURN.
Carriages, Sleighs, Pumps, and Express Wagons,
built to order. Repairing promptly attended to.

NO TROUBLE
TO SHOW GOODS
—AT—
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE.
Prices Very Low.

Wheeler & Wilson
MANUFACTURING CO.
Sewing
Machines

Sold for Cash.

AND ON

Easy Monthly Payments.

Parties in want of a Sewing Machine will consult their own best interests by giving us a call, and looking at our machines before making a purchase.

WOBBURY OFFICE:
ROOM 3, FOX BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

J. M. TUTTLE, Manager.

PLATED WARE.
Best kind, at 154

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE.
142 Main Street, Woburn.

Administratrix's Sale

REAL ESTATE.
IN WINCHESTER.

BY virtue of a license from the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, dated Feb. 3, 1880, I, Ella E. Marsh, Adm'r of the estate of Frederick L. Marsh, late of Winchester, in said County, will sell at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on Saturday, March 6th, A. D. 1880, at four o'clock in the afternoon, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the westerly part of Winchester, in said County of Middlesex, containing seven acres, more or less, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—Beginning on Cambridge street at the westerly corner of the premises, thence running easterly and southerly, and easterly and southerly, by a new street leading easterly from said Cambridge street to land now late of Charles Symmes and Tobias Lort; thence southerly by said Symmes and Lort land, as the wall now stands, twenty-five rods and twenty links to land formerly of Marshall Wyman; thence westerly by said Wyman land, as the wall now stands, one hundred and twenty rods and twelve and one-half links to said Cambridge street; thence northerly by said Cambridge street twenty-five rods and twenty links to the point of beginning. Also another parcel of land in said Winchester, near the above lot, containing three acres, more or less, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at the southerly corner thereof at said Cambridge street, thence running easterly and southerly, by land now late of S. W. Twombly to Winter Pond; thence southerly, northerly and southerly by said Winter Pond, to the corner of the wall at land now late of Charles Symmes and Lort; thence southerly by said Symmes and Lort land, as the wall now stands, to an Oak tree; thence southerly by their said land to a new street; thence westerly by said new street fourteen rods and four links to the point of beginning, being the same premises conveyed to Fredrick L. Marsh by the said Frederick, by deed dated July 7, 1866, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds.

The above described premises are very pleasantly located, about one-half mile from the centre of the town, and this sale offers a rare opportunity to those who wish to purchase one of the best market farms in Middlesex County.

\$300 to be paid at time of sale.

ELLA E. MARSH, Administratrix.
JOSEPH F. STONE, Auctioneer.
Winchester, Feb. 12, 1880.

HAIR WORK
OF ALL KINDS, AT
REASONABLE PRICES.

COLOR RESTORED TO FADED SWITCHES.
MRS. J. J. TITCOMB.
Cor. Main Street and Montvale Avenue.

By WM. F. CARRUTHERS, Auctioneer.
24 Tremont Row, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

To Thomas Welch, mortgagee and supposed owner of the equity of redemption and all other parties in interest.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Thomas Welch, to Thomas Welch, dated December 29th, 1874, and recorded in Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, Lib. 1241, Fol. 180, will be sold, by public auction, upon the premises, on Monday, the 16th day of March next at twelve o'clock and forty minutes in the afternoon, for breach of condition thereby conveyed, to-wit:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Oak Street at its junction with a new street leading easterly from said Oak Street, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, bounded as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at a point on the southerly side of said Oak Street at its junction with the easterly line of said Lake Avenue, thence running easterly on said Oak Street, one hundred (100) feet; thence southerly on a line parallel with said Lake Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence westerly on a line parallel with said Oak Street, to said Lake Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence northerly on the easterly line of said Lake Avenue one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning.

The hundred dollars of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale.

ALYAH A. BURRAGE,
HERNOLD G. CROWELL,
ALPHONSO J. ROBINSON,
Receivers of the Mercantile Savings Institution,
Assignee of said mortgage, Boston, February 9th, 1880.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
All kinds at 155

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main Street, Woburn.

HOP PLASTER!
No rot, bark, or insects in the whole dose. It is a main of nature is so pure and safe, and is to-day the general and favorite household remedy. Uniting the cooling and wonderful virtues of the Hop with Strengthening and Stimulating Balsams and Gums, we produce the Hop Plaster, famous in its cure of Weak Back, Pain in the Side, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints, and all the ailments of the Chest, &c. Price, 25 cents. All Druggists sell it.

CARTER, HARRIS & HAWLEY,
Gen'l Agents, Boston, Mass.

T. H. HILL & CO.,
Real Estate and Insurance,
FOX BUILDING, 196 MAIN STREET,
Opposite Post Office, Woburn, 111

W. T. GRAMMER,
T. H. HILL

DIO LEWIS' SANITARIUM
(FOR THE CURE OF INVALIDS) at Arlington Heights, near Boston. This Institution has opened under the happiest auspices. Send for full circular to DR. DIO LEWIS, Arlington Heights, Mass.

TEETH inserted for \$10—Warranted. Extracted with gas for 50¢. Filling with all the latest. DAN'L LANE, 199 Tremont Street, near West.

NEW SPRING
Prints and Cambrics
OPENING DAILY.
C. J. SMITH & SON, 177 Main Street, Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.
All persons interested, take notice.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Dole Parker to George Winn (now deceased), dated November 29th, A. D. 1867, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., book 102 page 145, will be sold at public auction, on Tuesday the second day of March, A. D. 1880, at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Burlington, in said County of Middlesex, on a road leading from Burlington, to Wilmington, containing about one-half acre, more or less, and bounded as follows, to-wit:—Westerly by land formerly of Jonathan Reed, and later of said Dole Parker; thence the line runs southerly about six rods; thence more westerly about four rods to the road leading to Wilmington; thence easterly by land formerly of said Dole Parker to the point of beginning.

Also, one other lot of land situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about five rods, more or less, and bounded as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at the easterly corner of land formerly of Jonathan Reed, and later of said Dole Parker; thence the line runs southerly about six rods; thence more westerly about four rods to the road leading to Wilmington; thence easterly by land formerly of said Dole Parker to the point of beginning.

Also, one other lot of land situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about one-eighth of an acre, more or less, and bounded as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at the northerly corner, thence the line runs easterly about six rods; thence southerly to a stake and stones; thence southerly to the road; thence northerly about six rods to the point of beginning.

Also, one other lot of land containing about seven and one-half acres, more or less, situated in said Burlington, called "Winn Pasture." Said land is bounded westerly by a road leading from Burlington to Wilmington; northerly by land of Benjamin Carter, easterly by land of said Dole Parker, and southerly by land formerly of said Dole Parker. Said premises being the first four lots of land with the buildings thereon, described in said Mortgage Deed, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said Dole Parker, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

FRANCIS M. FISHEE,
Administrator of the estate of George Winn, and present holder of said mortgage.

WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, Mass., Feb. 7, 1880.

Spectacles and Eye Glasses
To suit all sights, also repairing all kinds, at

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main Street, Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
IN INSOLVENCY.

Messengers' Notice.
Middlesex, ss.

Woburn, February 14, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that Hon. GEORGE M. Brooks, Judge of the Court of Insolvency, in and for the County of Middlesex, has issued a warrant against the joint and separate estate of John Adams and Augusta Adams, both of Winchester, in said County, co-partners under the firm name of J. W. Adams & Co., Insolvent Debtors, and the payment of any debts and the delivery of any property belonging to said debtors to them or for their use, and the transfer of any property by them are forbidden by law. A meeting of the creditors of said Adams & Co., Insolvent Debtors, and those one or more assignees of their estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of February, A. D. 1880, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff,
Messenger.

BILLERICA
Family School for Boys.
Designed to be a Home School of the first order. Combining constant care, thorough training and instruction, under the best experienced teachers.

Send for circular to
M. C. MITCHELL, A. M.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
PROBATE COURT.

To the Next of Kin and others interested in the estate of Sarah A. Butters, late Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Lemuel Pope, the administrator of the estate of said deceased has presented to said Court for allowance the account of his administration on said estate, and application has been made for a distribution of the balance in his hands among the next of kin of said deceased.

And said Court has ordered that a Probate Court be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the 26th day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why said account should not be allowed and distribution made according to said application.

And said Administrator is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be no days later than said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

123 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Fine Watch Repairing
Satisfaction Guaranteed at 153

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main Street, Woburn.

\$300
A MONTH guaranteed. \$12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money fast and easy for as much as anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can go right at. Those who at this notice will send us their addresses at once and we will send them a full and complete set of instructions. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

GEORGE W. NICHOLS,
Watchmaker & Optician.
No. 149 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

MOSES HANCROFT,
SEWING MACHINES AND FINDINGS.
130A MAIN ST., WOBURN, SOLE'S BLOCK

New Advertisements
PURE
Graham Flour

Manufactured from the best White Winter Wheat, specially selected and prepared for the purpose, and absolutely free from any mixture of low grade flour.

HIRAM SMITH, HONEOYE FALLS, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for the richly illustrated and authentic history of the great tour of **GRANT AROUND THE WORLD.** It describes the Royal Palaces, Rites Customs, Wealth and Wonders of the Indies, China, Japan, etc. A million people want it. This is the first chance of your life to make money. Beware of cheap penny imitations. Send for circular and extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia.

\$77 A month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. Shaw & Co., Augusta, Maine.
\$777 A Year and expenses to Agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Me.

GLASS WARE.
WE WILL CLOSE OUT WHAT REMAINS OF OUR

Bankrupt Stock of Glass Ware,
Much less than Cost.

A. CUMMINGS,
150 Main Street.

UNITARIAN VESTRY, WOBURN,
Monday Evening, Feb. 16, 1880.

You will be sorry if you fail to hear the novel whistling lady.
ADMISSION, ONLY 20 CENTS.

MR. PIERCE solicits pupils in Elocution, comprising the cultivation, development and proper use of the speaking voice and organs of preparation, the art of delivery, gesture, &c., and the philosophy of expression.

Terms each lower than Boston rates. Address: P. O. Box 899, Woburn, Mass.

CLOCKS, ALL KINDS.
Lowest prices at 151

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main Street, Woburn.

BOSTON HOME JOURNAL.
Leading Family and Society Paper of New England.

A LITERARY, EDUCATIONAL, MUSICAL, DRAMATIC AND SOCIETY JOURNAL OF THE DAY.
BRIGHT LETTERS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC, by our own correspondents. MOVEMENTS OF THE SOCIAL WORLD. CRITICAL EXHIBITIONS.

EDITORIAL, STYLING, AND TIMELY.
Tone of the Paper refined and specially adapted for the CLUBBED SOCIETY and FAMILY CIRCLES.

Terms \$2.50 per year in advance. Canvassers wanted. Special rates for CLUBS. Address all communications to: W. WALLACE WALSH, Manager, 2 Music Hall Building, Boston, Mass.

T. H. HILL & CO.,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
NO. 196 MAIN STREET.

FOR SALE.
House—Mt. Pleasant Street.
House—Cotton Street.
House and 1 acre of land.
Building land, Bedford Street.
House and Barn, Beach Street.
House—Warren Street.
House—Pleasant Street.

TO LET.
Rooms for a small family.
House of 8 rooms.
House of 12 rooms.
Tenements of 6 rooms each.
House with gas, 8 rooms.
Store, Main Street, Rent \$300.
1 Office, Rent \$50.
House—East street.
House—Church street.
House—Myrtle street.
Rooms for small families.

WANTED.
Money to invest in small mortgages. Small farm to purchase at moderate cost.

If you want one of the BEST RANGES ever sold, buy the

FOREST
OR
OCTAGON.

For PARLOR STOVES, buy the

Journal Club Column

THE TELEPHONE IS A COAL FAMINE.—The coal famine has developed a new use for the telephone. To illustrate by every day occurrences in Cincinnati:—

Irate patron goes into coal office and demands, in the name of the bird with the broad and sweeping wing, why his coal, that he had bought and paid seven prices for a week ago, had not been delivered?

"Good gracious!" exclaims the clerk, "haven't you got your coal yet? Too bad, too bad! I'll call the main office and see about that."

Clerk goes to the telephone, and after the preliminary "Hello," "Well," "Yes," "I hear," etc., he carries on his part of an alleged conversation with the main office in the presence of Mr. Jones, as follows:—

"Yes, I know that; but we took his preliminary 'Hello,' 'Well,' 'Yes,' 'I hear,' etc., he carries on his part of an alleged conversation with the main office in the presence of Mr. Jones, as follows:—

"Oh, that's it; when you got the order at the office they didn't have any, and there was none of that kind to be had at any of the other yards?"

"Yes, Well, Mr. Jones has been entirely out of coal all this time, and thinks we ought to have returned his money when we found we could not furnish it according to agreement."

"What's that? In less than an hour, did you say? You'll send it around in less than an hour? I'll see if Mr. Jones can wait that long."

[Mr. Jones is consulted and thinks he can wait an hour longer.]

"Mr. Jones says if his coal is delivered in an hour it will do."

"What? You can get it around in half an hour if necessary?"

"Sure of it, are you?"

"Thanks. See that you make no mistakes this time. Good day!"

Mr. Jones goes home in the evening and finds no coal. Goes back to the office next morning. The telephone dials again sprung on him. This performance is repeated daily, with slight variations, for a week. At the end of this time the river rises and coal drops a thousand per cent. Jones gets his cart-load, paying therefor a sum sufficient to buy a flatboat load at the reduced prices, and gets no interest from the coal men for the use of his money, either. Besides this, he has burned up \$15 worth of his back fence, not to mention the back fence of his neighbor. Big thing, this telephone. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

He looked over all the papers on the news-stand, and not finding what he wanted said to the plump, pretty girl clerk:—"I want a Fireside Companion."—"What, sir," she blushed. "I want a Fireside Companion."—"Oh, yes, sir, I hear you now," and she chewed the corner of her apron, and "Well—well—do you think I would do?" It turned out happily.

"My wife," remarked a prominent manufacturer, "never attends auctions. She went once, and seeing a friend at the opposite side of the room, nodded politely, whereupon the auctioneer knocked down a patent cradle, and asked her where she wished it delivered."

Scarlet flannel skirts are again in vogue, and it will require the careful scrutiny of the most experienced engineer to tell whether the red object he sees fluttering in the distance is a danger signal or a woman shooting her glee off the track.

A man ate seven cucumbers, a few radishes, a basket of strawberries, and drank a part of a goblet of water before going to bed. To-day he says:—"A person has no business to drink water just before retiring."

An old rail-splitter in Indiana put the quietus upon a young man who had chafed him upon his bald head, in these words: "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours I can raise hair to sell."

There is an unprecedented activity among steel manufacturers. They are all working overtime, and it is feared that the supply of metal will run short. A Chicago girl has ordered a pair of skates.

Kentucky girls have been married in the Mammoth cave and Buffalo girls on the Niagara suspension bridge. The first must have deemed matrimony a cell, and the latter a state of suspense.

Some mean fellow says—"When you kiss a Boston girl, she holds still till you are through, when she flares up all at once, and exclaims—"I think you should be ashamed."

The editor of an Illinois daily paper says that he does not depend upon journalism for his daily bread, but raises hens. We wonder whose hens he "raises."

Thirty persons in a small town in Michigan were recently poisoned by eating sausages. This comes from leaving brass collars on dogs.

"Had you, sir," said Erskine to a dilatory tradesman, "been employed to build the ark, we should not have had the flood yet."

"Let the toast be—dear woman!" as the hungry husband said to his wife who was in a hurry to clear off the breakfast table.

"What comes after T?" asked a teacher of a little abecedarian. "You do—to see cousin 'Liza,' was the embarrassing reply.

But few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say "there is no place like home" at the same time.

Miscellaneous.

THE DEACON'S EXPERIMENT.

"I hope the children haven't been any trouble to you, Miss Peck?" said Deacon Grider, as his one-horse chaise drew up on the green in front of Miss Philena Peck's house.

Miss Peck hurried out, all smiles, to greet the portly widower. "The little darlings!" she cried effusively. "Trouble indeed! Why, deacon, how you talk! It is a positive pleasure to have them here. I should like to keep them a week."

The deacon smiled and shook his head. "That would be a little too much," said he. "Come, children, jump into the wagon."

And the three apple-cheeked little Grider girls—two girls and a boy—were hugged and kissed, and lifted into the wagon by the beaming spinster.

"I shall be lonely when they are gone," she said. "I do so dote on children! Remember, darlings, that the gooseberries will be ripe next week and that your Peck will be only too happy to see you again."

The widow Clapp came hurrying out as the chaise rattled by, with a tin pail in her hand.

"Dear me, Deacon Grider," said she. "You are always in such a hurry. Do stop a minute can't you? Here's a pail of new honey comb. I know the darlings will like it on their bread and butter of an evening. When are you coming to spend the day with me? I declare, Josie is growing a perfect beauty!"

"Tut, tut, Mrs. Clapp," said the deacon. "Handsome is that handsome does. That's my motto."

"Nobody can't do handsomer than my little Josie," said Mrs. Clapp. "And there's Tommy grown as handsome as ever was, and Dolly the very picture of you; drop in to tea some evening this week."

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The frog had fasted in this crystal prison for over three weeks before it occurred to me that he might be hungry. To make amends for my neglect I spent almost half a day chasing blue-bottle flies around the room with indifferent success. However, I captured twenty-five of them, and one vicious hornet that had strayed in through the open window. All these were successively swallowed by the frog in a most business like manner. A pink fleshy tongue would shoot out and in an instant the insect aimed at would disappear. When he came to the hornet the frog appeared to think his food was highly seasoned, for he winked his eyes several times, if that term can be applied to the act of sinking his eyes down in his head and then popping them out again.

Next day he ate fifteen large flies, two big lively katydids, and two full grown fiddler crabs. He had for dessert the same day a dragon fly and an ichneumon fly. I have since tried him with raw meat, but he could not be persuaded to touch it until a piece cut to represent some insect with long legs was put upon a straw and dangled in front of his nose; this he instantly snapped up.

Insects, crustaceans, mollusks, and small animals, anything with life and not too large to be taken into the capacious mouth of the animal, are greedily devoured, even its own tadpoles and young frogs form a palatable viand for the parent. Once I took a dead mouse and, holding it in the globe, jumped it around to give it an appearance of life. Without hesitation it was seized and speedily swallowed by the frog before he discovered that he had been swindled by a corpse. He then opened his mouth and with his fore feet deliberately pulled out the obnoxious mouse in a manner that set the spectators off in roars of laughter. Since then he has devoured many live mice with apparent relish, all of which he swallowed tail foremost, keeping up a lively kicking and scratching with fore and hind feet to prevent his prey from curling up and biting. Enough water is always kept in the globe to keep its inmate moist, but too shallow for a mouse to drown in. The wily batrachian is well aware of this fact, for it is not until nothing but the head and fore feet of the mouse protrude from between his jaws that he bends his head down, holding it and the mouse under the water until the latter is suffocated before it is finally gulped down. Partly to make a more even fight and partly as an experiment to see what the frog would do under the circumstances, a little over a month ago, before putting in a large male mouse, we emptied all the water from the globe. Then ensued a chase; round and round went the mouse, trying in vain to scale the glass walls, but never missing an opportunity to give the frog a savage nip with its sharp teeth. Round and round went the batrachian after him. Once he caught the mouse by the tail, whereupon the mouse turned and mounted the slimy back of his enemy and bit him severely; but quicker than thought the powerful hind leg of the frog swept the mouse from his back and dashed it violently against the side of the globe.

The battle had commenced and lasted about five minutes, when by a lucky snap the frog got the mouse by the hind quarters; the little mammal buried his teeth in the frog's nose. Then again did the mill-pond croaker exhibit an intelligence and activity which I had always been led to believe these creatures never possessed. He kicked with his hind legs and pawed with his fore legs with such vigor that the rodent had very few opportunities of biting. Once the mouse's feet fastened upon the hind foot of the frog, causing him to turn two or three somersaults in his efforts to free himself. The mouse was so large that it was no easy task for the *Rana pipiens* to swallow him. Slowly but surely, however, he disappeared, until nothing but the head was visible. There being no water in the globe the frog could not drown him, so he did the next best thing—choked him to death by squeezing his neck until the poor rodent's head-like eyes stuck out from his head, and life was extinct.—D. C. Beard, in Scientific American.

Col. Dwight Morris, the genial Democratic leader of the House from Bridgeport, tells a good story at his own expense concerning the fall election in his town, at which time he was elected to the present post. He says that late election day afternoon one of the party workers came to him with the request that he "send for" to come to the polls and vote, as the contest was a close one. "Send for!" said the Colonel; "not much. He is a life-long Republican, as was his father before him. I've known him from boyhood. 'You mistake,' said the politician. 'It's true that'—has always been a Republican, but he failed in business a year ago, and his neighbors say that it wasn't honest. Anyhow, since then he has taken to drinking, and he votes with us now.' The man was sent for.—Hartford Cor. Springfield Republican.

A teacher in the Wiltwyck, Ulster County, school recently electrified her pupils, who were annoying her with questions, "children, I am engaged." Noticing the general look of astonishment, she added, "But not to any fool of a man," and the excitement died away.—Kingston Free-Press.

The rush of trade is so great that the trains on the trunk lines from the West to the East are run at an average of only fifteen minutes apart, day and night.

Deacon Grider, she hesitated turning rose-red and white by turns, "is this true?"

"About my Mariposa investment?"—Yes.

"And that you are going to California?" "I am talking of it," said the deacon.

"Would—could you let me take care of the little ones while you are gone?" said Naomi, tenderly drawing little Dolly to her side. "I am very fond of children, and I would take the best of care of them. And you have been so kind to mother and me, Deacon Grider, that we should feel it a privilege to be able to do something for you."

And poor, soft-hearted little Naomi, burst into crying.

There was a moisture on the deacon's eyelashes, too.

"God bless you, Naomi!" said he, "you are a good girl!—a very good girl."

"Ain't it true?" said Philena Peck.

"Well," said Mrs. Mopsley, "it is, and it ain't. He did lose what he invested in them Mariposa mines, but only a thousand dollars; and the rest of his money's all tight and safe in United States bonds and solid real estate."

"Bless me!" said Barbara Bowyer.

"Well I never," said the widow Clapp, with discomfited countenance.

"And," went on Mrs. Mopsley, with evident relish at the consternation she was causing, "they are building a new wing to the house, and he is to be married to Naomi Poole in the fall!"

"A child like that!" said Mrs. Clapp.

"With no experience whatever?" said Barbara Bowyer, scornfully.

"I only hope he won't repent of his bargain," sighed Miss Philena Peck.

And Miss Philena's charitable hopes were fulfilled. The deacon never did repent his bargain.

CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATH.—Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of the sudden deaths, an experiment was tried and reported to a scientific congress at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough examination; in these cases only two were found who died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died of apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs; that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are, cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close room into the open air, especially after speaking, too hasty walking, or running to catch a train, etc. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence, many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.

A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. Approaching a stall, and taking up a fish, he began to smell it. "Holloa! you black rascal, what are you smelling that fish for?"

"I didn't smell de fish, boss, I jes' talked in his words to free himself. The mouse was so large that it was no easy task for the *Rana pipiens* to swallow him. Slowly but surely, however, he disappeared, until nothing but the head was visible. There being no water in the globe the frog could not drown him, so he did the next best thing—choked him to death by squeezing his neck until the poor rodent's head-like eyes stuck out from his head, and life was extinct.—D. C. Beard, in Scientific American.

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A boy's composition on girls: "Girls! is the only folks that have their own way every time. Girls are of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand girls if she wants to do anything."

To take creases out of drawing paper or engravings, lay the paper or engraving face downwards on a sheet of smooth, unsized white paper; cover it with another sheet of the same, very slightly dampened, and iron with a moderately warm flatiron.

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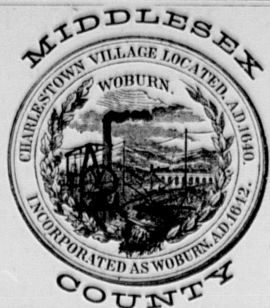
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WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1880.

NO. 8.

TO CURE

Ordinary Coughs, Hoarseness, Tickling in the Throat, &c.,

With which so many people are troubled at present, buy a bottle of

SYRUP OF CORYSH,

And use according to directions. Sold by

WILLIAM W. HILL, Druggist,

Opposite the Common.

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CHARLES D. ADAMS,
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No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.
Office: At Boston, 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Hours: At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

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FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool, England.

I have this day been appointed AGENT of the above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stoneham.

All orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

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159 Main St., Woburn.
July 1, 1879.

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No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.
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DR. B. R. HARTON,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Has removed to
110 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.
Particular attention paid to Surgery.

E. F. WYER, Agent,
Carriages, Harnesses,
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MAINE STATE PHYSICIAN HARNESSES.
Best Harness in the world for the money.
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Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main Street Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

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FALL TIME TABLE.
Horse cars leave No. Woburn at 6:10, 7:00, 8:25, 9:45, 11:35 A. M.; 12:45, 3:00, 4:15, 5:25, 6:35 P. M.; Mondays and Thursdays at 8:30 P. M.; Saturdays at 8:50 P. M.
Leave Woburn Centre at 6:35, 7:30, 9:00, 10:35, A. M.; 12:05, 1:40, 3:30, 4:40, 5:50, 7:00 P. M.; Mondays and Thursdays at 9:00 P. M.; Saturdays at 9:15 P. M.
DEXTER CARTER, Supt.

R. C. HAYWARD,
GROCERIES,
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,
At the Lowest Prices.
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174 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

Original Poetry.

A Soft Answer to a Very Soft Question.

Mr. Parker, in the "Journal,"
Of about, two weeks ago,
There appeared a sapient question,
Put by one, whom you may know
One who talks about his Sunday suit,
And over a moustache grows
Quite eloquent, and wonders
"Why don't the girls propose?"
To him.

One reason that the ladies
Do not propose to him,
Shows in his "Leap year lyric,"
His intellect's too slim.
And that his heart goes "pit-a-pat,"
In agonizing throes,
Is no valid reason
Why the ladies should propose.
To him.

He owns to having often tried
His fortune as a spark,
I think he had been wiser
Had he kept that in the dark.
If there was not something lacking
As his composition shows,
He would never ask the question,
"Why don't the girls propose?"
To me.

And now one parting word into
This verdant masculine,
Pray when you say some lady "nay,"
Just permit that "ray" to shine,
And show us who the dandel is,
If one so foolish grows,
As to enable you to say
That "one girl does propose
To me."

Woburn, Feb. 2nd, 1880. Jeno.

A Week Later.

Dear "Ed" in your last issue
Very much to my surprise,
I saw that our North Woburn friend
Had tried to plagiarize.
"The way of the transgressor
Is hard," he doubtless knows,
And that he quickly leave that way
Is what I would propose
To him.

Now to Somerville's fair Sappho;
If in these lines you see
Aught that may vex your spirit,
I pray you, pardon me.
Because, you see, my Pegasus
Is angry, dire, and sore,
To think a man should ever expect
A lady to propose
To him.

Selected Story.

DICK DASH'S DIARY.

January 1, 1880—12.05 A. M.—Have resolved to keep a diary. It will help me to be careful habits.

Been sitting here in my room all the evening, waiting for Jack and Fred, who promised to drop in for punch, and a chorus to welcome the new year. Boys haven't come (on some other lark, I suppose), and I've been thinking—an exercise rather new to you, Dick Dash—thinking that the passing years, marked off by these midnight bells, aren't making me much wiser or better; thinking that since the old university times I've fallen into careless ways. Rise in a hurry, past nine, take a swallow of soda-water, and rush to business; pitch into work desperately, always too late for a fair start; feel very much down about noon, and take game pie and champagne at Delmonico's. Afternoon, feel picked up. Go home in horse-car with two or three fellows, stopping on the way for drinks. Then a rousing good dinner, generally at a restaurant. As for the evenings, the less said the better. At any rate, they last into the small hours. Then tumble into bed, jump up in a hurry, and same day over again. Bah! don't feel half a man—feel a groveling, low-lived wretch. There's the world of art, science, and literature. See my old text-books there on the shelves; I never touch 'em. Think of what I might have done in these past five years—since I was twenty. Let's see, for a regimen. One hour before breakfast read Latin and throw clubs; cold bath, breakfast, and down town by 8.30. Correspondence out of the way by eleven, then time to look after things generally. Frugal lunch—say oatmeal or plain broth. Clear head for afternoon hurry, bracing walk home—no stopping on the way. French literature or German before dinner. After dinner, one pipe (no cigars); then for an hour a tutor, some fellow to put you through the sciences. Quiet evening with history; or, if you must go out, visit Corinna Solo for classical music and solid learning. Home early, and turn a verse or open an essay before sleeping. Why, by this time I might have been a magazine-gaining fame and money. (Mem.—Find out how much money.) Clearly I'm in a bad way—a "horrid boy," as Kitty would say. By the way, there's Kitty. She's a bit improving, not a bit; not up to sonatas on the piano; doesn't know German. Corinna's the girl to elevate a man's taste—tall, distinguished, studious, proper; never at a loss for facts; never uses slang. Kitty once asked if the Elizabethan period was a "horrid punctuation mark." She says "awfully jolly" and "higher than a kite"; and the other day, when I was telling her some nonsense, she ejaculated, "Taffy!" Have resolved to give Kitty up. There's her picture—better burn it. What an arch little face! Kitty Budd—such a bad of a Kitty it is, to be sure, so round and so pink; and that hair, glossy yellow, and it curls so! then such great gray eyes, and long yellow lashes that catch the light! The photograph's a libel on Kitty; it hides her dainty color; and those funny little white teeth, like a kitten's; and those soft baby hands, useless, but so pleasant to touch! Now for figure Kitty's no Juno, certainly, hardly a Venus, but what a lovely Bacchante! Kitty ought to be done in white on a Wedgwood vase. (Mem.—Must get up in ceramics.) Enough of Kitty; here goes the picture into the fire. No;

Jack Pennington might like it. There, it's in a drawer with old gloves until Jack drops in.

A new paragraph for my new life. Tomorrow I begin study, exercise, cold baths, and Corinna. (Mem.—Read up for conversation with Corinna.)

January 1, 1880—12 Noon.—Awoke at seven. Rose at 7.30. Clubs and sponge bath. Could have sworn there was ice in the water. Found there wasn't. Took down the Commentaries and opened Book First. Breakfast at eight. Landlady surprised; boarders jocular; waiter giggled outright.

Find Latin very rusty. Have begun on the declensions. Study aloud, walking the floor. Must be thorough. Jack Pennington dropped in. "Hello!" he said; "thought you were drunk, old boy, grumbling away at that gibberish." Annoyed, but had to stop. Told Jack I had a present for him, meaning Kitty's picture. Will give it next time he comes. Shall make a few calls.

January 1—Midnight.—Made calls until seven. Corinna was magnificent in black and yellow, something like upholstery stuff. Invited me to join the Omnivorous Club. "Is it zoological?" I asked. "Artistically omnivorous," she explained; "we consume everything, intellectually; physically, only bouillon." Tremendous girl is Corinna. Played a fugue. (Mem.—Find out what a fugue is.) Looked in at Kitty's just for decency, it being New Year's day—the last time, of course. Kitty was like a rainbow, all light and gossamer. "Dick," she said—(Mem.—Must tell K. it's bad form to call men by their first names. Useless, though; forgot I'd given K. up.) She said, "Dick," holding up a half-eaten marrow bone, and shaking it at me with her round little bare hand and arm, "don't you forget there's a circus this winter, and I want to see it."

After seven, meant to look into astronomy or something, or make notes for essay or something, but Fred and Jack came in. Told them I was busy writing. Said they'd wait. They did, talking and whistling. Drove little scrolls and faces on the edge of foolscap. "Bosh," said Fred. "Come along out, old boy. That ain't writing." I notice how ungrammatical the boys are. Went out to get rid of them. Wasted the evening. Very sorry.

January 2—Evening.—Very tired this morning, but rose at 6.30. Did the Latin, clubs, and cold bath. Breakfast sharp eight. (Mem.—Pay Jones for saying, "So you're on New Year resolutions, eh, Dash? Have done it myself. Won't last.") This r. m. fellows asked if any lark was on hand, and wanted to be let in, all because I chose to be dignified and walk home alone—head-and-toe gait.

Read a little Goethe's prose with notes before dinner. Looking for a science to tackle systematically. Decided on chemistry. (Mem.—Buy retorts and materials at once; also books.)

Have a slight cold. Will get used to bath. Title of essay, "Self-Culture." Wonder if Eliza Burritt got sleepy over books.

Have accepted membership of Omnivorous Club. Hope Jack will take Kitty to circus. Don't think of Kitty at all. Hope she won't miss me. Think, merely artistically, she never looked as well as yesterday, although a little sticky from eating sweets. Corinna lives on scientific diet. Much better.

January 3—Evening.—Rose at 6.30. Clubs and bath, in spite of bad cold. Must get seasoned. Latin until eight. Sneezed at table. Jones laughed. (Mem.—Floor him in a scientific dispute.) Think of dismissing office-boy—he laughed. Lunched on mutton broth. (Mem.—Consult chemical hygiene to know if green turtle has brain nourishment. If so, great improvement on broth.)

Fellows insist on knowing "what's up," because I walk home alone.

Unpacked six works on chemistry and large box of apparatus. Bridget asked, "Is this new-fashioned whiskisky glasses for the young gentlemen?" Means Jack and Fred and the rest of the boys.

Hurried over a little Moliere, and advertised for chemist as tutor. Address "Culture."

After dinner, Goethe's prose; then to Omnivorous. Corinna very impressive creature. She read a paper on trilobites and sang from Magic Flute. All screech, but Corinna says the progressions are wonderful. Must cultivate up to that sort of thing. Member of woman's club, talked high art and female suffrage. Knotty old German spoke on Kant. Young woman recited from Browning. "Delightful!" said Corinna, "so involved." Feel as if I'd been on dreadful spree. Exhausted with intellectual pursuits.

Have begun essay, "However difficult self-culture may appear at the outset, a very short experience in the methodical laying out of time and study will produce wonderful results." That's good.

Wonder what Kitty is about. So glad I don't care to see her!

January 4—Evening.—Rose at 6.30. Bad cold in head. Put one quart hot water in bath. Shall reduce quantity as cold gets better. Latin very slow. Rustier than I thought. Lunched on green turtle. Pretty sure it's good for brain without looking it up.

Have 743 answers to advertisements for tutor. One reads: "Have rolled pills in drug store 3 year can teach you fast rate." Another says: "A god pupil is what I want. Terms 5 dollars per hour." Must advertise again and ask references. Bridget smashed glass bell, spirit lamp and three dozen tubes. Studied on chemical signs; also on Wilhelm Meister. Mignon is a dear little fool. Just like Kitty. Hope Jack goes to see K. (Mem.—Must send Jack the picture.)

January 5—Evening.—Rose later than usual, about 7.40. Sponged lightly in warm water. Oppression on chest. Latin after breakfast. Rather latish down town. Will do better to-morrow. Spiced rum at lunch, medicinally, cold so very bad. Rode up town in cars. Goethe before dinner, lying down. Fell asleep.

After dinner boys came in just as I was preparing to make some hydrogen. Jack said I was trying to "bust" myself. Vulgar fellow, that Jack. Don't know about giving him the picture. Says he took K. to the circus. Don't care, but K.'s family been kind to me, and owe it to them to prevent anything serious between K. and Jack.

Took mullered claret with the boys for cold. Can't keep eyes open. Going to bed.

January 6—Evening.—Rose at eight. Overslept. Omitted cold bath for sanitary reasons. Omitted Latin, for once only, in order to be prompt down town.

Note from Corinna. Says: "We expect you to speak to-morrow night at the Omnivorous on 'Chemistry as a promoter of the useful and the beautiful.'" Was fool enough to say to Corinna that I was a student of chemistry. Had no idea she would clap down on me so soon. Can't remember the sign for common salt yet.

Kitty's note reads:—"DEAR DICK—Pa has given me a pug, and you must come and name it for me, sure 'pop—KITTY." Dreadful slang. Good idea to remind her of the fault by calling the dog "Pop."

Started for Corinna's. Called in at Kitty's to get rid of writing. Too late for Corinna's, it took so long to name the pug. (Mem.—Must go to C's to-morrow night.) Kitty christened pug from bottle of cologne, then sat on the floor and dried him with her handkerchief. Seemed to think it a joke when I reproved her about the slang, and laughed and tried to set pug on me. Met Jack at K.'s. He's entirely too familiar there. Very pushing fellow.

Shall think over essay in bed, and put in a sentence in the morning.

January 8—Evening.—Rose just in time to reach office by ten. Shall lie so late again. Should have done something before dinner, but had two hundred answers to second advertisement. Didn't open them. Will very soon.

Note from Kitty:—"DEAR DICK—After you went away, I thought perhaps you were in earnest when you scolded about the slang, so I lay awake and cried all night long."

Due at Corinna's at eight, but had to go to K.'s first, of course. Lectured her in a fatherly way. She sobbed, "I know I'm an awful little goose, but you used to—to—like me just as I am." Then she grew hysterical. Sent dispatch to Corinna from K.'s house—"Detained by illness of a friend." Took three hours to make K. cheerful again. Gave her a brotherly kiss at parting. (Mem.—Apologize for that.) Wonderful how pretty K. is when she cries.

January 8—7 P. M.—Didn't sleep last night. Couldn't help thinking of Kitty's little fearful face. Afraid she thinks too much of my good opinion. Any fellow that's half a man must be grateful when the loveliest little creature in the world cares for him; but having dedicated life to advancement and culture (Corinna writes 'em with capitals), can't waste time on sentiment.

Cold better, but forgot cold bath this morning. Find it wise to omit Latin until I get a better grammar. This one very poor.

Jack Pennington just dropped in.

January 8—Midnight.—Jack was going to Kitty's. Thought walk would do good, so went with him. Sat him out. Kitty never so lovely. Wonder what sort of little wife she'd make for some fellow not bent on advancement and culture. Apologized for kiss. K. wasn't offended. What a trusting little creature it is!

January 9—Midnight.—Obliged to postpone cold bath and Latin, also tutor and literature, for a few days. Soon fall into traces again.

Carried off K.'s handkerchief last evening by accident. Returned it this evening.

January 10.—

January 11.—(Mem.—Write up diary to-morrow.)

January 15—Midnight.—Note from Corinna about the Omnivorous. Answered, "Being taken up with important private concerns, must resign, with regret."

Evening at Kitty's. Accused her of favoring Jack Pennington. Cried, and said she was unhappy. Told her she needn't be, if she'd let me take care of her. If Kitty was delightful only as a little friend, what is she now that I hold her and call her my own?—soon to be my wife—full of precious faults that I wouldn't change for the greatest culture (with the biggest C) in the world.

Young Men in Congress.—The present House contains an unusually large number of youngsters. The palm in this direction is carried off by Richard G. Frost, of St. Louis, who only completed his 28th year last month, and who first ran for Congress in 1876, failing of an election then, when he was under twenty-five. Taylor, of the first Tennessee district, the young lawyer who has the reputation of having fiddled his way into the House, carrying a Republican district by sheer force of popularity among the mountaineers of East Tennessee, will not be 30 until next July, and Acklen, of Louisiana, is only a couple of months his senior, while Speer, of Georgia, is but little over 31.

Frost is a very boyish-looking fellow in the light business suit which he usually wears, and it would not be at all strange if he is sometimes mistaken for one of the pages by a colleague, as he not unfrequently is by spectators. Speer looks so young that nobody who should see him outside his seat would suppose he was a member of Congress. Indeed, a little incident which occurred in a horse car going up Capitol Hill, recently, shows that not all his fellow members yet know him as a law-maker. A scholarly representative from Ohio, of nearly twice his years, fell into conversation with him, but they had not talked long before the Westerner, apparently suspecting that he was being interviewed "unknowingly," remarked inquiringly, "You're a journalist, aren't you, sir?" His surprise may be imagined when the young man replied: "No, sir; I am a member of the House from Georgia."

MARRIAGE—DIVORCE.—The forthcoming annual report of our State Labor Bureau, for 1879, at whose head is our townsman, Col. C. D. Wright, will contain, for the first time the statistics of divorce in this State. It is certainly very singular, that so important an item in our social record should have been so long omitted. In other states divorces have been as regularly reported as those of births, marriages and deaths.

This report will cover the years from 1860 to 1878 inclusive, giving the number of divorces and their causes, and other interesting details regarding these broken marital bonds. During these 19 years the whole number of divorces are 7233, of which 2400 were decreed on the complaints of husbands, and 4833 on the complaints of wives. The great increase in divorces of late years, is mainly traceable to two reasons: The ease with which they are now obtained and the number of causes which are now allowable in court. Years ago a full divorce was granted only for unfaithfulness, and limited divorce only for extreme cruelty. Now there are nine causes for which a court may decree a complete divorce.

This naturally makes matrimony a matter of light consequence with a certain class, especially those whose morals are none the best. The marriage bonds are carelessly assumed, because it is known that they may be easily put off. This law should be revised so that it will not foster so loose a morality.

—Reading Chronicle.

Folly and Wickedness of Hatred.

Most of the hatred in this world arises from a sense of injury which the later has himself done. To illustrate.—A man borrows money, and then purposely, or without good reason refuses to repay it. The very fact that he has unreasonably refused to pay what he justly owes, makes him feel that the one he has cheated has reason to dislike him.—Dislike begets dislike.—He, then assuming that what may reasonably be expected to exist really does exist, dislikes the one who has befriended him. He does not stop to inquire whether the injured one really dislikes him, but assuming that he must do so, hates accordingly. The majority of hatreds, thus do not spring from any injury that has been done to the hater; but the hater hates because he is conscious that he has himself done an injury, and tries to stifle the voice of conscience by hating.

From this it can be seen why John should say that one who hates his brother is a murderer; for most murders spring from the same source as ordinary hatreds, and from no just cause. Fear of consequences usually restrains one who really hates, from seeking revenge, and when one is kept from doing violence simply from fear of consequences, he is actually as guilty at heart as if he committed the deed. Hence, hatred of our brethren, or fellow men, is really the abominable crime John calls it.

Boston, Feb. 10, 1880. W.

DILATORY LAWMAKERS.—There is a minority, a small minority, of members who do nothing at all, and who are mere vagabonds in Washington. They are generally dissolute, and their congressional life is a steady progress down hill, morally, socially and politically. Then there are the absentees, of whom Senator Sharon of Nevada has been supposed to be the chief, but who is not. The champion absentee is Jones, of Nevada, the great bi-metalist, who has not shown his head inside the Senate chamber at the present session. He is over in New York manipulating mining stocks.

He has a great desire to get rich again, and thinks that this is his opportunity. With him are Dorsey and several ex-senators, who are reported to be doing well in the mining business. Some of the New York city members are scarcely seen here at all. O'Brien is one of them. O'Reilly, of Brooklyn is another who does nothing but draw his salary. The laggards are distributed among the committees, and even the appropriation committee of the House has its slothful members.

HARVESTING ON A LARGE DAKOTAH FARM.—Ride over these fertile fields of Dakotah, and behold the working of this latest triumph of American genius. You are in a sea of wheat. On the farms managed by Oliver Dalrymple are 13,000 acres in one field. There are other farmers who cultivate from 160 to 6000 acres. The railroad train rolls through an ocean of grain. Pleasant the music of the rippling waves as the west wind sweeps over the expanse. We encounter a squadron of war chariots, not such as once swept over the Delta of the Nile in pursuit of an army of fugitive Israelites, not such as the warriors of Rome were wont to drive, with glittering knives projecting from the axles to mow a swath through the ranks of an enemy, to drench the ground with blood, to cut down the human race, as if men were noxious weeds, but chariots of peace, doing the work of human hands for the sustenance of men. There are twenty-five of them in this one brigade of the grand army of 115, under the marshaling of this Dakota farmer. A superintendent upon a superb horse, like a brigadier directing his forces, rides along the line, accompanied by his staff of two on horseback. They are fully armed and equipped, not with swords, but the implements of peace—wrenches, hammers, chisels. They are surgeons in waiting, with nuts and screws, or whatever may be needed.

This brigade of horse artillery sweeps by in echelon—in close order, reaper following reaper. There is a sound of wheels. The grain disappears an instant, then reappears; iron arms clasp it, hold it a moment in their embrace, wind it with wire, then toss it disdainfully at your feet. You hear in the rattling of the wheels the mechanism saying to itself, "See how easy I can do it!"

An army of "shockers" follow the reapers, setting up the bundles to ripen before threshing. The reaping must ordinarily all be done in fifteen days, else the grain becomes too ripe. The first fields harvested, therefore, are cut before the ripening is complete. Each reaper averages about fifteen acres per day, and is drawn by three horses or mules.

The reaping ended, threshing begins. Again memory goes back to the early years, to the pounding out of the grain upon the threshing floor with the flail—the slow, tedious work of the winter days. Poets no more will rehearse the music of the flail. The picture for February in the old Farmer's Almanac is obsolete. September is the month for threshing, the threshing driven by its 600 or 700 bushels per day, driven by a steam engine of sixteen horse power. Remorseless that sharp-toothed devourer, swallowing its food as fast as two men can cut the wire bands, requiring six teams to supply its demands! And what a cataract of grain pours from the spout, faster than two men can bag it!

The latest triumph of invention in this direction is a straw-burning engine, utilizing the stalks of the grain for fuel.

The cost of raising wheat per bushel, is from thirty-five to forty cents; the average yield, from twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre. The nearness of these lands to Lake Superior, and the rates established by the railroad—fifteen cents per bushel from any point between Bismarck and Duluth—give the Dakota farmer a wide margin of profit.

Since the first furrow was turned in the Red River Valley, in 1870, there has been no failure of crops from drought, excessive rains, blight, mildew, rust, or other influence of climatology. The chinchee has not made its appearance; the grasshoppers alone have troubled the farmers; but they have disappeared, and the fields are smiling with bounty. With good tilth, the farmer may count upon a net return of from eight to ten dollars per acre, per annum. The employment of capital has accomplished a beneficent end, by demonstrating that the region, instead of being incapable of settlement, is one of the fairest sections of the continent. Nor is it a wonder that the land offices are besieged by emigrants making entries, or that the surveyors find the lands "squatted" upon before they can survey them; that hotels are crowded; that on every hand there is activity. During the months of May, June and July, 1879, the sales of government land were nearly 700,000 acres, and the entries for the year will probably aggregate 1,500,000, taken in homestead, pre-emption, and free claims. There are other millions of acres, as fair and fertile waiting to be occupied.—Harper's for March.

A WARNING TO JOKERS.—Some time in 1864 there was a number of army officers stopping at a hotel in Washington. Among them was a Captain Emerson. There was also a Captain Jones, who was a first-rate fellow, a good officer and very pompous. Emerson and Jones used to have a good deal of joking together at the table and elsewhere. One day at the dinner table, when the dining hall was well filled, Captain Jones finished his dinner first, got up and walked almost to the dining hall door, when Emerson spoke to him in a loud voice and said, "Halloa, captain, see here, I want to speak to you a minute." The captain turned and walked back to the table and bent over him, when Emerson whispered, "I wanted to ask you how far you would have gone if I had not spoken to you." The captain never changed a muscle, but straightened up and put his finger in his vest pocket and said, in a voice loud enough for all to hear him, "Captain Emerson, I don't know of a man in the world I would rather lend five dollars than to you, but the fact is, I haven't a cent with me to-day," and he turned on his heel and walked away. Emerson was the color of half a dozen rainbows, but he had to stand it. He never heard the last of it, and it cost him more than ten dollars to treat on it.—Detroit News.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1880.

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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—Sunday will be the one hundred and forty-eighth anniversary of the birth of the "Father of his Country" and ours. It is one of the four legal holidays in this state, but the fact of its coming on Sunday will render the balls and festivities with which it has been accustomed of late years to observe it impossible, and give to the clergy an opportunity of devoting a sermon to the thoughts and reflections incident to the occasion. And they surely are not wanting for plenty of hints and suggestions for strong and healthy discourses. There is sufficient contrast in every way between the times of Washington and those of our own day to furnish every pulpit in the land with a different and most interesting topic. Those inclined to look upon the dark side and ignore the existence of the silver lining of the clouds, those who see in the strides of inventions and practical matters cause for congratulation or for sorrow, those who have watched the history of nations and the world, those who have noted the religious movements, and those who have been specially interested in the cause of education and science will all find plenty that may profitably be said upon this day, so fraught as it is and ever must be with patriotic memories and inspiring thoughts to every American and true friend of the great republic and fairest land the sun shines upon.

SELECTMEN.—Regular meeting Thursday evening; all present but Cummings. Thos. D. Hovey, J. Fred Leslie and E. W. Gray, were recommended to the Supervisor of Census as enumerators. The revision of the voting list, jury list, and the registration of voters, was left to the Assessors. The Finance Committee were authorized to examine the sinking fund, and other trust funds in the hands of the Treasurer and report. On the petition of Nathan M. Johnson and others for a change of grade of Chestnut street, it was voted to insert the subject in the Town Warrant. The communication of the School Committee, and report for Cemetery Committee were received. The clerk was authorized to request heads of departments to make their reports as prompt as possible, and in view of the increased cost of printing, to make them as concise as possible. The application of G. R. Gage, for Lycium Hall for a temperance lecture, Feb. 19, was granted. Voted, to adopt the recommendation of the Overseers of the Poor that Charles Spear be retained as keeper of the Almshouse for one year, from April 1, 1880, at \$500, Mr. Spear having agreed to accept the position on said terms.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR.—The Phalanx ball, next Friday evening, promises to be a very brilliant affair. The committee have nearly perfected their arrangements, and announce that the Governor and Council, the military committees of the House and Senate, the officers of the Fifth Regiment, and other military gentlemen have announced their intention of being present. The Lycium Hall will be decorated by Col. Reals, of Boston, the music will be of the best, and no pains will be spared by the company's committee to make the occasion one to be remembered as well as thoroughly enjoyed. There will be no gallery tickets. Tickets may be obtained of either of the gentlemen composing the committee, who are, Capt. Ellard, Lieut. Converse, Sergeants Skelton, Simonds, and Halliday, Corporal Madison, and Private Gleason. This evening is also the twenty-fifth anniversary of the dedication of Lycium Hall, that event having occurred on Feb. 27th, 1855, which coincidence will add to the interest of the occasion.

Though the Canadian weather prophet, Vennor, and our own "Old Prob" may not be absolutely infallible in their predictions of the weather to come, they must still be regarded as real public benefactors for the infinite variety they have given to the discussion of the weather. Total strangers are now able to sustain a lively and mutually agreeable conversation upon that topic for hours, where before the time of Vennor and Old Prob it could not be stretched to exceed five minutes, including the recollections of early boyhood and the story of how in 18— it was necessary to tunnel through twenty-foot drifts to get to the barn and "fodder the cattle."

Mr. Thompson reports business at the savings bank to be steadily improving. The number of depositors is rapidly increasing, while less and less is being drawn out from day to day, and public confidence in the institution is evidently fast returning; and indeed it has no very good cause to longer withhold itself, for where in the State is there another savings bank that was forced by the depreciation of its securities to suspend business, that finally paid one hundred cents on the dollar to its depositors?

Brother Morse, of the Marlboro Times, which he insists is a "religious paper," went to the Press dinner for the first time last Tuesday. The sensations which he experienced he says nearly took his breath away. We should think it did quite, for he says, "and their wives are the most luxuriously pulchritudinous yet extant." If religious editors are to be allowed to swear in that way, where are women's rights?

C. A. Smith & Son have bought the dry and fancy goods stock of J. P. Fernald, and are selling at very low prices.

Chew Jackson's best waterbury tobacco.

A MODEL GRIST-MILL.

On Horn Pond Mountain there is a foot excavated from the solid rock, about one foot in diameter and holding perhaps two or three gallons, which was used, tradition says, by the aboriginal inhabitants of the land as a mill wherein their squaws pounded maize with which to make ready their lord and master's supper upon his return from the chase or the war-path. As the town of Woburn was settled in 1640, it must have been 240 years ago that the dusky Minnehahas of that time bent over this primitive grist-mill and laboriously toiled at the task set for her by her savage husband, slowly and painfully reducing to a coarse sort of hominy her handfuls of Indian corn. What a gulf appears between that rude relic of a barbaric age and the establishments of to-day, where wheat is made into flour and corn into meal as if by magic, and almost without human aid or interference; and what a commentary upon the successive stages of advancement and the progress of our high order of civilization would be a glance at each of the different and constantly improving methods of reducing the grain from the state in which nature delivers it to us, to a proper condition for our use. We should find recorded there, as in almost every other branch of manufacturing, the steps, slow, uncertain, and trembling though many of them are, by which the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans have mounted to the eminence they now occupy, on a full level with earth's proudest nations.

But enough of the past; our glance must not now be retrospective. We are going to look at the present, in the shape of the establishment of A. G. & J. A. Ham, on Main street, near the depot. The corn arrives in car-loads from Chicago, Toledo, or wherever in the West it can be bought at the best advantage, is run upon a set of Howe's road scales of a capacity of twenty-five tons, weighed and taken by the elevator up into the extreme top of the building where it is emptied into a long conductor or trough extending the whole length of the mill, and from this it is conducted into any one of the twenty great bins which are ready to receive it. In the upper story, as the grain is elevated from the cars it passes through a cleaner or winnow and all chaff is removed from it, so that when it reaches the bins it is entirely free from all foreign substances whatever, and ready to be ground. The bins are made with "hopper bottoms," so that every grain of corn may be removed from them by means of tin pipes of about three inches in diameter which tap the bins at the apex of their inverted cones, without the aid of human hands except to pull the cord which opens the gate. The pipes lead direct to the hoppers of the stones, through which the grain passes and is again taken to an upper story and run through a bolter where the meal and bran are separated, each going to its proper trough and conveyed to bins, ready for the market. The bins are made, the meal, shorts or bran, wheat bran, oats, etc., are kept all have outlets in the lower ware-room to which a bag may be attached and filled by simply opening a gate. During some part of the year the firm make what is called "barrel" or kiln-dried meal for export to the Provinces. This is done by grinding the corn in the usual way, and then conducting it along a steam boiler under a pressure of eighty pounds of steam and thoroughly drying it, then through a cooler, so that it will not heat after packing, and conveying to its bin, from which it is packed in barrels by steam, ready for shipment. The process of grinding oats, rye, barley and all other grains is essentially the same as that through which corn passes, as described, differing only in the bolting and the fineness. The firm also deal largely in flour, cottonseed meal, and in short everything connected with their line of business. They handle 100,000 bushels of corn, 75,000 bushels of oats and about 300 tons of wheat, besides the bran and shorts used for feed for horses and cattle, in a year; and to do it all, as well as to attend to their business in hay and straw (of which they keep a stock of from fifty to one hundred tons constantly on hand), they require a force of but three men in the mill, and four teams to deliver goods. Their freight bills average \$2,000 a month. They take all their grain directly from the cars, which run right to their back-door, and their mill is supplied with every modern convenience for transacting their business, and has the reputation of being in every respect a model mill.

If any reader of the Journal is desirous of having the contrast between the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries sharply brought before him, he cannot accomplish that purpose easier or more effectively than by going upon Horn Pond Mountain and letting the sight of the old Indian contrivance for reducing maize to the coarse apology for meal carry him back to those primeval days, and then calling at the mill of the Messrs. Ham, where every throb of the engine produces more fine meal than the Indian squaw could by a hard day's work—and all so quietly and mysteriously as to seem more like the work of magic than of steam, improved machinery, and Yankee brains.

The store of Messrs. C. A. Smith & Son was crowded with ladies, Thursday, looking at and buying the bargains with which their counters were loaded, that being the day upon which they had advertised to offer the stock of J. P. Fernald. The gale of wind which prevailed all day did not prevent the ladies from keeping the large force of clerks busily employed in showing goods and making up packages, from early in the forenoon until evening. This busy scene was an eloquent commentary upon the benefits of judicious advertising.

BAPTIST CHURCH ASSOCIATION.—The Baptist choir and their families have formed an association for social purposes, and held a very interesting sociable on Thursday evening at the residence of the Director, Mr. P. E. Bancroft. An excellent supper was served, and the evening was spent with music and singing.

The agent for the Little Wanderers' Home, of Boston, preached at the Methodist church last Sunday morning, and at the Baptist church in the afternoon.

Mrs. E. A. Hall, formerly well known in Woburn, after many years' study in Europe, has returned to Boston, and will give lessons in singing.

DR. MARCH ON TEMPERANCE.

The second of the Committee of Public Safety's series of temperance meetings was held at Lycium Hall, Thursday evening, with but a small audience in attendance. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Mills, and a few remarks made by Rufus Ricker, Esq., chairman of the committee. He said there never had been a time when there was so much crime and intemperance as now, and that Woburn ranks high in the calendar of crime. He took a very pessimistic view of the state of things, more so than most people will be inclined to follow him in.

Rev. Dr. March commenced by saying that people had come to look upon the temperance question as an old, long debated, wearisome, and out-worn theme, but that we were assembled to see if anything could be done to save men in this town from the woes without cause and wounds without number caused by the drinking of intoxicating liquor. The whole audience was considered to consist of a committee of safety of the whole to consider what may be done and what may be said to help remove the curse of strong drink. The industrial interests of the town all suffer in consequence of the time, money, and energy wasted in bar-rooms. Every acre of land well and thoroughly tilled was a help and benefit to the whole town, and so with the work of every man; whatever each one has to do the community are all interested as to whether it is well or ill done, and it behooves all to see that the working faculty of every one is wisely and well employed. The amount of money said to have been received for the sale of liquor in one place in town was cited, and a striking contrast drawn between the misery the drink it paid for must have produced and the good the money would have been capable of, if it had been diverted to the legitimate channels of trade.

The sanitary interests of the town are all endangered by the sale and use of liquor to be drunk, and the law should restrain what is so manifestly hurtful. In this connection Dr. March illustrated how the law in many ways forced people to stop the practice of what was in itself perfectly harmless, because it injured others, and was doing just what temperance people wanted it to do in this matter of rum-selling. Some extracts from the report of a foreman of a Philadelphia grand jury were read, which stated that his experience showed him that a very large proportion of all crime in that city was the direct result of the sale and the drinking of liquor. In New York city not one hundredth part of the criminals were sober when arrested. The views of two eminent Frenchmen, Montesquieu and the Duke of Orleans, were cited as to the wine-drinking habits of the French. They both concurred in saying that the drunkenness of France was from wine-drinking.

Touching our educational interests, a vivid contrast was drawn between a school-house and its work, and a rum-selling house and its work. In behalf of the youth every effort should be made to put the temptation to drink beyond their reach, and help them to grow up and be an advance upon the best of their fathers. All men who believe in God should strive to remove all dangers that beset the souls of men. The good order and good government of Vineland, New Jersey, was referred to, and its freedom of crime and vice attributed to the fact that the fundamental laws of the community forbade the sale of liquors within the town limits.

The lecture, though upon so old and so trite a subject, was a most interesting and instructive one. Dr. March followed in the footsteps of many other temperance speakers, but his manner of treating the topics was not the wearisome and well-known manner of others. He appealed to the calm common sense of his hearers, and presented the startling facts to them in such a practical manner, that they could not escape conviction, unless indeed "Ephraim" was so "joined to idols," that he would not be moved from their worship, and would not see that "their drink is sour."

The next meeting will be held in the Congregational vestry, next Thursday evening.

GRAND ARMY ENTERTAINMENT.—The regular entertainment of the Post 33 was largely attended on Thursday evening. A fine programme was presented. Misses Menard and West opened the entertainment with a piano duet; Mr. C. E. Halliday sang "The Outward Bound," and later in the evening, "The Young Recruit," both of which were well received; Mr. William Kenney declaimed "The Impeachment of Warren Hastings," in a manner that showed care in preparation; Miss Mabel T. Whittemore sang "Scenes that are brightest," in fine style; Mr. James M. Kimball gave a pleasing selection on the Saxophone; Miss Lang gave two choice selections for the piano forte, the last one, an arrangement of national airs, being heartily enjoyed; Mr. J. L. Parker read two selections, "First appearance in print," and "Socrates Snooks," which caused some merriment. The audience attested its appreciation of the efforts of the Post by frequent and hearty applause.

SECOND NATIONAL CAT SHOW.—The second great cat show will commence at Music Hall, Boston, March 1st, and continue six days. There are to be prizes for every variety of cat, varying in amount from \$50 to \$5; for cats with very long tails, and for cats with no tails at all; for large cats and for small cats; for pretty cats and for ugly cats; for long-haired cats, and for cats with no hair worth mentioning; for maltese cats, tabby cats, tiger cats, brindle cats, heavy cats, light cats, and in short for every kind of a feline that has anything remarkable about it, even to the cat that has the most boot-jack scars upon it, for aught we know. The prizes are all to be paid in articles of silver ware.

Mr. Geo. W. Nichols, at No. 169 Main Street, has recently added to his stock of jewelry, etc., some of the celebrated Elgin watches, and is selling them at very reasonable prices. The watches that are adjusted to heat and cold, cost only \$20, while very good timers can be had from \$10 upwards.

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THE WOMAN QUESTION.—REV. GEO. H. YOUNG.

Young preached a practical and convincing sermon upon the above subject at the Unitarian church, Sunday evening. The topic is somewhat trite, and people are apt to think there is nothing more that can be said about it, forgetting that the same things need to be said a great many times in some cases, and that we have no right to leave them to say "new" things, until the end for which they are said is accomplished, which is not the case with the woman question. Mr. Young briefly alluded to the manner in which girls are reared, and the views that are inculcated into them from the cradle, views that a boy would be laughed at for possessing. They are trained in idleness, and taught to believe a gentle languor to be more becoming than vigorous health, and that they must in some way be cared for without their taking any part in the labors of the father and sons. What is called "effeminacy" in boys should be regarded as just as deplorable in girls. If the boys of a family are turned upon the world, and forced to depend upon their own exertions for a livelihood, they generally prove themselves capable of getting on; does the present manner of educating the girls fit them to do the same for themselves under similar circumstances? Girls must be taught to be self-reliant, to discard the idea that their only mission in life is to personate the "clinging ivy" idea, and that to be able to earn their own living if necessary, adds to their womanliness. He contrasted the present condition of women and of public sentiment regarding them, with their condition and the condition of the public sentiment in years past, and rejoiced in the healthy change the presence of such women as Celia Burleigh and her successor, and the Revs. Mrs. Hanford and Mrs. Smiley, in the pulpit, Anna Dickinson, Lucretia Mott, and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore upon the platform, gave such abundant evidence of; spoke of the comparatively short time she had been allowed to teach in public schools, to attend or take part in any public meeting; and would have no restriction placed upon the right of our sisters to do whatever they could do well. The subject of the co-education of the sexes was touched upon, but left to be settled as expediency should demand, only some way should be provided in which the girls might have as good an education as the boys. Mr. Young would also have the full equality of women recognized politically, arguing that a just government rests upon the consent of all the governed, and not upon the consent of the men alone, and that if Queen Victoria was able to rule England, other Victorias were qualified to sit in her parliament, and yet others to help elect that parliament. Such laws should be made as will place woman on a perfect level with man, no lifting of either into superiority. Woman's cause should be man's cause, and man's cause woman's cause—religion simply made practical. His conception of the whole matter, and the argument and point of the sermon, may very readily be seen by taking the meaning of the word "men" in the hymn selected for closing the service to mean the whole race of mankind, and not simply the male half of it.

All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

SOCIABLE.—The young people of the Unitarian Church held a sociable in their vestry, Thursday evening, which was largely attended by their friends. The entertainment began at eight o'clock, and consisted of two duets, by Mr. Wilbur Cummings, violinist, and Mr. Ephraim Cutter, pianist, a song by Mrs. Trull, entitled "Jack and Jill," which was laughably illustrated by a pantomime. A piano solo by Mr. Cutter closed the first half of the entertainment. The introduction of the pantomime was a grand success, as well as the instrumental and vocal music. The last half of the evening was passed in a pleasant and social manner.

SUICIDE AT STONEHAM.—Mr. Elbridge Thorpe, an old resident of Stoneham, was found hanging in his barn on Tuesday afternoon, and when cut down life was found to be extinct. Mr. Thorpe was about sixty years old, and has carried on the business of a milkman. He has been partially deranged for some time, and it is supposed that insanity was the cause of his suicide. He leaves a family of children, who are all of age. Mr. Thorpe lived just over the line from Woburn, and was well known in town.

We would call attention to the new advertisement in our issue of this week of the firm of W. H. Jewett & Co., piano manufacturers. Our townsman, Mr. R. Brooks Richardson, has been a member of the firm for some ten years, and would be happy to show the pianos to any who may be intending to purchase. They have manufactured and sold nearly 3,000 pianos, which speaks well for quality and durability.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.—The executive committee of the Republican State Committee, at a meeting on Wednesday, selected Hon. Henry L. Dawes to preside over the State Convention to be held at Worcester on April 15, and Hon. John E. Sanford, of Taunton, to be Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. The basis of representation will be the same as to the Convention of 1876.

The British railway company who built the famous bridge over the Frith of Tay, which recently was the scene of the terrible disaster yet fresh in every one's mind, has petitioned for permission to repair the bridge, making such alterations in it as shall be deemed necessary for complete safety.

POLICE COURT.—James O'Brien, drunk, \$8.00 and costs. Joanna Carroll, illegal sale of intoxicating liquors, discharged. James Mitchell, drunk, \$3.00 and costs, committed. George Haywood, drunk, \$3.00 and costs. Edward Crosby, drunk, second offense, \$10 and costs.

The train due here at 6.21 P. M., was over an hour late on Monday, the delay being caused by a freight engine being off the track down the line.

The Committee of Public Safety will hold another public meeting next week, the date and speaker to be announced hereafter.

MASSACHUSETTS PRESS REUNION.—THE

seventh annual reunion of the members of this association took place at the Revere House, Boston, Tuesday afternoon. The business meeting was held at one o'clock. President Horton, of the Salem Gazette, in the chair. The annual report of the treasurer, John S. Baldwin, showed the receipts for the year to have been \$2,134.34, and the expenses for the annual excursion and winter reunion, \$2,016.91; balance on hand, \$117.43. The association proceeded to the choice of officers for the ensuing year. President Horton, having served for two years, declined a re-election, and the following officers were chosen: President, John S. Baldwin, of the Worcester Spy; vice presidents, Charles W. Slack, of the Commonwealth, Francis Procter, of the Cape Ann Advertiser, Geo. A. Mardon, of the Lowell Courier, Henry Chickering, of the Pittsfield Eagle, Justin Jones, of the Yankee Blade, recording secretary, Luther L. Holden, of the Boston Journal; corresponding secretary, John L. Parker, of the Woburn Journal; treasurer, Jas. Cox, of the Cambridge Press; auditor, George M. Whitaker, of the South-bridge Journal; historian and biographer, Alphonso Ross, of the Boston Advertiser. The subject of the annual summer excursion was brought up, and referred to the executive committee, which consists of the officers of the association. It was voted to hold the next annual meeting at an earlier hour in the day, and a committee appointed to arrange appropriate subjects for discussion at that time. The business was speedily dispatched, and the dinner served at about three o'clock, there being about 150 ladies and gentlemen at the tables, which were elegantly decorated and spread. After an hour had been passed in discussing the excellent menu, President Horton called the meeting to order, and gracefully welcomed the guests. The exercises thereafter consisted of several songs by the Weber Quartette, which were thoroughly enjoyed and generously applauded, a song by Mr. F. R. Titus, impersonations by Mr. William H. Sayward of Rev. Robert Collyer, Salvini, and Stuart Robson, short speeches from Hon. Chas. J. Noyes, Hon. Robert R. Bishop, Mr. Wm. A. Hovey, Rev. Henry W. Foote, Marshall M. Rich, president of the Maine Press Association, Charles A. Lee, of Rhode Island Press Association, Frank W. Miller, of the New Hampshire Press Association, and others. In the evening, by the generous courtesy of Messrs. Tompkins & Hill, proprietors of the Boston Theatre, the members of the association and their ladies were enabled to witness the representation of Sheridan Knowles' play of "Love," with Miss Mary Anderson as the Countess. If all the members who availed themselves of this opportunity were as well pleased with the talented young actress as we were, the universal verdict will be that she is not only a countess, but a princess among the disciples of the histrionic art. The reunion was a pleasant success in every particular.

THE TWO ORPHANS.—This play is so well known, and has been played so well and so long by Kate Claxton, that few old playgoers care to see any one else attempt it. There was a fair house in Lycium Hall, last Wednesday evening, to welcome Miss Kitty Lougee and her company, and her efforts to please were well appreciated. The support was better than on her former visit, perhaps as good as should be expected of a troupe that cannot always, in towns like Woburn, play to good houses. Miss Lougee is good in any part, and as Louise, gave entire satisfaction; Miss Susie Williams, as Henriette, showed great dramatic force; Miss Ethel as La Frochard, and Miss Ormsby as Marienne, were quite good, and Mr. Moore as the Chevalier, Mr. Corbett as the Minister of Police, and Mr. Hasson, as Pierre, all deserve notice. We understand Miss Lougee is coming again with a comedy and farce, which is sure to take.

HIGH SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.—The next entertainment in the High School course will be given on Monday evening, Feb. 23. The subjects of the essays will be Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. The following programme will be presented:—

Wordsworth, Miss Nellie L. Eastman.
The Daisy, Miss Nellie L. Eastman.
We are Seven, Miss B. E. Bond.
Goody Blake and Harry Gill, Miss Emma A. Putnam.
Coleridge, Mr. Parker.
Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Mr. George Perkins.
Hymn to Mount Blencio, Hon. J. G. Pollard.
Southey, Mr. Parker.
The Battle of Blenheim, Miss Annie E. Bancroft.

The Incheape Rock, Miss Sarah J. Kelley.
The Cataract of Lodore, Mr. J. M. Parker.
At the close of the entertainment the members of the Association will be requested to remain for choice of officers, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

MR. PIERCE'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Mr. Elmore A. Pierce was greeted with a full house at the Unitarian vestry, last Monday evening. He presented a varied programme, and it is the universal judgment that he never read better. He introduced a novelty in the form of the "whistling lady." There was a time when "whistling girls" were classed with "crowing hens," and a not very flattering termination of their careers was prophesied, but happily all that has passed away, and any one who can do a thing well, finds ready audience. Miss Chamberlin whistles with apparent ease and no little skill, and her performance makes a very pleasant change for the reader. The large audience must have been quite flattering to the performers, and they were very successful in giving pleasure to their listeners.

This is the time of the year when it is possible for the farmers to devote more time to reading and the improvement of their minds than at any other season. The woodpile has been hauled from the woods, sawed and snugly housed for consumption next winter. The chores at the barn occupy a portion of the time, but there are more stray moments and hours that can be passed in the company of a good book than at other times. Time is well spent that is used in keeping up with the world, and just now is the time, if ever, that farmers can take advantage of the free town library; and what town offers a better one than Woburn?

Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, of South Boston, will occupy the Unitarian pulpit next Sunday evening.

Boston North Baptist Association.

The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Boston North Baptist Sunday School Association was held at the Baptist Church at Malden, on Wednesday. Thirty-six schools are represented in this convention, comprising those connected with the following churches: Arlington; Boston—Bowdoin Square, Bethel, Twelfth, Central Square, Trinity; Cambridge—First, Second, Old North Avenue, Charles River, Broadway; Charlestown—First, Bunker Hill; Chelsea—First, Cary Avenue; Everett, Lexington, Malden, Medford, Melrose, Maplewood, Reading; Somerville—Perkins street, First, West; Stoneham, Woburn, Watertown, Winchester, Waltham, Weston, West Newton, Myrtle of West Newton, Winthrop. Number of classes represented in the 36 schools, 823; teachers and officers, 1,024; scholars, 9,035; total, 10,059; average attendance, 6,148; baptisms, 238; deaths, 62; amount of contributions, \$6,684.29. The Warren Avenue school, with a membership of 289, has withdrawn since last session, and the loss of membership besides this withdrawal has been 83, gain 208, showing a net gain of 208. The receipts of the convention have been \$333.26, and expenditures \$312.56, with balance on hand of \$20.70.

The convention was opened in the morning by the President, Hiram N. Stearns, of Somerville, and devotional exercises were then conducted, prayer offered by Rev. J. P. Abbott, of Medford, and a welcome address given by Rev. S. W. Foljambé, pastor of the Malden church. Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., of the Clarendon street church, gave an essay upon the subject of "Winning Souls." The essayist impressed upon the teachers two points—that fellowship should be sought with God and with man; the truth should be stated to the inquirer that the chief requisite is to receive Christ rather than to give himself to Christ. The teacher should sometimes tell the inquirer that he is forgiven even before he is aware of it himself. A Christian worker is an ambassador from God to man, not from man to God. Put an inquirer on God's word rather than on his own strength.

An essay in the afternoon by Rev. W. T. Chase, of Cambridge, upon "Some Conditions of Success in Sunday School Work." The great spiritual aims of the Sunday school should be dwelt upon more earnestly and heartily. There should be a systematic study of the word, a training of the teachers by the pastors, and a far deeper training by the power of the Holy Ghost. The importance of the Bible was most strongly urged as a guide and religious help. The discussion of these essays was opened by Rev. S. W. Foljambé, of Malden, who believed in first winning souls and then developing them into Christian character by the work of the Sunday School and the study of that grand book, the Bible. The discussion was continued by several members of the convention. Resolutions were passed urging the duty upon parents of securing the attendance of their children upon church worship as well as at Sunday School, and also one at the request of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, that temperance principles be taught to Sunday Schools scholars.

At the evening session Rev. O. P. Gifford, of Boston, spoke on the question "How to manage boys in the Sunday School?"

The teacher must have faith in God and in the truth to manage the boys. The life of the teacher must be transparent, reflecting the truth of God to the boy, for there is a freemasonry among boys, and the life of the teacher is all the time under scrutiny of his class. His life must be good all the week; no improper act or unworthy deed must be done by him, for his boys will surely know it, and his teachings will be laughed at. A smoked Christian is a poor glass to study the sun of righteousness through. The intellectual power should be used as a pump, acting upon the spiritual life as the deep spring. The truth is to manage the boys after first managing the teacher. The lesson teaching is the least part of the work, but the teacher must bring himself into hearty sympathy with his boys, not only in the school, but at home and during his every-day life. The discussion of the paper was carried on by Rev. Mr. Kennard, of East Boston, who suggested the power of the eye, personal influence, a strong hand, a heart full of love, and a brain of truth as powerful factors in moulding boys, and by Rev. H. A. Cook, of the Bethel, Deacon O. M. Wentworth, Rev. E. Mills, of Woburn, Rev. W. O. Holman, and others.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected:—President, William H. Breed, of Medford; Vice President, John R. Taylor, of East Cambridge; Corresponding Secretary, A. F. Graves, of Boston; Recording Secretary, A. L. Barbour, of West Newton; Treasurer, L. E. DeWolfe, of Charlestown; Auditor, E. B. Curtis, of Chelsea, Executive Committee, Geo. H. Whittemore, of Cambridge, B. B. Johnson, of Waltham, C. C. Barry, of Melrose, H. A. Stevens, of East Boston, W. T. Richardson, of Cambridge.

In a three-mile pedestrian match at Revere Hall, Boston, last week, C. Gray did the distance in 16 minutes and 24 seconds; and E. C. Grover, formerly of this town, and a walker and trainer of some note, completed the three miles in 16 minutes and 32 seconds.

The investigation of the plans of the Fusionists, whereby they hoped to steal the State of Maine, reveals an amount of rascality and downright villainy which few would believe possible were the facts not presented in the most convincing manner.

It is rumored that several ladies and gentlemen belonging to our musical and dramatic circles have in preparation an opera and a burlesque drama for public performance in the course of a few weeks. They will be the hit of the season.

HOLIDAY.—The schools of Woburn will be closed on Monday next, in honor of George Washington, who was born Feb. 22, 1732. As the 23d falls on Sunday, the holiday will occur on Sunday.

Mr. Horace J. Allen, the Woburn reporter of the Boston Herald, has left town, and is supposed to have taken up his residence in a neighboring state.

"THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE IN THE WORLD." The Old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Cullen Bros. & Co., Boston. Small reduced to 50c; Large 1.00.

North Woburn.

TEA PARTY.—The tea party given by the ladies of the Congregational society at North Woburn, Thursday evening, was a success. The programme was carried out and gave good satisfaction, and there was a good number present. The fancy goods table was well patronized and the receipts from it will add a tidy sum to their treasury. An excellent supper was served at 6.30 o'clock, which was partaken of by a large number. The songs of the colored singers and pantomime of "Mother Goose" were also enjoyable. Altogether a very pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

CONCERT.—The last of a series of entertainments that have been given in the North Woburn Unitarian Chapel will occur Monday evening, when a very attractive programme will be presented. The ladies and gentlemen who will take part in the concert are a sufficient guarantee that it will be excellent. They are, Mrs. Toppin Robie, Miss Annie B. Ellis, Miss Lillie T. Bond, sopranos; Mrs. M. E. Fulton, contralto; Mr. Fred. D. Merrill, tenor; Dr. C. T. Lang, baritone; Miss A. J. Lang, pianist; Mr. J. C. Buck, accompanist.

It is said that Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, would accept the Presidential nomination if General Grant were not in the field.

Winchester.

UNCLE SOLOMON'S BENEFIT.—The annual entertainment for the benefit of "Uncle Solomon" Fletcher, took place at the Congregational Church, Monday evening, and consisted of a most interesting lecture by Rev. Dr. March, of Woburn, upon "Incidents of Travel in the Holy Land," which was illustrated by the stereoscopic, under the charge of Mr. J. Fred Buel, also of Woburn. The scenes shown upon the canvas had all been visited by Dr. March, and he was able to vouch for their correctness as well as give much interesting information concerning them. The church was well filled, and the net receipts will amount to a goodly sum, and help "Uncle Solomon" through the winter. These annual benefits to this old and much-respected citizen of the town, are in the best sense a labor of love, being gotten up by a number of young men, who have the memory of years of kindness and genial helpfulness from "Uncle Solomon" to inspire them.

REMOVAL.—Dr. George P. Brown has removed his drug store and the post office from his old location to the new and elegant store fitted up for him in the Brown-Stanton block.

FESTIVAL.—The Seek and Save Circle will hold its annual entertainment in the vestry of the Congregational Church, Tuesday afternoon and evening of next week.

POSTPONED.—The G. A. R. sociable has been postponed on account of the many engagements of the members and its friends. Due notice will be given when the date is fixed.

TEMPERANCE.—President Small, of the Reform Club, spoke on the civil damage law as a prelude to last Sunday afternoon's meeting. Addresses were also made by Justice Littlefield, and others. Next Sunday the president will speak for the first half hour on the cider and beer phase of the question, in answer to a letter received from one of the citizens who had been invited to address the club, and declined in the following terms:—

"S. C

appropriation for extension of the Town Hall (\$1,000) was all expended. The liabilities of the town amount to \$4,972.00. Available assets, \$4,530.20, leaving the net amount of town debt \$441.80. The taxes have been promptly paid. The amount due from Collector of 1878, is \$139.65. Nathan Simonds the present collector has only \$211.99 of taxes uncollected.

RESIGNATION.—It is with regret that we chronicle the resignation of Miss Ida L. Hutchinson, teacher of the East school. Since Miss Hutchinson graduated at the Woburn High School, she has taught at the East school, and judging from the excellent character of the school, she has devoted herself assiduously to her duties, and has made a decided success in the vocation she adopted. The pupils under her care have made extra progress, and have become very much attached to their teacher. The school closes this Friday, and we understand Miss Hutchinson makes her exit as a school-teacher. Whatever sphere in life she is called upon to fill, she carries with her the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

DISTURBERS OF RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.—Several young men from Woburn visited Burlington last Sunday, and in a state of intoxication went into church and disturbed the services. A repetition of the offence will bring them to punishment.

SCHOOLS.—The district schools close this Friday. Miss Nellie H. Parker has tendered her resignation, having received a higher call.

BUILDINGS.—The almshouse is nearly completed. Mr. Brown, the contractor, is engaged in building a cottage for George Reed, at the south part.

LECTURE COURSE.—Rev. E. G. Porter, of Lexington, gives his third lecture of a series on Palestine and the Holy Land, at Ham's Hall, next Wednesday evening.

BIRDS.—Blue birds and robins have made their appearance.

Wilmington.
BOUNTY CASES.—The bill introduced last week in the House to authorize the town to pay certain sums of money to certain soldiers who served as part of the quota of this town in the late war, was rejected. We learn that there was no objection to the bill on the part of the representatives of the town, while the bill was successfully passed two years ago, met with severe opposition.

Mrs. Nancy Travis, of North Reading, who died Dec. 17, 1879, left her property valued at \$3,300, to her three grand-children, Ida, Frank and Arthur Travis, so that each of them will receive \$1,100. Miss Ida Travis lives at present in this town.

The Farmers' and Mechanics' Club, met on the 7th inst., at the residence of Mr. John T. Wild.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Harper's for March.—It long ago ceased to be a question as to whether or not any number of Harper's would be good or not. The quality of the article served up by Mr. Curtis is never to be doubted. The only query now is not, How good will it be? but What good things will it contain? The name of the firm of Harper & Brothers has long since passed into a synonym for the highest excellence, and anything bearing their imprint is sure to be good and to suit most tastes. This number of the magazine is especially rich in timely and instructive descriptive articles, and in illustrations, the engravings being most beautiful in conception and execution. The most fascinating thing in the number is William Hamilton Gibson's "Winter Idyl," not only from the peculiar charm of the author's pictures, but also from the beauty of his descriptions of winter scenery, and from the familiar associations recalled by every page of this delightful paper. Among the other contents, the article by Lieutenant Lemly entitled, "Among the Arapahois," Mr. Jarves' paper upon the new school of Italian painting and sculpture, C. C. Coffin's entertaining account of the great farms of Dacotah, "An Irish Wake," by J. L. Cloud, and "Vacation aspects of Colorado," will claim especial attention. There are poems by Longfellow, Paul H. Hayne, Mrs. Mace and Jas. T. Field, and a long list of short stories and articles, all deserving of attention. It is for sale at Horton's book store.

Peter's Magazine for March.—This has long been a favorite magazine with the ladies and the current number is of a character to maintain its reputation. It contains the usual amount of information concerning the fashions of the season, with illustrations, a song entitled "Hearts and Homes," an illustrated article on "Household Decoration and Furniture," the usual complement of short stories and poetry, and installments of Mrs. Burnett's story of "A Fair Barbarian," and Mrs. Stephen's "Lost."

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND AMERICANISM.—The various letters written to the Boston Herald upon the above subject by Rev. J. P. Bland and Rev. J. O'Brien have created so much interest that they have been collected and published in pamphlet form, "in response," says the introduction, "to many requests." The controversy was inaugurated by a sermon preached upon "The Public Schools," by Mr. Bland, January 4, a report of which appeared in the Herald. This was replied to by Mr. O'Brien, and the discussion soon left the restricted limits of the school-room and entered upon the broader field indicated by the title of the pamphlet before us. Sold by Horton.

Scrivener for March is at hand and is a fair sample of the degree of excellence to which the publishers have latterly brought the magazine. Eugene Schuyler gives a generous installment of his history of Peter the Great, numerously illustrated, and the other continued stories and articles are advanced a stage toward completion. For special attractions the number has a profusely illustrated article by W. McKay Laffan and Edward Strahan called "The Club Adroit," "Cham," by Richard Whiting, "Two Views of Napoleon," "Over Sunday in New Sharon," by Henry King, "The Words of the United States Government," by Mrs. Jackson. There are a number of poems including one by Miss Phelps, G. P. Lathrop and T. W. Hig-

ginson. The various editorial departments are full and interesting.

The Nursery for March is filled with entertaining readings for the little folks for any season of the year. Especial attention is called to "Great Bargains," "The Goat and the Monkey," "All Aboard," "Edith's Ride," and "Fishing for Trout," all of which are admirably illustrated. The poems by Josephine Pollard, George Cooper and Mary D. Brine, are of course all worth reading, as is everything in the number.

The far-famed Whitmore & Clark's Minstrels will appear at Lyceum Hall, next Tuesday evening, with a new programme complete, introducing four end men—Geo. M. Clark, Hank White, and the unrivaled Hennessey brothers. This company keep up to a high standard of excellence in their line, and are sure of a hearty welcome here. Reserved seats at Horton's.

The Springfield (Vermont) Reporter of Dec. 26 says: "Whitmore & Clark's Minstrels had a full house at the Town Hall last week Thursday night, and they gave the best show they have for years. 'George and Hank' and the 'Hennesseys' on the ends, with the singing by Fred Petts and James Davy, and the music by Prof. Maynard's Orchestra, made a good first part, while the new forces, the Hennesseys in their marvellous Lancashire clog, and songs and dances, 'George' in his budget of songs, filled in the second part very creditably. The last farce was a roarer and nearly killed the audience. We laughed till our sides did ache.' The company are meeting with crowded houses everywhere, and they are deserving of them."

CONVICTED.—At East Cambridge, Thursday, David E. Tenney, alias Daniel Edwards, alias Edward Sprague, alias E. R. Herrieks, retracted his previous plea, and plead guilty of entering the stable of E. Rockwood Hoar, at Concord, and stealing a horse, carryall, harness, side-saddle and other property. Also that he was guilty of stealing a horse and buggy from Andrew J. Curtis, of Bristol. Tenney's record shows him to be a very bad character. He was born in Concord, and at the early age of nine years was convicted of stealing a quantity of jackknives from a store, and has spent a large part of his life in prison. In 1849 he was arrested in Plymouth for breaking and entering, and served three years in the State Prison for that offence; in 1853 he was convicted of burglary in Lowell, and sentenced to five years in the State Prison; in 1863 he was again convicted at Cambridge, of breaking and entering, for which he was sentenced to three years in the State Prison. He afterwards served a sentence of fifteen months in the House of Correction, and in 1867 was sentenced to the State Prison for a term of four years. He tried the climate of New Hampshire in 1872, but as usual fate was against him, and he was sentenced to three years in the State Prison at that State. He was released when that time expired, and was sent to the Worcester House of Correction for an extended term. His last vacation was spent in Concord, where he committed the thefts for which he was indicted.

GRANT AND RICE.—The managers of the Grant "boom" cannot do better than by selecting ex-Gov. Rice, of Massachusetts, to complete their ticket. For various reasons, this is a fit selection. In the first place, Gov. Rice is a strong Grant man, and, as such, was one of the earliest in the field, outside of the blatant crowd which has never ceased to shout for Grant since he went out of office. Gov. Rice is well placed. Gen. Grant represents the vigorous, pushing, brawny West; Gov. Rice the keen, cultivated and brainy East. Both are intensely American, with abundant faith in the future greatness of the Republic, of broad gauge, with no pet theories beyond the strengthening of the general government and the enforcement of the laws. Gov. Rice would lend dignity and grace to the chair of the Senate, and as one of the happiest of occasional orators, he would be a proper supplement to the man whose reticence is, after all, one of his strongest points. Grant is a soldier; Rice is a merchant. Both are strong supporters of peace and order. The ticket so constituted would be harmonious, euphonious and popular.—Herald.

The morning after the Gen. Worth dance, about eight o'clock, a Woburn chap undertook to create a disturbance in the company's room, striking foreman P. G. Wilkins over the eye, and in the struggle which followed in bundling the fellow out into the street quite a crowd was attracted to the place. No blame was laid on the foreman for the summary manner in which he disposed of the disturber, but the after actions of the foreman caused the engineers to request the presence of all the officers of the company at a meeting Wednesday evening, when after hearing statements, it was decided to overlook the indiscretions of the captain, on a promise all round that there would be no cause for complaint in the future. "Our Aim the Public Good," is the company's motto, and it is a grand one, and every member should strive to live up to it.—Stoneham Independent.

For Sale and To Let.
FOR SALE.—One 7½ Octave Piano, fully repaired, nearly new. Original cost, \$300. Will be sold cheap for cash or on easy monthly installments. Inquire at the Journal office. 163
FOR SALE.—A light end-spring express wagon in good repair. Inquire of E. T. HOWARD, at Grammar & White's, or of T. WILSON, Union Street.
FOR SALE.—House of 11 rooms, painted, papered and blinded. Situated on Washington Street, Woburn, with about 24 acres land. Inquire of GEORGE FOWLE, near by.
STOCK HAY FOR SALE.—About 30 tons of good meadow hay for sale by ABEL SIMONDS, Burlington.

TO LET.—The "Carroll" House, No. 307 Main Street. Inquire of JOSEPH KELLEY, 116 P. O. Box 775.
TO LET.—Stall and Carriage Room. Address at the Journal office.
TO LET.—A desirable Tenement To Let on Pleasant street, to a small family. For terms apply at this office. 85
ROOMS TO LET.—Suitable for light manufacturing or for offices. Can be arranged to suit tenants. Steam Power furnished if desired. Inquire of G. F. JONES. 63

THOSE TOOTH POWDERS.
Prepared by G. S. Dodge, give great satisfaction. The Fragrant, cleanses and purifies. The Chlorine, removes offensive odor of Catarrh, or teeth. The Camphorated, heals spongy gums. All cleanses, preserves and whitens. Sold only at
DODGE'S DRUG STORE.
Geo. S. Dodge, - - Pharmacist.
165 Main Street, 143 Woburn.

Lost, Found, Wanted.

WANTED.—A good Protestant Girl, to do general housework and cooking. Apply at the Journal office.

COMING! COMING!
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN.
Tuesday Evening, Feb. 24.
The Event of the season. Twenty-first Annual Tour.

WHITMORE & CLARK'S
MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND.
ENTIRELY NEW FEATURES.
The Acknowledged Family Resort.
END 4 MEN.
Geo. M. Clark, Hank White, James and Frank Hennessey.
A FINE VOCAL CORPS. A SUPERB ORCHESTRA.
Admission, 25 cents. Reserved seats 50 cents. Gallery 10 cents. Children under 12, 20 cents.
Reserved Seats at Horton's Book Store.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock.
E. P. HARDY, Manager.
DR. G. W. HUNTLEY, General Agent.

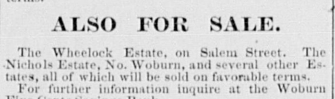
Pocket Knives and Scissors.
Low Prices, at 156
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE.
W. H. JEWETT & Co.,
Manufacturers of 161
First Class Square and Upright
PIANOS.

SPLENDID INSTRUMENTS.
ALL WARRANTED. Call and examine at
576 Washington St., Boston.
R. Brooks Richardson.

Money to Loan!
A few first class Mortgages taken on favorable terms.
ALSO FOR SALE.
The Wheelock Estate, on Salem Street. The Nichols Estate, No. Woburn, and several other Estates, all of which will be sold on favorable terms. For further information inquire at the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.
Woburn, Feb. 18, 1880. 162

T. H. HILL & CO.,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
NO. 106 MAIN STREET.
FOR SALE.
House—Mt. Pleasant Street.
House—Comm Street.
House and 1 acre of land.
Building lots, Bedford street.
House and Barn. Beach street.
House—Warren street.
House—Pleasant street.
Building lots on Arlington street.
TO LET.
House of 8 rooms.
House of 12 rooms.
Tenements of 6 rooms each.
House with gas, 8 rooms.
1 Office. Rent \$50.
House—East street.
House—Church street.
House—Myrtle street.
House and Barn. Pond street. Rent \$150. 166

119-MAIN STREET-119.
Cash Provision Store
Meat, Vegetables, Canned Goods,
Fruits in their season, etc., etc.,
At 119 Main Street, Woburn,
Saturday, February 14th
A complete stock of everything in the Provision line will be constantly kept on hand, and sold at the lowest living prices for cash.
By a careful attention to the wants of his customers, he hopes to merit a share of your patronage.
Respectfully,
T. FRED. EMERY.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.
Second National Cat Show.

Opens March 1, for six days. 149
For full particulars address Music Hall, Boston.

E. GIROUX,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER,
SHOP, REAR OF RESIDENCE. 146
Everett Street, Woburn.
Carriages, Sleighs, Ponges, and Express Wagons, built to order. Repairing promptly attended to.

WANTED.
The following numbers of the Woburn Journal—
Vol. 6, No. 30 (July 4) and 44 (Aug. 5) 1877.
Vol. 7, No. 6, Nov. 14, 1877.
Vol. 8, No. 30, July 2, 1879.
Vol. 15, Nos. 1, 2, 3, Oct. 5, 10, 31, 1884.
Vol. 15, Nos. 7, 8, 9, Nov. 14, 21, 28, 1884.
Vol. 15, No. 13, Dec. 29, 1884.
Vol. 15, No. 43, Aug. 6, 1884.
Vol. 14, No. 12, Feb. 4, 1880.
For which a fair price will be paid. Or Vol. 13 will be bought entire, bonum or unbonum. 144

NO TROUBLE
TO SHOW GOODS
—AT—
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE.
Prices Very Low.

MOSES BANCROFT,
SEWING MACHINES AND FINDINGS,
104 MAIN ST., WOBURN, SOLE'S BLOCK.

HAVING PURCHASED
J. P. FERNALD'S
GLASS WARE.
WE WILL CLOSE OUT WHAT REMAINS OF OUR
Bankrupt Stock of Glass Ware,
Much less than Cost.

DRY AND FANCY GOODS
—AT A—
GREAT SACRIFICE,
We shall continue its sale in connection with our own
Large and Varied Stock.
—OFFERING—
NEW BARGAINS DAILY.
C. A. SMITH & SON,
177 Main Street, Woburn.

Plated Ware.
Best kind, at 154
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main Street, Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.
All persons interested, take notice.
PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Dole Parker to George B. Dodge, (now deceased), dated November 7th, A. D. 1867, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., book 102 page 16, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on Tuesday the second day of March, A. D. 1880, at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated at Burlington, in said County of Middlesex, on a road leading from Burlington, to Wilmington, containing about one-half acre, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by land formerly of said Dole Parker; northerly by land of Mark Fiske, and easterly on said Fiske's land.

Also, one other lot of land situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about five rods, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the easterly corner of land formerly of Jonathan Reed, and later of said Dole Parker; thence the line runs southerly about six rods; thence more westerly about four rods to the road leading to Wilmington; thence southerly on said road to the point of beginning.

Also, one other lot of land situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about one-eighth of an acre, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the easterly corner of land formerly of Jonathan Reed, and later of said Dole Parker; thence the line runs southerly on an old wall, about three rods to a stake and stones; thence southerly to the road; thence northerly on land of Mark Fiske to the point of beginning.

Also, one other lot of land containing about seven and one-half acres, more or less, situated in said Burlington, called "Wim Pasture." Said land is bounded westerly by a road leading from Burlington to Wilmington; northerly by land of Benjamin Carter; easterly by land of Mark Fiske, and southerly by land formerly of said Dole Parker. Said land is now owned by said Dole Parker, and is situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about one-eighth of an acre, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the easterly corner of land formerly of Jonathan Reed, and later of said Dole Parker; thence the line runs southerly on an old wall, about three rods to a stake and stones; thence southerly to the road; thence northerly on land of Mark Fiske to the point of beginning.

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142 Main Street, Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.
All persons interested, take notice.
PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Dole Parker to George B. Dodge, (now deceased), dated November 7th, A. D. 1867, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., book 102 page 16, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on Tuesday the second day of March, A. D. 1880, at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated at Burlington, in said County of Middlesex, on a road leading from Burlington, to Wilmington, containing about one-half acre, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by land formerly of said Dole Parker; northerly by land of Mark Fiske, and easterly on said Fiske's land.

Also, one other lot of land situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about five rods, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the easterly corner of land formerly of Jonathan Reed, and later of said Dole Parker; thence the line runs southerly about six rods; thence more westerly about four rods to the road leading to Wilmington; thence southerly on said road to the point of beginning.

Also, one other lot of land situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about one-eighth of an acre, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the easterly corner of land formerly of Jonathan Reed, and later of said Dole Parker; thence the line runs southerly on an old wall, about three rods to a stake and stones; thence southerly to the road; thence northerly on land of Mark Fiske to the point of beginning.

Also, one other lot of land containing about seven and one-half acres, more or less, situated in said Burlington, called "Wim Pasture." Said land is bounded westerly by a road leading from Burlington to Wilmington; northerly by land of Benjamin Carter; easterly by land of Mark Fiske, and southerly by land formerly of said Dole Parker. Said land is now owned by said Dole Parker, and is situated in the northerly part of said Burlington, containing about one-eighth of an acre, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the easterly corner of land formerly of Jonathan Reed, and later of said Dole Parker; thence the line runs southerly on an old wall, about three rods to a stake and stones; thence southerly to the road; thence northerly on land of Mark Fiske to the point of beginning.

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Journal Club Column

AN INNOCENT ABROAD.—The other day the police at the Union depot noticed a feeble-looking old man wandering in and out to kill time until his train should depart, and as he often displayed quite a roll of bills, he was cautioned to look out for pickpockets and confidence men.

"Wouldn't anybody rob an old man like me, would they?" he innocently asked.

The warning was repeated, but he jogged along as before, and after a time was seen in consultation with two strangers, who had walked him around to the wharf. An officer got him away from them and angrily said: "Didn't I warn you against strangers? Those fellows are after your money."

"But how can they get it when I have it in my pocket and my hand on it all the time?"

"Well, you look out."

"Yes, I'll look out; but I don't want to be uneasy. When anybody talks to me I like to talk back."

The strangers soon had him on the string again, and in about a quarter of an hour they left him in a hurried manner, and he sauntered into the depot with his wallet in his hand.

"There! You've let 'em beat you!" exclaimed the officer. "How much did you lend them?"

"Well, they wanted twenty dollars, and I slowly replied."

"And you handed it over, of course?"

"I gave 'em a fifty dollar bill and got thirty back."

"Well, you'll never see the bill again."

"I kinder hope not," he chuckled, as he drew down his eye. "It was a counterfeit which my son found in Troy, and being as I am very old and innocent, and not up to the tricks of the wicked world, I guess I'll get into the cars before somebody robs me of my boots! If any one should come around looking for me, please say I'm not at home!"

—Detroit Free Press.

"I'm hungry and ragged and half sick and dead broke," muttered a tramp as he sat down for a sun bath on a wharf at Detroit, "but it's just my luck. Last fall I got into Detroit just two hours too late to sell my vote. Nobody to blame. Found a big wallet on the street in December and four police came up before I could hide it. Luck again. Got knocked down by a street car, but there was no opening for a suit and damages because I was drunk. Just the way. Last fall nails were down. I knew there'd be a rise but I didn't buy and hold for the advance. Lost \$10,000 out and out. All that way with me. Glass went up 25 per cent., but I hadn't a pane on hand excepting the pane in my back. Never knew it to fail. Now lumber's gone up, and I don't own even a fence-picket to realize on. Just me again. Fell into the river (other day, but instead of pulling me out and giving me a hot whiskey they pulled me out and told me to leave town or I'd get the bounce. That's me again. Now I've got settled down here for a bit of a rest and a snooze, but I'll be routed out in less than fifteen minutes, and I know it. I'll be just my hanged luck!"

He settled down, slid his hat over his face, and was just beginning to feel sleepy when a hundred pounds of coal rattled down on him. "I knew it! I knew it!" shouted the tramp as he sprang up and rubbed the dust off his head. "I said so all the time, and I just wish the damned old hoghead had come down along with the coal and jammed me through the wharf."

Some one who signs himself Ruthiel, sends to the Baltimore Gazette, the following which the author of *The Gilded Age* will probably consider as funny as anything he ever wrote: "A very fortunate horoscope is that of Mark Twain, who was born November 3, 1835. He had the Sun, Venus, Mercury, and Mars all in conjunction, forming a saturnalium, and these four planets formed a trine aspect with Jupiter and Herschel. The only evil aspect in the figure is the Moon in opposition to Saturn. Most of the planets are in watery signs, and he drinks a great deal of lager beer. When they are mostly in fiery signs, it is said by Mr. Pearce, the author of the *Text Book of Astrology*, that they give a taste for stronger stimulants. Mark Twain has Saturn in Libra, which would cause kidney troubles."

A gentleman living near Indianapolis, who has been so unfortunate as to lose five excellent wives, desired to erect a headstone for each, commemorating her virtues, but has been deterred by the expense. The other day a happy thought struck him and he proceeded to carry it out. The five wives were buried side by side in the same graveyard. This is the happy thought: The Christian name of each wife to be on a small stone—"Emma," "Jane," "Mary," "Margaret," "Elizabeth"—a hand, out on each stone, pointing to a large stone in the centre of the lot, and under each hand, "For epitaph see large stone."

Country Schoolmaster—"Why weren't you at school yesterday?"

Johnny—"Please, sir, we had a family festival."

Schoolmaster—"A family festival? And what was it, pray, a wedding, baptism, or what?"

Johnny—"No, sir; it was butchering hogs."

Little Freddie was undergoing the difficult operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the manœuvre.

"Why, Freddie," said mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed."

"Yes," replied the youthful party, "but your hair isn't hitched to your head."

In a neighboring district school, a little boy, six years old, was seen to whisper, but denied doing so when reproved by the teacher. He was asked if they did not tell him in the Sunday School where bad boys went who told falsehoods. Choking with sobs, he said: "Yes, ma'am; it's a place where there's a fire, but I don't just remember the name of the town."

Little Charlie had his hair "bobbed" the other day, but did not like the operation of brushing. "Ma, that barber's brush made me squawk." Mother—"I did not hear any noise." Charley—"But I squawked in my nose."

Miscellaneous.

THE SECOND HUSBAND.

Rap! Rap! "Come in," said Maurice Carroll, languidly, from the depths of the easy chair in which he was calmly reading.

"I beg your pardon," said Paul Carter, looking in, "did you say you were disengaged?"

"What, Paul?" exclaimed Maurice, rapturously, and seizing Paul by the hand; "is it really you or your ghost? I haven't seen you in a year. Sit down. What have you been doing with yourself? I hear you have been good married."

"I have," said Paul, sighing.

"Hullo!" said Maurice, opening his eyes. "Married life unhappy? Now I come to notice it, you look rather pale. Jealous of any one?"

"Nonsense!" said Paul, impatiently. "Nothing of the kind! My wife is the sweetest little woman you ever set eyes on, and never gives me the least cause for jealousy."

"Violent temper?" hinted Carroll.

"Not at all," said Paul, smiling. "You don't know her; she is never angry."

"Then what is the matter?" demanded Morris. "For something is. Don't tell me, I know. When a fellow comes in and sighs when he is asked about his wife, something's up. Come, what is it? Unboshom!"

"Well, you know," said Carter, hesitatingly, "my wife before I married her was a widow, and her name was Johnson."

"Exactly. Romantic name. Proceed."

"Well, Johnson was a pretty good sort of a fellow, I believe," continued Paul, "though rather humdrum. I don't believe Mary loved him so devotedly while he lived, but now she idolizes him, and reverences his memory, and all that sort of thing."

"Ah, I see," said Maurice, nodding sagely, "she's always throwing his great weight on your head?"

"Yes," said Paul, slowly; "that's about it—continually holding him up as an example for me to copy from. Not in an angry manner, mind; but in a mildly reproachful tone that is immensely aggravating. I can't stand it any longer."

"Yes; I suppose it does become monotonous, after awhile," said Maurice, commiseratingly. "But was the late lamented Johnson such a model of propriety as she represents?"

"It seems so," said Paul, dismally, "and that's the worst of it. As far as I can find out, he never did anything wrong from the day of his birth to the day of his death. If I could only find out any offense that he had committed, I might hush her up; but I can't. He never even thought anything wicked."

"H'm," said Maurice, thoughtfully, "well, I pity you, and if I can relieve you, I will. Take a cigar, and forget Johnson if you can."

"I can't," groaned Paul, despairingly.

"Paul," said Mrs. Carter, mildly, "have you brought that silk dress I asked for?"

"I forgot it, Mary," said Paul, meekly. "How stupid!"

"Never mind," says Mrs. Carter. "Johnson never forgot anything I told him."

Mrs. Carter sighed, and there was a short pause.

"Paul," she said, presently.

"Well?"

"Do you think you can go to the station to meet Mrs. Allen when she comes on her visit to me?"

"I'm afraid not," said Paul, quietly. "My business will not admit it. I am really very sorry."

"Very well," said Mrs. Carter, resignedly. "I'll go myself. But Johnson never allowed his business to interfere with any project for obliging me."

"We can't all be like Johnson," said Paul a little tartly.

"Very true," said Mrs. Carter, quietly. "The late Mr. Johnson was a very good man."

"Do you suppose he ever did any wrong?" asked Paul, cynically.

"I don't think he ever did," said Mrs. Carter, decidedly. "I am firmly convinced."

Here she was interrupted by a ring at the bell.

A middle-aged man was shown into the room, inquiring for Paul.

"Mr. Carter, I believe?" he said, inquiringly.

And, as he spoke, he produced from his coat pocket a bulky note-book.

"I am," said Paul, surprised at his manner; "do you wish to see me for anything important?"

"Well," said the stranger, coolly, "that's according to what light you view it in. But see," he went on selecting several slips of paper from his book, "I have here several little bills against the late Mr. Johnson, your wife's former husband."

"Against Mr. Johnson?" exclaimed Mrs. Carter, incredulously. "You must be mistaken. Mr. Johnson left no bills unpaid at his death."

"Praps you think so," said the man, mysteriously; "but you're wrong. Mr. Johnson was an uncommon sly fox, and I reckon you didn't know all of his affairs."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Carter, looking as if she was about to burst into tears.

"This bill," said the man, slowly, disregarding the interruption, "is for cigars, brandy, etc., furnished to the deceased."

"Mr. Johnson never smoked or drank," said the relic of the late lamented, firmly.

"Ten pounds," continued the relentless stranger, "—this is for carriage hire for self and friends, during the two months prior to his decease. Twenty-two pounds; this is for a dinner given by Mr. Johnson to a party of his friends."

Mrs. Carter looked aghast during this revelation, while Paul stared helplessly at the man as he continued to draw forth bill after bill.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, at the thirteenth bill was laid on the table before him, "you surely don't expect me to pay for all this?"

"Well, I rather thought," said the man, quietly, "that you would prefer to pay these bills, and avoid scandal."

"But I won't," said Paul, excitedly; "I am not going to ruin myself to pay the debts of a miserable, hypocritical spendthrift!"

"Just as you please," said the man, coolly.

gathering up the bills, and replacing them in his book. "We'll see about that. I dare say there's plenty more coming—bills, I mean. Johnson was a gay man, I can tell you."

"A gay man!" repeated Mrs. Carter, wondering.

"Well, well, I am sorry to press these little things; but when people dance, they must pay the piper, you know."

"Mary," said Paul, after the man had gone, "what do you think of that paragon of yours, now?"

Mary's answer was a torrent of tears. Her idol had been rudely shattered to atoms, and she felt like a ship adrift.

"And I suppose I'll have to pay these bills," said Paul, gloomily, "even if we have to live on bread and water for a year."

"What's the matter now, Paul?" asked Carroll, anxiously, as his friend strolled into his room with a very downcast countenance.

In reply Paul told him about Johnson's perfidy.

"How does Mrs. Carter take it?" asked Maurice, grinning.

"Very hard," cried Paul gloomily, "I don't think I'll hear much more in praise of the late husband hereafter."

"I should think so," said Maurice, laughing.

"It's a great relief," said Paul, "but at a heavy cost."

"Oh, if that is all that troubles you," said Maurice, smiling, "I can relieve you of your anxiety. Behold the bills!" and he thrust a bundle of papers into Paul's hand.

"Why, how did you become possessed of them?" asked Paul, wondering.

"Well, the fact is," admitted Maurice, "I wrote them."

"You?"

"Yes, I. I sent the man—one of my friends, with them. The fact is, I made up that plan. The bills are false, and Johnson, I don't believe, owes any man a shilling."

"Maurice Carroll," said Paul, sternly, "ain't you ashamed of yourself? You ought to be. However, I forgive you. I won't have to pay those bills."

"Don't tell your wife," said Maurice, pleadingly, "for my sake and your own. Let her believe that you compromised the matter. Come in a month and report proceedings."

A month passed, and Paul met his friend again.

"Well," said Maurice, "I never saw you look better."

"Thanks to your stratagem," replied Paul. "You not only cured my wife of quoting her first, but have made her feel greater respect and consideration for her second husband."

BENEFITS OF GOOD TOOLS.—There is an old saying to the effect that "it takes a good workman to make a good job with poor tools." So it does, and there have been many triumphs, recorded and unrecorded, of brain and skill over seemingly insurmountable obstacles. It is a satisfaction to compass a result with apparently inadequate means, and the mechanic who does it is justly proud of his success. But working with poor tools is never certain to produce good results, however great the skill and inventive brain. Misses are made as well as hits, and even the most self-assured workman feels safer with good and applicable tools. No workman can afford to risk his reputation and success with poor tools; there is so much risk of a failure, and such anxiety for the result, that even if success has been attained, it has been at the expense of time, thought, muscle and trouble that robs it of half its gratification.

The time has gone by when the workman was expected to "make something out of nothing," when one implement or appliance was made to do duty for another, and "make-shifts," their origin, use and application to the job in hand were part of the kit of the workman. The constant and growing improvement in tools and labor-saving machinery have not only increased the profit of the manufacturer, but lightened the labors of the workmen. The machinist who learned his trade thirty years ago, would be ashamed to resort to the wretched substitutes for tools with which he was then compelled to do his work. The carpenter knows the advantages of the mortising machine, the moulding machine, the band saw and other improvements. The blacksmith sees the advantages of the drop hammer, the shears, the steam hammer and the portable forge; and even the farmer, who keeps up with the times, appreciates the mowing machine and the many improved hand tools, which facilitate his operations and reduce his labor. There may have been brain, energy and labor wasted in the production of improved tools and appliances; for there are some which have never met the expectations of their contrivers or filled the wants of the users. But in truth, there has been no portion or department of mechanical endeavor that has accomplished better results or has reached higher success. The number of special tools now used is wonderfully great as compared with thirty years ago. There is no manufacture of consequence that has not its special appliances, machinery and tools, and in tools for general work, the improvement has been fully as marked. Even in hand tools the improvement is obvious to the slightest observation. In every department of industry these improvements have made their mark. They save time and labor, and produce more satisfactory results. It is a wise economy to reject imperfect tools, and as the patent medicine men advertise, "use the best." Whenever an improved implement is put into the market, one that will do the work better or quicker, it is economy to buy it, even if the old one is intact and serviceable.—*Journal of Commerce.*

The salaries of New York city choir artists are said to be considerably lower now than they were. The highest, it is said, are paid to organists, who receive from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year. Soprano and tenor salaries range from \$700 to \$1,000, the latter sum being exceptionally high, and only paid to artists of special attractions. Baritone and contralto are easier to procure, and receive an average of \$100 less. The members of the second quartet get from \$200 to \$250. Boy chorists from \$75 to \$150.

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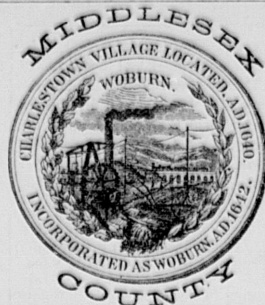
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Lowell, 7:30, 9:30, 11:30 A. M., 1:30, 3:30, 4:45, 6:45, 8:45, 10:45, 11:45 P. M.

Lowell, 7:30,

WOBBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXX.

WOBBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

NO. 9.

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Poetical Selection.

MY SCHOOL.

I sat in the school of sorrow,
My Master was teaching there;
And my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart oppressed with care.

Instead of looking upward,
And seeing His face Divine,
So full of tender compassion,
For weary hearts like mine,

I only thought of the burden,
Of the cross that before me lay,
The clouds that hung thick above me,
Darkening the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
And say "Thy will be done,"
And the Master came not near me,
As the lesson hours went on.

At last, in despair, I lifted
My streaming eyes above,
And I saw the Master watching,
With a look of pitying love.

To the cross before me He pointed,
And I thought I heard Him say—
"My child, thou must take thy burden,
And appoint thee all thy way."

"Not now may I tell the reason;
'Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And appoint thee all thy way."

Then kneeling, the cross I lifted;
For one glimpse of that face Divine
Had given me strength to bear it,
And say, "Thy will, not mine."

And so I learned my lesson;
And through the weary years,
His helping hand sustained me,
And wiped away my tears.

And ever the glorious sunlight
From the heavenly home streamed down,
Where the school tasks all are ended,
And the cross exchanged for a crown.

—Brookline Chronicle.

Selected Story.

The South Branch Farm.

The Taney had lived on the South Branch Farm since colony times, and no Taney had ever cheated a man of a cent. They lent no money, and they borrowed none; they never sat at any man's table, nor asked a guest to theirs.

The Taney pew—a front one—was filled every Sunday, come rain or sun. Mrs. Taney, a middle-aged woman, with her gray hair in a tight little knot behind, and wearing the same rusty black gown and bonnet for a dozen years, but always, like the others, present. But sometimes she was asleep. For this was the one hour in the week when she could sit down on a cushion, and fold her hands. The air was warm; the music soft and sweet; no wonder she slept. Some- times the words that were read stirred her soul; it seemed as if her childhood woke,—as if the tears must come to her long dry eyes. But they never did. By the time she had walked home with her son William, the strange story of Bethlehem, or the heavenly glory to come, had faded into a doubtful dream, and all that was real was the South Branch Farm, the price of pork, or the fall in potatoes. After church, dinner must be ready, (piping hot, too, on account of the sheep), in half an hour; then she had the board to look after, and the poultry to feed; then supper; then milking. The Taney had never kept any "help." Mrs. Taney had brought up six children, been sole cook, seamstress, tailor and dairy maid; yet her husband, old Ben, always had said: "Sarah! no real man's table, no Taney blood in her."

Ben had been dead five years; but his wife went on, carrying a growing load on a back which lacked bone. William was a harder task-master than his father had been; the very oxen felt the lash often, and their corn fell off one-half. He sat in the kitchen now, with a book before him, while his mother and youngest sister, Letty, were cooking supper.

"Take that butter off the table," he said, suddenly. "Mollasses will do. What are you cooking meat for? It's not necessary. Put it back in the cellar!"

"Yes, William," replied his mother, submissively. "Only I thought the boarder—"

"We can't afford to feed him like a lord. You'll have to exercise economy, mother. I can't always be here to look after things. How can I ever pay for the meadow lots? If the money is thrown about in this way?"

"In what way, William?" Mrs. Taney's scared eyes wandered over the bare kitchen, the smouldering coals in the corner of a grate, the half-starved face of her little girl.

"I try to save, I'm sure. What way do you mean?"

"Oh, every way!" closing his book with a bang. "There's a leak at every corner. Why, I toil and slave the year round; but with such a lot of mouths to feed—"

He glared at Letty, who shrank into the pantry. She did not come out during supper, and her mother dared not recall her. The girl was crying, as usual, and her tears exasperated William. Poor Letty felt the guilt of her hearty appetite sore upon her. She was always hungry; hungry to faintness now.

Mrs. Taney forgot to eat her bread, or drink her milk. The meadow lots! It was to buy these lots that her husband had made her live here, hard and wretched, from their wedding-day. The good, wholesome produce of the farm, which should have fed the children, had gone to market, while they ate the refuse; the money, which should have been educating them, had been put in the bank to buy these lots. When her baby was ill, no doctor was brought, and the child died; the money saved went to the lots; the mother had begged in vain for a headstone for the grave. There was Letty, growing

to be a woman, half-clothed, without a sparkle of fun or pleasure to lighten her young life; while poorer girls dressed and went out, and had company, and enjoyed, as the young should, days filled with comfort and happiness. Every penny thus saved, William laid by for "the lots." Yes! those twelve acres had come to be the absolute god for these people. Not a happy life, nor God, nor heaven.

After supper his mother followed him out.

"William," she said, desperately, "how many years will it be before you can buy the lots?"

"Years—the lots!" in unfeigned amazement. "I—how on earth can you understand business?"

It was the first time she had ever spoken in this way.

"I don't know; but I am afraid I will never live to see it. It is so long—"

She went back to the kitchen. The dishes stood untouched upon the table, and little Letty was seated upon the steps, a basket of red peaches beside her, which the boarder had brought down from his room.

He was a young man, a teacher in a Virginia country school, who had come up to these hills geologizing in his summer vacation.

"I brought them from the McBride farm, Mrs. Taney," he said. "They are a very common kind in the Shenandoah valley," handing them to her.

Mrs. Taney's thin features grew warm.

"I remember a tree at home just like these," she said, "by the old mill. My old nurse used to hold me up to pull them for myself."

"Your little girl tells me you came from Fauquier county. It is a fine county."

"It is the most beautiful in the world," said Mrs. Taney.

She stopped and went in hastily. She felt the tears choking her. She could hear Mr. Burke tell the child that his school was in Fauquier, and that he often passed her grandfather's house. It was for sale now, with a dozen acres about it,—would sell very cheaply, no doubt. Land had depreciated since the war. "A quiet, comfortable little homestead, too," he said, "as any in the State."

Mrs. Taney paused in her work.

"Oh, if I could only show it to Letty," she said to herself. "The dear old Letty. The sunny porch, the Bourbon roses, and the great oaks, centuries old." She had never spoken of her old home to her other children; but to Letty she had talked of it often when they were alone. Letty was like herself; the others were all Taney.

She came to the door.

"Do you know, Mr. Burke, if there is an old negro on the place—a gardener?"

"Uncle Tod? Oh, everybody knows the old man, and his stories about the Cleve-lands—de family, as he calls them."

"We were the Cleve-lands. And old Tod is really living yet?" she laughed, for the first time in a year.

When Letty had gone in, Mr. Burke paced up and down the porch. He was a manly, large natured young man, and his heart ached with pity for the poor, pinched lives of this child and her mother. All he could do to show them kindness was to lend books to Letty, which she devoured eagerly, for she was fond of reading; in fact, she had obstinately persisted in staying at the free school until she had educated herself.

William Taney waited until the young man had gone, and then he went into the pantry, where his mother was straining the last crock of milk. Something in his manner made her sit down, trembling.

"You have bad news to tell?" she said.

"No," with an uneasy, stricken laugh—"Most folks call it good. Fact is, mother, I've made up my mind to marry—"

"Oh, William!" her old cheeks coloring.

"I made up my mind three months ago, and the girl's courted, and the wedding's to be to-morrow. There, now. No need for you to look in that way. I'm generally pretty close-mouthed about my own business, you might know that. And I didn't choose to have the matter cackled over at home. The girl's Miss Sophy Crawford."

His mother came toward him. He was her son, after all, and this was the turning point of his life. She put her arms about him and kissed him. "God bless you, my son," she said.

He stood immovable as a log.

"Don't let us have any fuss," he said. "You'd better sit down. You're shaking all over. Well, that's all. There'll be no wedding hubbub here. I don't hold to spending money in feeding a lot of guzzling tools. The Crawfords have a regular blowout in the morning; but you don't want to go, I reckon?"

"I should like to see you married," timidly.

"Oh, nonsense! There's no sickly sentiment about me. I'll have Sophy home by supper time. You'll have to see to things here."

He lighted his candle and turned to go.

"By the way, she was here a month ago."

"Yes," Mrs. Taney remembered distinctly the cross-featured, black-eyed young woman, who had swaggered through the farm-house in her cheap silk and gilt jewelry.

She came to take a look at her new home—well, she rather took a fancy to the south chamber. You'd better fix it up for her."

William stopped and came back, saying: "Now, look here. It's just as well to speak plainly at once. I'll have no opposition from you, Letty, nor from any other woman. I'm the head of this house. My wife shall be mistress of it. She brings me a snug bit of money, and I'll not have her nor her family insulted in it."

"My son!"

But he stalked off to bed.

There was no time the next day, for Mrs. Taney or Letty to even think of the coming trouble. They were up as usual, two or three hours before day, kindling fires, milking, and cooking breakfast for the six harvest hands. Then came washing, a dinner at noon, all the work of a farm, in short, that falls on a woman, in addition to the house cleaning and preparation of the room, which the bride had chosen for her own. Mrs. Taney moved sluggishly through the latter part of her work.

"What is the matter, mother?" asked Letty.

Mrs. Taney laughed feebly.

"I don't know. I feel like a clock that is nearly run down."

Letty made no reply. The child had lately been absent-minded, indifferent, while her mother talked, apparently wrapped in her own thoughts. Could it be, the mother thought, Letty also was forsaking her? Mrs. Taney had only one other daughter—the baby who died. The other children were all sons, all of whom, except William, had gone West, and married there. She had often wished they would ask her to visit them, that she might see their children; but they never did.

While they were hanging out clothes that afternoon, Mrs. Taney heard a tap, three times repeated, on the orchard fence. Letty's face colored. She dropped the clothes and ran behind the apple-tree. As she came back, her mother saw her thrust a note into her pocket. Mrs. Taney grew suddenly sick at heart. Letty, with a secret, Letty carrying on a clandestine love affair!

While Mrs. Taney stood doubting whether to ask the child for her confidence, Letty had disappeared. A few moments later the girl went down the road in her clean dress and sun-bonnet. It was but a trifle, yet it stunned the jaded woman as a sharp blow would have done.

The other farmers' daughters kept up a perpetual, vulgar flirting and secret courtship. But Letty was her own ewe lamb, delicate and pure.

Mr. Burke, coming over the fields that afternoon, with his hatchet and bag of speeimens, was amazed to see Letty standing on the road, in earnest conversation with a man.

"A coarse, red-jawed, heavy fellow," was his angry verdict. The fellow talked long and earnestly. Then he took Letty's hand and pressed it fervently. Burke turned his back on them, and struck across the hills.

The girl's mother should hear of this at once, he said to himself decidedly. Then he slackened his pace. What was it to him? Why should he vex himself about this girl? Or meddle in her love affairs? He went slowly back to the hills; but the blood rushed with a strange beat through his veins.

In an hour Letty was back at work with redoubled vigor, to make up for lost time. Her mother scanned her innocent, meek face with a breathless terror.

Surely there was no guilt there. She would not doubt her—she would not ask a question.

"I have dressed the table with flowers," the mother said, "and made a cake—a real bride's cake. I hope William won't be angry. But this is so different from weddings in Virginia. Oh, Letty, if you and I could only go to the old house and sleep for one night in the room which was mine when I was a child! I think just that little thing would give me years of life."

"There they come!" cried Letty, as the big Crawford carriage was seen dashing up the road. She grew very pale and shrank back. The girl had always been afraid of her brother William, and his wife, she suspected, would be as hard a ruler, and a more vulgar one.

But Mrs. Taney led her to the porch.

"You must welcome them, Letty," she said.

The bride watched them from the carriage window with keen, jealous eyes. Her father had given her a hint as to her future course.

"You've made a good match, Sophy," he said. "Bill Taney's got as long a purse as any man in the county, and the farm's comfortable. But the old woman and her daughter will be a drawback. They'll try to rule over you rough-shod, likely. Just take your stand at once. Let 'em see that you will be mistress in your own home."

"Trust me for that, pappy," said Miss Sophy.

The whole Crawford family had accompanied her, to see how she would hold her ground.

When poor Mrs. Taney stepped forward, therefore, her thin face reddening, and her hands held out, the bride received her welcome with a careless nod.

"I hope you will be happy in your new home, my dear," said the gentle lady.

"Oh, no doubt, ma'am! I generally hold my own pretty well. Come in, pappy. Come in, Sue. I want you to see my house before it is dark. Here's the living room. Bill must fix that up into a parlor, double quick, too. D'ye hear that, Mr. Taney?" laughing loudly. "You needn't trouble yourself ma'am, to show the way. Come along all of you."

William stopped, and looked with sudden pity at his mother, and then followed his wife, who went, talking loudly, up the stairs.

Mrs. Taney and Letty placed the supper on the table. The bride came in, the noisiest of the noisy party. She went hastily to

the head of the table, saying:—"This is my place, I believe."

William gravely motioned his mother to a seat among the strangers. His wife bore herself as though she had been mistress for years, and found fault freely when the humor seized her. The bread was dry as chaff, the ham was bitter with salt, she said.

"That's your idea of cooking, mother Taney, eh? I'll give you a hint or two, to-morrow. We young people have progressed, you know."

"Not that I mean to take the work out of their hands," she said to her sister, aside. "No, no! If we feed 'em, they've got to earn their bread."

Letty overheard the whisper, and her scared face grew a shade paler.

"Very nice old silver, William," said the bride, directly, weighing the spoons on her finger, and then reading the mark.

"Cleveland, eh? You must have that altered, please, to our initials. I can't use spoons with strange names on 'em."

William glanced uneasily at his mother, but the latter did not speak. "Very well, my dear, it shall be as you please," he said.

As the days lengthened into weeks, the bride found her way becoming more absolute. It occurred to William, sometimes, that she might share in the work; but like most farmers of his class, he was used to seeing his mother drudge from morning to night, and vaguely supposed it was her natural condition in life. Sophy carried the keys and dealt out the provisions. Her ruddy, animal beauty pleased him. It was a pity, he thought, to mar it with hard work.

Meanwhile, Mr. Burke had taken lodgings with a neighboring farmer. He kept close scrutiny on Letty, solely for her mother's sake, he told himself. She met the "beery fellow" twice, and took long walks with him; she received letters from him by mail. The geologist found that this matter interested him more than his fossils, even.

One morning Letty came into the room when William stood joking with his wife before going to the field. They looked at her with astonishment, for the girl was always silent and shy.

"Brother, I want to speak to you," she said, catching her breath.

"Well, go on," said Sophy, impatiently, "what are you afraid of?"

Letty spoke directly to William, ignoring her. "The potatoes and apples must be picked over, and the cellars are damp. Could one of the hands do it?"

"Good gracious! Do you want harvesting to stop?" cried Sophy. "You and mother Taney can do it at your leisure. Do you suppose your brother pays men such ruinous wages to wait on a lot of women?"

"You have always done it," said William.

"Mother is not well, William."

"Well, manage it as you please. I can't be bothered with the kitchen work," he burst out.

Letty left the room hastily.

"That's right, William. The truth is, you're too open-handed. You can't afford to keep a parcel of able-bodied women in idleness, if you ever mean to buy the meadow lots."

"That's a fact!" The mention of the lots keyed his courage.

When he came back that afternoon he found Sophy, resplendent in a pink-flowered muslin, entertaining half a dozen girls in the parlor. He stopped to joke and romp with them. The next moment the door opened, and Letty stood, like a ghost, on the threshold.

"Come to mother," she said.

"What is the matter?"

"You have killed her, I think," she said, quietly.

The poor old woman had sunk down on the floor of the cellar and lay as if dead.

William trembled as he lifted her. The doctor of the village happened to pass at the moment.

"No, she is not dead," he said, after examining her. "Great exhaustion. It will be a long illness. She must have rest and careful nursing."

Letty stepped forward. "She will have both. Mr. Burke, will you carry her to Mrs. Wright's, across the road? She has promised to give me a room."

The crowd about her were so stunned at the child's action that they did nothing to oppose it.

Mr. Burke promptly lifted the thin figure in his arms, and had laid her in the bed in Mrs. Wright's shaded spare room, before William had recovered his senses.

"Don't you see how disgraceful this looks?" Sophy cried, shaking him. "Your mother turned out. What will folks say?"

He hurried after Letty, scolding and ordering them back. But Letty did not answer him.

"Mrs. Wright will charge boarding. D'ye hear?"

"I shall pay her," said Letty, quietly.

Mrs. Taney's illness lasted for weeks. William's wife smoothed the matter over to the community as best she could. "The Wright house was more quiet than hers. She was willing to pay the boarding to insure comfort to dear mother Taney," &c., &c. Secretly she rejoiced to escape the trouble of the sick woman.

I have recommended a change of air—a journey—"

William exchanged alarmed glances with his wife.

"Why, you must take us for millionaires, Doc," she cried. "Change of air? Journey? That sort of prescription suits city, fine ladies. But farmers' wives, who have to earn their living, can't take time for such fold-rols."

The doctor would have answered, but Letty put her hand on his arm. There was a faint pink on her cheek, and her blue eyes sparkled like steel.

"Fortunately, my mother," she said, gently, "is not in such a strait. I have made arrangements for her to take the journey. We are going to-morrow to Virginia. I have bought her old home, and we shall live there. She will have a long change of air."

William turned ghastly pale.

"Bought? What money had you?"

"Her own share of the estate," said Judge Wright, calmly. "Letitia is of age. She seems to have always been under the impression that she and her mother were dependent upon you. She came to ask me about it two months ago; and I, as her guardian and executor, had nothing more to do than to hand her over her share, which was, you know, in bonds. She has chosen to invest it in Virginia land. Mr. Hips made the purchase for her," nodding to the beery lawyer, who nodded gravely back again.

Mr. Burke moved suddenly over to his side, with a beaming recognition.

"How do you propose to live on this farm?" said William.

"My mother will withdraw her portion of the estate," said Letty. "She is entitled to a third, you know."

"Withdraw! Third! Why, I've used for it. If she does that, I have done with the meadow lots!"

His voice was like that of an enraged dog.

"You seem, William," said Judge Wright, "strangely to have forgotten the position of your mother and sister. You have drawn the interest of your mother's money. It must all, of course, be refunded. Little Letty has a clear head. She will manage very well. By the way, she has suggested to me that your wife should send over the Cleveland silver, and all other household property belonging to your mother before marriage."

When William and his wife went out of the gate, he seemed to have shrunk into a smaller and older man. The last words heard from him were "lots." "It's all your fault," in a fierce bitterness.

When they had all gone, Letty put her head down on her mother's lap.

"Now, mother," she said, "for the roses, and the old oaks, and rest, and home! We shall find poor black Tod there, waiting; and all your own friends—"

There was an uneasy cough behind them. It was Mr. Burke, waiting to say good-bye.

"I shall be a neighbor, too, Miss Letty."

"Yes, I remember," blushing very much. He held her hand a moment. "You—you are not sorry that I shall be there too?"

But Letty only blushed more absurdly, and could not answer.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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The figures printed with the collector's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

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COUNTY EXPENSES.—We have received a thin pamphlet of eleven pages, purporting to be a "statement" of expenditures of the County of Middlesex. Generally this pamphlet has contained but nine pages. At the Republican Convention last Fall a resolution was introduced calling for a report in detail, such as is given by auditors of towns, and the extra two pages may be in deference to this expression of the people. The report and the one made by the Savings Banks Commissioners ought to agree, especially as the former is vouched for by Judge Brooks, Register Tyler, and Clerk of the Courts Hurd. Why they do not agree is at present a subject of inquiry by a Legislative Committee. We find the dog account for the first time in this report, but in an unsatisfactory form. The County received for licenses from the various towns and cities \$18,477.60. The Treasurer reports "paid and due for damages done by dogs, officers appraising damages, and for killing dogs" \$932.94, which is about five per cent of the receipts. Where that money was expended and to whom it was paid, the taxpayers are entitled to know. Perhaps now that the ice is broken, next year the Commissioners will give us two pages more, and a little more information. The County officials cannot but be aware of the restive feeling in the County respecting the finances, and we had hoped to see this year a greater improvement by the way of a financial exhibit. Probably the investigation now in progress by the Legislative Committee will suggest something before another year.

It appears that the County has received from fines, costs, forfeitures and unclaimed fees in criminal prosecutions, from P. L. Converse, Esq., \$551.95 and from George S. Littlefield, Esq., \$225.80. The police and district courts have cost \$16,332.50 and the receipts from them have amounted to but \$9,057.13. The expense at the House of Correction and Jail at East Cambridge was \$25,572.69, and at Lowell, \$6,913.08. The receipts at the former were \$26,734.27.

A BETTER WOBURN.—If some of those who have been so busily engaged in circulating a pledge for political purposes, would in a Christian and philanthropic spirit, circulate a pure and simple pledge of abstinence from intoxicating liquors, they would do far more to stop the sale of rum, than they can by political effort. Within a few days we have heard men who have drank for a lifetime, express a desire to sign such a pledge for an example to others. That kind of temperance work is not much practiced now in this town.—*Adv.*

Here is a field for our temperance loving contemporary. Go to those men with that kind of a pledge and give them the opportunity they so much desire. If that kind of temperance work is not much practiced, it is time it was, and who so competent to perform it as Mr. Mark Allen? The field is white, already for the harvest: why stand ye here all the day, idle?

THE LADIES OF THE NORTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY give a tea party: i. e. the house, last night.—*Wob. Adv.* Feb. 26.

"For the benefit of some of our friends who have or may be liable to be misled, we would remark that our esteemed contemporary, 'down 'street, cannot be implicitly relied upon for statements concerning theology, chronology' etc. There was a tea party as above, last week Thursday, but nothing of the kind occurred last Thursday. It is better to be a year ahead than a week behind.

STONES OF NEW ENGLAND.—Prof. Burbank is giving a course of ten lectures in Mineralogy, at Natural History Building, Boston. More than fifty persons have availed themselves of this opportunity of becoming familiar with the common stones of New England. We notice that Woburn is well represented there. These students are, most of them, teachers in and about Boston.

WOMEN VOTERS.—The Selectmen have given notice that they will be in session at their office, No. 175 Main Street, on Wednesday afternoon next, March 3, from 2 to 6 o'clock, for the purpose of registering women entitled to vote.

Mr. Horace J. Allen whose departure we chronicled last week, returned to Woburn quite unexpectedly last Friday evening. He informs us that he intends to remain in Woburn for several months.

The temperance meeting next week will be at the Congregational Vestry, and will be of the same character of the one this week. Rev. Mr. Young is expected to lecture March 11.

DEQUINCEY.—The next High School entertainment will be on March 8, and will consist of a lecture upon DeQuincey by Mr. George Perkins.

It was twenty-four years ago, this Friday evening that Lyceum Hall was dedicated, that interesting event occurring Feb. 27, 1856.

Rev. Mr. Barber of Somerville will preach at the Unitarian Church, next Sunday.

The post Longfellow is seventy-three years of age to-day, (Friday).

Just three weeks more of winter, according to the almanac.

Chew Jackson's best sea navy tobacco.

SOME WOBURN INDUSTRIES.

THE SHOE STOCK BUSINESS.

Like nearly every other branch of manufacturing the art of making boots and shoes has been almost revolutionized within the memory of the present generation. The old methods with which our boyhood was familiar have passed away, and in the place of the good-natured, bald-headed old shoemaker, who in his quaint little shop with its array of awls, hammers, lap-stones, trees, lasts, etc., which used to be the wonder of the boys, and the one or two high-backed chairs whose original seats had long given place to a piece of leather drawn tightly over the frame and grown black by long service in sustaining the avoirdupois of long-winded, gossiping customers; who used to measure our foot with a tape, and in the course of perhaps weeks of anxious waiting, would deliver to us a pair of stout cow-hide boots, calculated to withstand the rigors of a New England winter and the vigorous usage of a New England school-boy; in place of this we now have stately factories with complicated machinery and armies of workmen, which produce shoes for the ball-room belle and the Texan cattle herder; boots for the city exquisite and the pioneer who follows the plow in its way over the endless and trackless prairies of the West; slippers to fit the delicate feet and suit the exacting fancy of the millionaire's beautiful daughter and heiress, and clumsy boots for the miner whose pick wielded day after day and year after year, in the dark underground mines of Colorado or Nevada, yields the golden treasure to pay for both. The shoe-maker's shop, which not very many years ago was a feature of every village, is a thing of the past, and only to be found in places remote from railways and not yet properly a part of the one great village the whole country is fast being bound into by the iron bands of railroads and the wirey fetters of electricity. Now-a-days, when a new pair of boots or shoes is needed for any one, from the two-months' old baby to grandfather, we enter a store and are shown by attentive clerks a great variety of goods, to suit our tastes and our purses, and our feet are the shoe-maker's of our youth never could; and instead of waiting weeks for them, we have only to "hide a wee" until the gentlemanly salesman makes them into a neat package.

Into the making of every pair of shoes worn by modern man there is an amount of brain work, and the almost intelligent service of complicated machinery woven that is scarcely realized by their wearers. They represent several branches of manufacturing which are now distinct and separate branches of trade, though all contributing their share toward the harmonious whole. The makers of the finished shoes are supplied with various parts, ready to be put into their proper places, by manufacturing machinery and appliances especially invented and adapted to produce those parts, and both are supplied with crude material from the tanners and curriers, who in their turn obtain the hides from the butchers and dealers in cattle throughout the country.

There are in this town a number of establishments that supply to the boot and shoe factories a few small parts that enter into the composition of their products. They are known by the general name of "shoe-stock factories," and as the goods made and processes employed are all similar we select one that may fairly be called a representative, and that is unquestionably the pioneer one, to illustrate all—that of N. J. Simonds, 95 Main Street.

Mr. Simonds secured a patent for heel-stiffeners about ten years ago, and commenced their manufacture, with machinery invented and patented by himself, especially for the purpose. The goods made by him besides the stiffeners are, inner soles, heels, heelings, counters and taps, though the principle thing is the stiffeners. The raw material is the waste pieces from the tanneries. The stock is first sorted, brushed clean and smooth by machinery, and such of it as is more than one-third-second of an inch in thickness is split, as nothing thicker can be worked; it is next cut into proper shape and size by thirty-five of Mr. Simonds' patent cutting machines, operated by girls; then goes to the pasting room, where an outside piece of thin leather is laid upon the bench, covered with paste, two or three smaller pieces placed upon the centre and another covering is pasted over all, covering as well as the smaller filling the whole secret and principle of the patent, which is simply to obtain the bevel necessary to the stiffening without having to "skive" the edge off a solid piece of leather, which it will be seen is done by building up the centre with smaller pieces than are the outer coverings. The pieces are next partially dried, given the desired shape by "pressers," and again dried; then "moulded" by a very powerful machine which brings a pressure of eighty tons to bear on the stiffening, giving it its shape and polish. From here it goes to the packing room and is packed in barrels ready to ship, each barrel holding from one to four thousand pairs, according to size. Rubber cement is used instead of flour paste for a portion of the work, in which case the process is slightly varied from that described. The paste is made by steam power, in a convenient apparatus from which it is poured into a tank, and the operatives draw it up from a faucet. Before rubber cement was used, 600 barrels of flour was needed yearly to supply the paste consumed, and each barrel of flour will make nearly 200 gallons of paste.

The pieces of leather that are too small for use in stiffeners are made into heels, by pasting them in blocks with whole covers, compressing and cutting them into proper shape; and the inner soles are made in a similar manner, being rolled instead of pressed.

The factory is 100x50 feet and five stories in height, four of which are used by Mr. Simonds. An elevator runs from "cellar to garret," and everything is arranged to do the work expeditiously and easily. The weekly product is 125,000 pairs of stiffeners, 10,000 pairs of heels and 8,000 pairs of soles, in the making of which about twenty tons of raw material is worked up. 150 hands are employed.

Connected with the factory is a machine shop, where all repairing is done, and the various machines for which Mr. Simonds holds patents are manufactured for the trade; and a carpenter's shop where the useful appliances for carrying on the business are made.

The whole factory, its business and its machinery, stands a monument to the inventive genius and business ability of Mr. Simonds, and is certainly one of the institutions the town ought to be and is justly proud of.

L. B. RUSSELL.—This is quite an extensive establishment. The factory, which is located on Beacon street, is 100x40 feet and four stories high, with a store-house 60x35 feet and three stories in height, and a building in which the water proof rubber cement is made 35x20 feet. The principle article produced being waterproof heel-stiffeners, of which 30,000 pairs a day are turned out. These are all made with rubber cement, and no flour paste used at all. One hundred and forty hands are employed, and one ton of either stock and about three-fourths of a ton of leather board worked up daily.

E. ROLLINS, JR.—This mill is located at the "West Side," or Cummingsville, and gives employment to forty hands. It is 90 x 32 and 45 feet, two stories in height, with a roomy attic which is used for a dry-room. The principle business is the making of inner-soles and heels; the weekly product of the former being 40,000 pairs, and of the latter 10,000 pairs, and 4,000 sheets of heeling. About 1,000 pairs of taps are now being made, weekly, to supply local orders, though in the summer months this branch of the business reaches a product of 15,000 pairs a week. Mr. Rollins has recently put in a machine for pressing the water out of the soles before taking them to the drying-room, in which they may be subjected to a pressure of seventy tons, greatly diminishing the time required for drying. Three hundred and fifty gallons of paste is used daily, requiring for its manufacture nearly one thousand barrels of flour yearly. The machinery is run by a Parks & Freeman engine of ten horse power. Mr. Rollins also operates a factory at Stoneham, where thirty-five hands are employed, and 15,000 pairs of soles, 12,000 pairs of taps, and 3,000 sheets of heeling are produced weekly.

PATRICK CALMAN, whose factory is on Winn Street, has been in the business of manufacturing inner soles for about fifteen years. He employs fifty-five hands, and his weekly product of soles is 2,500 pairs, and he makes heels enough to use up the small waste, using in the process five tons of machine and hand skivings.

J. B. MURRAY.—The Broad street establishment operated by Mr. Murray, employs thirty-five hands, and turns out 400 cases of inner-soles, 1,200 sheets of heeling, 5,000 pairs of single heels a week; besides a small number of taps and stiffeners. Mr. Murray, has been in business about two years, and is next week to commence to build an addition to his shop, which will enable him to materially increase the amount of business.

FELIX CARR.—At North Woburn, Mr. Carr has a shop for the manufacture of inner soles, and is doing a snug and thriving business. He employs twenty hands, and turns out about 2,000 pairs of soles a week, using 500 pounds of skivings in the process.

FIRE.—At 10:15 last week Friday evening an alarm of fire was sounded, caused by the discovery that the building on Broad street known as Hennessey's tannery was on fire. The fire had gained considerable headway before it was discovered, and the building though not burned to the ground was ruined. It was owned by H. C. Trowan and was insured in the North German of Hamburg for \$1500. The stock in the building mostly belonged to D. Cummings & Co., and was insured in the London and Lancashire \$1000, Imperial and Northern \$1000, Commercial Union \$1000, Phoenix \$1000. S. P. Hennessey, who operated the shop, had an insurance on stock and machinery of \$500 in the Pennsylvania company. The alarm was for some reason rather tardy in being given, and the building was light and so saturated with oil, that it went like tinder, and the efforts of the firemen only availed to save adjacent houses.

JUVENILE OPERA.—Everybody who has ever heard of "Pinafore," (and who has not?) has also heard of the wonderful little prodigy who took the part of "Little Buttercup" in the Museum Children's Pinafore Company, "Little Corinne." Though less than seven years of age she has played Pinafore two hundred and eight times, and has been enthusiastically received wherever she has been. The press has been almost unanimous in its praise of her. She is now travelling with a juvenile company who are playing "The Magic Slipper," an operatic burlesque, and is billed for Lyceum Hall, March 1st.

WINTRELLS.—Tuesday evening the famous Whitmore & Clark's minstrels made their debut in this town at Lyceum Hall. They had not a large audience, and the great expectations raised by their fame elsewhere were scarcely realized. Their music was fair, some of the singing passable, but the jokes were stale and old, and most of the audience could have answered their predicament conundrums long before the endless rignarole between their perpetrators was finished.

BAND BALL.—The annual ball of the Woburn Band, which was held in Armory Hall, last week Friday evening, was not financially a great success, though a very pleasant company of fifty couples enjoyed themselves right merrily. The music and prompting was excellent, and the band ought to have been able to sell as many tickets as the hall will accommodate dancers.

UNITARIAN ENTERTAINMENT.—The Unitarian vestry was crowded Thursday evening to witness an entertainment by the Sunday School. The farce of "That pair of Pants," was given in an amusing style. There was music by Mr. Cutter, Mr. Shaw, and Miss Ellis, and the evening closed with the charming comedietta "Family Jars."

MISS CLARA ELLARD, the elocutionist is meeting with good success this season. Last Tuesday she appeared at Music Hall, and her part was well spoken of.

"THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE IN THE WORLD." The Old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Cutter Bros. & Co., Boston. Small reduced to 50c; Large \$1.

PRESENTATION.—Sunday noon, just as the Unitarian Sunday School had been called to order and before the recitations began, the pastor announced that a beautiful picture and easel which had been placed upon the platform were intended as a present from the school to Mr. John W. Johnson, for five years the superintendent. Mr. J. William Day presented the picture with these remarks:—

I am glad, Mr. Johnson, that the absence of Mr. Aldrich makes it necessary for you to be in your old place to-day, and I shall take this opportunity to say a few words in regard to your past relations with this Sunday School. For five years we have been accustomed to see you from Sunday to Sunday in the position which you occupy to-day, and I but voice the sentiment of all who speak of the regret I feel that reasons, which you deem sufficient, prevent you from adding many years to this calendar of usefulness. We point with pride to the high standard of excellence you have maintained in every department of school work. Large numbers and well sustained interest constitute a more fitting commentary than words upon your earnest and intelligent efforts. Now, sir, we wish in some substantial manner to express our appreciation of your labors as superintendent of this school; and in behalf of scholars and teachers I have the pleasure of presenting to you this picture and easel. And in after years, when you are old and gray, and look back over a well-rounded life full of usefulness and honor (a rich legacy for your children), may this beauty of art serve to remind you of the years spent in this Sunday School; years not the least unprofitable, not the least useful, not the least fruitful of your life.

Mr. Johnson briefly and feelingly responded, and Mr. Young and Mr. Champney each spoke briefly of the value of Mr. Johnson's service to the school. The picture is of a young girl who has been doomed to be devoured by wild beasts for having embraced the Christian religion. She is in the arena with the beasts, when her lover, who is still a pagan and among the audience assembled to witness the sacrifice, throws her a rose as a last token of his love. She looks up to see whether the rose comes, and instinctively wards off the beasts with one hand while with the other she makes some gesture of farewell to the lover. The picture is a very beautiful copy of a celebrated painting by Gabriel Matz. The easel is of ebonyized wood, a graceful and fitting receptacle for the picture. Accompanying them was a small framed painted tile of some Assyrian subject.

SPRING FASHIONS.—This spring is to see a revival of several fashions in gentlemen's attire, which, though not long out of date, have yet been counted as old. Among them will be a return to light colored goods for suits and fancy cashmere for vests, and some very handsome goods are beginning to make their appearance. In suitings the correct thing will be some light shade of Scotch Cheviot, which are made with a very pleasing combination of colors, skillfully woven so that the eye is not offended by glaring checks or stripes, but only a suggestion, as it were, of the color is noticed. These goods are very handsome and will doubtless be popular. They are made only for first-class trade, and will not be found in ready-made clothing. Another feature of the Spring trade is to be paintings in patterns, made in pieces just large enough for one pair, so that duplicates will be impossible from the same establishment. G. R. Gage & Co., have a full line of the above goods in stock, as well as a great variety of other reasonable goods, and those that are always in season. Their line of Palitos, Crepes, Broadcloths, Wieses, doekins, Meltons, Diagonals, Worsteds, etc., is full and complete. The prices for spring goods, considering the great advance in many other directions, are very moderate.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—This week's temperance meeting was held in the Congregational Vestry, Thursday evening, and, in consequence of several entertainments and meetings in progress elsewhere that evening, it was but slightly attended. In opening the meeting the chairman, Mr. Rufus Pickering, made a few remarks. He was followed by Mr. E. N. Cummings, who gave a brief sketch of his early life; said he had held all the offices he wanted to, believes in having laws well enforced, and that if any places are to be licensed to sell rum it should be the low groceries in preference to the so-called respectable places. Capt. J. H. Symonds spoke strongly of the harm coming to any one from drink, and gave it as his opinion that so long as 80 per cent profit could be made on the sale of beer and other liquors it would be a very difficult thing to put a stop to it, and that drinking cannot be stopped as long as the manufacturing of liquor goes on. Mr. A. Cummings thought there was no such word as impossible in connection with the cause, and said he had been greatly surprised, in soliciting signatures to the committee of safety's pledge, to find so strong a temperance sentiment prevailing in town. Mr. F. S. Burgess gave a sketchy history of the temperance cause, said that public sentiment must be toned up, and of freeholders made to feel ashamed to license. Mr. Gleason spoke of the prevalence of drunkenness in town, and said that people should not be necessary to the making of unhappy homes by voting for men who will license; the only sure way to accomplish the temperance reform is to educate the young, and the speaker made the somewhat extraordinary statement for a professed temperance man that the cases of reformation of confirmed drunkards were "about as scarce as white blackbirds." Singing from "No. 2" closed the meeting.

LITERARY.—The entertainment at the High School Hall was well attended Monday evening. The essays were upon Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, and several selections from each author were read, to exemplify their style and works. Miss Putnam read "Goody Blake and Harry Gill" very finely. Mr. Perkins gave some selections from the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," in a manner quite in accordance with Dore's illustrations, and T. M. Parker's rendition of that inimitable piece of alliteration, "The Cataract of Lodore," was very good. The other selections were well given.

W. C. T. U.—The Women's Christian Temperance Union are to hold a public meeting at the Methodist Church, next Tuesday evening. Mrs. McLaughlin, a temperance speaker of some merit and note, will address the meeting, and Miss Lizzie Cummings, of Reading, will read.

BARGAINS.—C. A. Smith & Son will commence on Saturday selling J. P. Fernald's stock of *Hamburgs and Buttons*, at Half Price. These goods have not been offered for sale by Smith & Son until now.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ABOUT GRANT. By John L. Swift. Lee and Shepard, pp. 205.

Whatever may be the opinion of men in regard to a third term one thing is sure, no man since Washington has had that hold on the American people which Grant now has. Nothing can deprive him of this so long as a grateful people shall remember their indebtedness to him who was entrusted by an overruling providence with the crushing out of the most gigantic rebellion the world ever saw. In this small volume Gen. Swift has not attempted an extended life of the hero, but commencing with the first year of the war he has faithfully recorded the most important events of the long sad years which followed until peace again dawned on our afflicted country. Without admitting it to have been written in the interests of a third term, he has clearly presented the arguments for and against it, and leaves the reader no room for doubt that he at least believes that the guiding hand of providence points to him whom our own and foreign nations have honored as no man ever was before as the safest leader in the future.

Wide Awake for March is in advance of anything heretofore done by this magazine. The frontispiece, bearing the legend "I just won't stay in the house with such a Girl," illustrates a good story by Nellie A. Hopkins, entitled "How Uncle Tom ran Away"; but the opening article is a two-part story "Billy's Hound," by Sara E. Chester, and will interest all boys who admire a dog. "Surprised," by Anna Eichberg, is another good story, and has three inimitable pictures by Francis, the cat artist. Mrs. Macy has a funny narrative, entitled "The Story of the Clock." The serials, "Five Little Peppers" and "The Young Homesteaders," are fresh and wholesome, each with admirable pictures. Mr. Benjamin's "American Artists" paper is about Daniel Huntington, the President of the Academy of Design, and has some fine pictures. The long illustrated paper is entitled "How Newspapers are Made," and is said to have been written by a former member of the *N. Y. Tribune* staff, and is a bright readable article. The poems of the number are: "March," by Celia Thaxter, "The Child Angel," by Mrs. Whitton, "March and the Boys," by Mrs. Brine, "Gold Locks' Kindergarten," by Clara Doty Bates, "Concord Picnic Days," by G. B. Bartlett, gives some interesting facts about the young sculptor, Mr. French, and has directions for a spirited game called "The Potato Race." There is also a "Shivering Song" for use in schools, "Tangles," "Letters for Little Folks," etc.

St. Nicholas for March.—Contains Alfred Tennyson's Child-Song, "Minnie and Winnie," set to music, and Mrs. Alfred Tennyson's revised score of the music for the Laureate's other *St. Nicholas* song, "The City Child." "The Disadvantages of City Boys," by Washington Gladden, appears in this number. It is based on actual facts, and is a stirring talk with boys on a subject of vital interest to them. They will find pleasure, too, in the seasonable "Out-Door" Paper, "Kite Time," by Daniel C. Beard, which gives diagrams and full instructions how to make and fly kites of all sorts and shapes. Among the short stories are: "Chy Lung," an illustrated tale; "Buttercup Gold," by Laura E. Richards; "The Teakettle Light," with a picture by A. C. Redwood. Of the serials, the installment of Louisa M. Alcott's "Jack and Jill," with two fine pictures by Delman, brings its young people into a peek of troubles; and William O. Stoddard's "Among the Lakes," illustrated by Taber, tells how its boys and girls enjoyed themselves in the old farm-house. A commander of the U. S. Navy, with the aid of pictures describes the "Gathering of Caoutchouc in Nicaragua"; and John Keller, in an article entitled "Longitude 180°," explains how travelers lose a day going to China from San Francisco, and gain a day on the return voyage. The departments "For very Little Folk," "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," "Young Contributors," "Letter-box," and "Riddle-Box" have varied and lively items, some from the boys and girls themselves.

SPURR, WASHBURN & HOLMES.—The house of Spurr, Washburn & Holmes, of Woburn, was established on Jan. 1st, 1875, with Howard W. Spurr, formerly of the house of Washburn & Spurr & Co., at its head. Messrs. Washburn and Holmes were employees of Washburn, Spurr & Co., and joined Mr. Spurr in founding the new house. In Jan., 1878, Mr. Charles H. Fitch became a member of the house, and at the same time Mr. Jonas Fitch, father of Mr. Charles H., was admitted as a special partner. Since its organization, the firm has experienced a constantly increasing business. On commencing operations, the stores No. 75 and 77 Broad and 50 Battery-march street were taken. Three years later, an enlargement of accommodations became necessary, and the stores No. 42, 44, 46, and 48 Battery-march street were added. "An evidence of the remarkable growth of their business is found in the fact that when they began they employed only four salesmen, whereas they now employ eighteen." In 1878, the firm bought out the house of F. H. Raymond & Co., acquiring the stock, goodwill, and selling help of that house. They also took into their employ two of the former partners of the firm of S. & W. Merriam & Co., who went out of business at that time. On Jan. 1st, 1879, they purchased a portion of the stock of Pierce, Dana & Co., who were retiring from business, and took into their employ, one of the partners, and three of the salesmen of that house. The firm have established a wholesale grocery house at Worcester, under the firm name of E. T. Smith & Co., and are probably the only wholesale house in Boston, in their line of business, who have a wholesale branch establishment outside of the city. Recognizing their enterprise, the Dausman Tobacco Co., of St. Louis, have just appointed Messrs. Spurr, Washburn & Holmes their sole agents for the New England States. The house keeps at all times a full stock of groceries, and deals extensively in molasses and teas.

THE PHALANX BALL.—The arrangements for the 45th annual ball of the Phalanx are complete, and with the present prospect of fair weather its success is certain. Col. Beals is putting on the finishing touches to the hall, which will look its gayest. Hon. John Cummings, Col. Grammer, E. D. Hayden, and Jacob Brown will conduct the Governor and suite from Boston in a special Pullman car. They will be met at the depot by Messrs. G. F. Jones, John S. True, and P. G. Hanson, of the committee, and escorted to the Bank Block, where the parlors of the Mishawum Club have been placed at their disposal. State Commander Hawes of the Grand Army, with several other officers of the Department, will be here, and Post 33 will give their visiting friends an informal reception at Grand Army Hall. The grand march will proceed at 8 o'clock, without reference to the arrival of the distinguished guests, who will probably hold a levee on the floor of the hall at a later hour of the evening. The invited guests will have supper in the reception rooms, and return to Boston by their special car. J. D. Gilman has been engaged as caterer for the occasion. The dancing will be preceded by some choice musical selections by the orchestra. It is confidently believed that this will be the greatest ball ever given by the Phalanx.

OUT OF BONDAGE.—Though but short notice had been given of the appearance of the Hyers Sisters' troupe, at Lyceum Hall, Wednesday evening, they were greeted by a full house, as they always are in this town. There is just enough plot to their play of "Out of Bondage" to give to the songs and episodes of the brighter side of slave life in the south, that pleasant seeming of consistency, binding them together with the thread of reality. The singing by the troupe was all very fine, and those who missed the familiar face of Sam Lucas and his laughable business, found his place worthily filled by Mr. Lyons. The music by the pianist and violinist was much enjoyed, the violin being played with a smoothness and life that is rarely found among any but the acknowledged masters of the instrument. Their rendition of "The Turkish Patrol," was well worth the price of admission to the whole. The success of the first night induced the manager to repeat the programme, with some alteration, Thursday evening, when in addition to "Out of Bondage," some plantation and camp-meeting songs were given.

COUNTY TREASURERS.—The bill limiting the term of office of County Treasurer to six years and providing that they shall be ineligible for three years thereafter, came up for consideration in the House, on Tuesday, and was advocated by Mr. Walker of Worcester, who said that the conditions of county accounts have been found to be so bad that some remedy ought to be applied. In Middlesex there was a County Treasurer who had held office for 23 years, yet absolutely had no cash book. The only way he could tell how he stood with the County was by going over his accounts for the whole term. The committee on public service was striving to work a reform in matters, and this was one of the remedies proposed. He was aware of the power of the county lobby; that it was more powerful than its duty. The committee could only do anything and leave the responsibility for its acceptance or rejection of its recommendation to the Legislature.

REAL LACE.—Mr. A. Cummings will open to-day (Friday) a full line of hand-made imported laces, which it is worth the while of our lady readers to call and examine if they do not intend to purchase. There are shown some beautiful patterns of Dutchess, real Mechlin, silk Point de Languedoc, French black lace, old patterns of Cluny, Point d'Alencon, veillings, Isabella shades of point web lace, thread lace, Brabant, Swiss, Mechlin fischus and jabocs, etc. These laces have not, Mr. Cummings informs us, been kept in town heretofore, and the opportunity now afforded the ladies to do this branch of their shopping at home will undoubtedly be improved by them.

CONCERT.—The last of a series of entertainments by the North Congregational Society was given last Monday evening in the Unitarian Chapel, by Mrs. C. M. Strout, soprano; Miss Annie B. Ellis, soprano; Miss Lillie T. Bond, soprano; Miss A. Josephine Lang, contralto and pianist; Mr. Fred. W. Merrill, tenor; and Dr. C. T. Lang, baritone; and Mr. John C. Buck, accompanist. There was a large audience present, and the concert was a success in every particular.

GOD-SPEED TO DR. MARCH.—As Dr. March is to leave on Monday for a four-months' absence in Europe and the Holy Land, the Sunday evening meeting at the Congregational Church will partake of the character of a social good-bye to the pastor. All friends are invited to embrace this opportunity of bidding him God-speed.

W. H. S. G. A.—The officers of the Woburn High School Graduates Association for the coming year are as follows:—President, E. A. Pierce; Vice Presidents, Fred W. Bosworth and Mary E. Simonds; Secretary and Treasurer, Rebecca G. Ellis; Directors, Edward Cummings, J. William Day, Carrie E. Gage.

POLICE COURT.—Thomas O'Brien and E. C. Lynch, simple drunks, \$3 and costs each. John Griffin, assault and battery on Elijah Marion and W. H. Walker, \$5 and costs in each case. Charles Hennessey, assault on Frank Leathie, \$5 and costs.

Y. M. A.—The Young Men's Association, of the First Baptist Church, are to consider Washington and his times, at their regular monthly meeting, Tuesday evening. There will also be singing by the male quartette and music by the orchestra.

FIGHTS.—There were several fights last Friday and Saturday growing out of the fire at Hennessey's shop, which cost the contestants some blood and some money.

WE would call the attention of our readers to an article in another column in regard to Messrs. Spurr, Washburn, & Holmes, of Boston, Mass., copied from the New England Grocer of Feb. 14.

EXCHANGE.—Rev. E. Mills, pastor of the Baptist Church, exchanged pulpits with Rev. N. C. Thwing, of the Fifth Street Baptist Church, Lowell, last Sunday. The Lowell Morning Mail says that "a very large congregation assembled to hear Mr. Mills at each service, and the eloquent extemporaneous discourses of the preacher made a profound impression," and hopes that the people of Lowell will soon have another opportunity to hear him.

THE STATE MILITIA is to be newly uniformed, and Co. G is ordered to report at the armory Thursday evening to be measured.

Stoneham.—The chapel which the Congregationalist society propose to erect in the rear of their church in the spring will be of the following dimensions: The main floor will be 65x33ft., divided into a large room 32x47ft., with a seating capacity of 250; also, a small room leading from this, measuring 17x30ft., with raised floor for a stage, which will be separated from the main room by folding doors. Over this smaller room will be a ladies' parlor. The estimated cost of the building is \$2600, and already the sum of \$2065 has been raised by subscription.

Burlington.—DRAMATIC.—The hall was well filled last Wednesday evening, and the performance was considered one of the best ever given in town. All the actors exerted themselves to please, and their efforts were successful. A young man from Bedford undertook to run the show, but he was speedily run out of the hall, and concluded to go home.

Winchester.—REMOVAL.—Uncle Solomon is moving his headquarters into the Winsor school building on Pleasant street, where he hopes to be permanently established.

Mr. Clarence Thompson has fitted up his apartment in the rear of the Post Office with a elegance which does credit to his taste. Few of our young men have a more charming home.

A COLD BATH.—One of Pickering's horses got into the pond on Tuesday, and one of Mr. Pickering's sons was similarly treated. Both were got out, not much the worse for their involuntary bath.

Mr. G. W. Richardson, of North Winchester, found one of his horses dead, on going to the stable a few mornings since. Probably the horse was taken with chumps in the night, and no relief being at hand died as above.

SENTENCED.—Callahan and Lynch who were tried for setting fire to the Lynchson barn on Washington street, last Fall, were found guilty. Callahan was fined \$50 and costs, amounting to \$107, and Lynch was sent to the House of Correction for four months.

NEW ORGAN.—The Baptist organ has been improved, and altered, and its position changed to the front of the church, so that it may almost be called a new organ. Miss Wild

ond Selectman, candidates, Otis C. Buck, Henry Sheldon, and Thomas Eames. Otis C. Buck received 21 votes and was nominated. Third Selectman, candidates, Henry Sheldon, N. Bradley Eames, H. A. Sheldon, Dr. Henry Miller, and Asa Potter. Henry Sheldon received 16 votes and was nominated. Wm. Henry Carter was nominated Town Clerk by acclamation; the same with Cyrus L. Carter for Town Treasurer. J. A. Shepard for School Committee met with some opposition, but was eventually nominated. These nominees will make excellent town officers and we hope that they will be elected by an overwhelming majority. The town meeting will take place Monday, the 1st of March, and as some very important articles are to be acted upon, it is hoped that every voter will be present. Polls open by 11 o'clock.

The entertainment of the Dramatic Club will take place Saturday evening, the 28th, at Ames Hall, when the drama entitled "Among the Breakers," and the laughable farce called "The Little Rebel," will be presented. Music to be furnished by Simonds Band.

BOWMAN FOR GRANT.

Hon. S. Z. Bowman, our Representative in Congress, has been interviewed on the candidacy of Gen. Grant, and we give the substance of the interview below, omitting the questions of the reporter. Mr. Bowman said:—

"I certainly am in favor of the strongest and most available candidate, and if the Republican party cannot, after the nomination lay aside all individual preferences and 'go in,' heart and soul, and work for the candidate, whoever he is—it might as well employ the interval in composing a suitable epitaph for itself. I have no hesitation in saying that it is my earnest conviction that Gen. Grant is the strongest and most available candidate among those yet named, as well as those not named. If we wish to carry the election it is a pure question of availability; not as to whom we ought to elect, but whom we can elect; not a mere abstract question of who is the best man, but who will get the most votes. I believe, putting it on the higher ground, that Grant is at least as good a man as any other of the candidates, but putting it on the lower ground of expediency and availability, I think that no man has the elements of strength with the people that he has. It is a critical time, and the election of a Democratic President would be a national calamity, the evil results of which no human being can foresee. Our election must be sure, our majority overwhelming. There will be no counting-in of a second Republican President, you may rest assured. With a Democratic Congress to count the votes, and a Democratic President to count the votes, the knowledge that the counting-in of the Republican President means utter death to their party, so that no action, however revolutionary, can injure it, the dice will be heavily loaded against us, and the prospect is some- what appalling to one who reflects upon the action of that party at the special session, and the desperate disregard of law in the 'counting-in' process in Maine. We cannot afford, therefore, in the game, to throw away a single card, and we must put forward the very strongest candidate we can find. There is a crisis in the affairs of every party, when it becomes necessary to smother individual preferences, which must be subordinated to the public good and the will of the majority. The contest before the nomination ought to be waged in a friendly spirit, so that our whole party may be united in feeling and efforts afterwards. All good Republicans will be so united."

On this point I take issue with those self-styled "reformers" and "scrappers" who tell us through newspapers and from pulpits and from other points of advantage that if their candidate is not the one they want they will ruin the party. They make a great noise. They talk from the house-tops. They write in great newspapers. The mountain makes a great rumbling, but I think only a mouse will come out of it. I do not believe that a great constituency behind them believes in the "divine right" of scratching merely on account of a difference in judgment—mind I say merely on account of a difference in judgment, and not because the candidate is a criminal, or notoriously and undeniably wicked or corrupt, so that about that fact, as such, there could be no reasonable dispute. Other doctrine is absurd, illogical, and unpatriotic. Here is their position: "If I can't have the candidate I want I will do all I can to defeat him, and thus to assist in the commission of the irreparable greater disaster (as I myself would confess it to be) of electing the Democratic candidate. I will commit the great wrong to save the less." In families, church, business, schools, everywhere, the minorities have to amiably yield their personal preferences; otherwise the association breaks up. Here is a little knot of men—immensely little, if I may use the expression; microscopically small, in comparison with the great masses of voters throughout the United States, who say that if their preferences are not respected they will bolt out of the party. "Do as we want or we will scratch," is their battle cry. "Nominate Grant and we will go over to the Democrats, directly by positive votes, or indirectly by voting for a third man, or by not voting at all." Now I am inclined to think that if they want to bolt, and want to scratch, it is better to let them bolt and scratch to their hearts' content. There certainly is no law against it. If the party has to bribe these gentlemen to be Republicans by obedience to their wishes, the price is too large, the party must do without the goods. Only isn't it a little exasperating to see them going about the streets with broad phylacteries on their foreheads, labelled "I am a reformer," thanking God that they are not politicians as other men are, and that the purity and honesty and nobility of high statesmanship are embodied in them alone; that their judgment is as infallible as the Pope's and must be yielded to by the outside barbarians. I give all credit to their honesty of purpose, but I have the same right respectfully to think that they are mistaken that they have to avow in public that we are mistaken who differ from them. "The State it is we," said the king "The party it is us," said these gentlemen, "or it shall be nothing." Now that is not the proper spirit to go into the great difficult campaign with. Unity is absolutely necessary. It is unity or failure. Let us have our inter-party fights before the nomination, and then let all Republicans who love country better than self consolidate into a solid mass. All personal preferences, all political animosities, all local jealousies

shall be abandoned and as much forgotten as they are by soldiers in the midst of a great battle.

I believe that our first duty now is to treat all candidates and all sections of our party respectfully, or at least honestly, and I think that the opponents of Gen. Grant are making a mistake by flinging mud at him. The people are very apt to like a wrongfully-abused man, and the anti-Grant papers, if they keep on, will make his nomination sure. I am sure that the party as a whole will stand by the nomination, whichever of the candidates shall receive it. In the political campaign the first duty is to stand by the nomination and to work earnestly and enthusiastically for the nominee, and the second duty is beforehand for the people to choose through their representatives the strongest man.

Grant is the strongest man for many reasons, which I cannot explain in detail, and can only present abstracts of. In the first place he is thoroughly known everywhere. Every man, woman or child out of arms in the country knows him to-day. There is hardly a man in the world of so broad a reputation as he has. No work to be done in popularizing him! If there is a man in the country who will ask, "Who is Grant?" the only thing that that man shows a fitness for, according to our rules of empanelling juries, is to go into the jury-box. In the second place he has been thoroughly tried in many positions and in the Presidential Chair. The people know just what he is, and feel that with him there will be no experiments. They don't want to experiment with men in times like these. Men always prefer the goods they have tried and know about, even if they may not be quite as good actually. They want, in Western phrase, "a dead sure thing" this time, with a solid South and a Democratic Congress and an electoral count in front of them.

In the third place they know, whatever his faults, that he is thoroughly honest—honest in word and honest in action. For years he has been under a light not inferior to that "fierce light which beats upon a throne." Yet his worst enemy has never charged him with a dishonest or dishonorable action. He has made mistakes, as every man does, whose foresight isn't as good as his "hindsight." He has been deceived by friends, and who of us has not? He has stuck to friends, honestly believing in them, when it would have been better for him to have abandoned them. But he has gone through the hottest fires and fiercest abuse of politics without the taint of personal wrongdoing clinging even to the hem of his garments. Again his administration as to civil service reform and otherwise, using that term in its best sense, compares favorably with other administrations. The country under his administration was efficiently served. There were frauds under his administration; there have been frauds and men kicked out of office under this, but the principals in either case cannot be held culpable, because they had not omniscience. He is a plain, blunt, quiet, firm man, not given to words, but given to deeds, when they are needed. He is not skilled in political finesse. He is a man of common sense. As such the people trust him. He is a man for emergencies, and the next election looks now as if it would be a very respectable sized emergency.

I think there is a more spontaneous movement for Grant than for any other candidate. It is a movement of the people and not a political "boom" nursed in back parlors, nourished in small halls and by assessments, and finally bursting forth on an innocent public as a full-sized "spontaneous boom." He certainly is not a machine candidate. Away in Mexico, with no patronage at his command, he has not said or done the first thing to help himself. I have not yet heard of a single Grant club or organization, or even meeting. There are Sherman clubs and elaborate "booms," bolstered up by government patronage, and Blaine clubs, and other organizations, and all the candidates are vigorously (which is all proper enough) at work, and yet without any party machinery whatever, expenditure of money, clubs, organizations, or patronage, the people are spontaneously pushing Grant into the forward place. There never was a less engineered movement in this country. I am quite sure there that there has been no organized movement or machinery set in motion in Massachusetts for Grant, and I am equally sure that when the voice of the people can be heard, it will be strongly in his favor. Grantism is spontaneous. Let me say furthermore, that I think, as to the Southern question, and as to foreign and other questions of government, Grant is a man of broad and statesmanlike views, who takes the honest, straightforward path and is firm in standing by his convictions, and that is why the people will have trust in him. His election will be an omen of peace, and that is what all the business interests of the country above all things demand.

I don't wish to depreciate other candidates, for whom I would be glad to work if nominated. Blaine is a strong, powerful, popular man, who will probably get the nomination if Grant does not. Edmunds, of Vermont, would make a most efficient President. Garfield is an able man. Others might be named, but of all at this crisis in the political history of this generation, which I have stated to you, I think that Grant will help the party most as a candidate. This year nomination is not election; election is not inauguration; and perhaps before the fall elections and the 4th of March, 1881, we shall be called on to pass through the most perilous of our country's trials.

THE MOTHER COUNTRY OUTDOING.—The Irish American contributions in aid of the Irish sufferers up to the 12th of February amounted to \$508,500, according to the London Times. Since that date probably as much as \$100,000 more has been collected in this country for the various relief funds. These contributions form an impressive and painful contrast to the niggardly gifts of the English. The English papers do not give any statement of the aggregate of contributions in England—possibly because they know that the figures would not be a source of gratification. At last accounts, however, the funds of the Dutchess of Marlborough and of the Mansion House Committee were in the neighborhood of \$200,000 each. But more than one-fourth of the Mansion House fund was by Australia, and much the larger part of the remainder, as well as a considerable portion of the fund of the Dutchess of Marlborough, are made up of contributions from America, Canada, and India. We do not

believe that the total amount actually subscribed in England, judging from the reports which have come to hand, is more than \$125,000, if indeed it is so much. One thing is clear, and that is that the United States has already contributed many thousands of dollars more than the rest of the world combined, and the gifts still flow freely.—Boston Journal.

ROBINSONADE AND THE LARK.—The enterprise shown by Mr. Field last season, in being the first in the United States to produce the now famous "H. M. S. Pinafore," and in affording the patrons of the Boston Museum the opportunity of being the first to hear it in this country, is to be followed this season by another equally enterprising one, to afford a very attractive entertainment. The bill referred to opens with "Robinsonade," a comic act of several tableaux, for male chorus, solos and orchestra, and "Die Fledermaus," an operetta by Strauss. The former is one of many singular sketches familiar enough in the theatres of Germany, a bit of German nonsense describing with mock seriousness the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. The description is put in the mouth of a reader as the "Chorus," of Shakespeare's plays, and the leading incidents of the story are to be illustrated by tableaux vivants.

The musical numbers include solos for "Robinson Crusoe" (Mr. J. S. Haworth), his man "Friday" (Mr. Geo. W. Wilson), and a number of male choruses for the crew of the ill-fated vessel, and the "savages of the uninhabited island." The "book" is by C. W. Gilman (most skillfully and wittily clothed in English by Mr. Nat Childs), and the music by A. Darr, and the absurd manner in which the sad experiences of Crusoe are put make the whole description delightfully funny.

The plot of "Die Fledermaus" (The Lark) has become familiar to the American public through the adaptation of Melihai and Habakuk's "Le Reveillon," seen here last as "On Bail," and years ago at the Museum as "The Christmas Supper." In the dress given "Die Fledermaus," by Mr. Nat Childs and Dr. F. A. Harris, it is called "The Lark," and the libretto retains largely the droll situations which have made the same story in a dramatic form so popular.

Special Notices.

A CARD.
The undersigned most gratefully acknowledges the services of the Woburn Fire Department in saving his property from destruction at the recent fire on Broad street.
L. W. COOPER.
Woburn, Feb. 23, 1880.

Married.

In Woburn, Feb. 12th, by Rev. W. J. Poudret, David C. Hoskins, of Woburn, and Kate Kallie, of East Cambridge.

In Burlington, Mass., Feb. 25th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. George H. Cheney, Silas M. Snow, of Boston, to Miss J. Ida Garland.

Spring Medicines.

Iron Tonic, Stomach Bitters, all the different Sarsaparillas, Beef and Iron, Wine, Iron and Bark. All that is required to tone up the system and purify the blood, demanded at this season of the year, at

DODGE'S DRUG STORE,
Geo. S. Dodge, - - Pharmacist,
165 Main Street, Woburn.

Died.

In Woburn, Feb. 24th, Clara, daughter of Deozithe and Alexine Brezard, aged 1 year and 11 days.

In Woburn, Feb. 25th, Alfred Tay, son of Walter M. and Addie D. Burt, aged 1 month and 11 days.

In Woburn, Feb. 25th, Lydia M. Flanders, aged 32 years.

In Stoneham, Feb. 21st, Ellen N. Zwiler, aged 30 years and 4 months.

In Winchester, Feb. 23d, Dennis Keohane, aged 27 years.

In Wilmington, Feb. 25th, Thomas F. Gowing, aged 41 years, 7 months and 21 days.

For Sale and To Let.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.—A small farm of 71 acres, with eight apple trees in good condition. Horn Pond Water in house and stable. Inquire at 428 Bunker Hill St., Charlestown. 171

FOR SALE.—A light Bay Horse, young, sound and kind, suitable for light carriage, and safe for anybody to drive. Inquire of E. T. HOWARD, at Grammer & White's. 169

FOR SALE.—One 71 Octave Piano, fully carved, nearly new. Original cost, \$500. Will be sold cheap for cash or on easy monthly installments. Inquire at the Journal office. 165

FOR SALE.—House of 11 rooms, painted, papered, and blinded. Situated on Washington Street, East Woburn, about 21 acres land. Inquire of GEORGE FOWLE, near by. 164

STOCK HAY FOR SALE.—About 20 tons of good meadow hay for sale by ABEL SIMONDS, Burlington. 164

TO LET.—The "Carroll" House, No. 307 Main Street. Inquire of JOSEPH KELLEY. 116

TO LET.—Small and Carriage Room. Address P. O. Box 775. 85

TO LET.—A desirable Tenement To let on Pleasant street, to a small family. For terms apply at this office. 85

ROOMS TO LET, suitable for light manufacture, or for offices. Can be arranged to suit tenants. Steam Power furnished if desired. Inquire of G. F. JONES. 61

Lost, Found, Wanted.

WANTED.—By a man with experience in business, a partner with capital, or a situation where industry and ability will be appreciated. First-class reference. Address "Business," Journal Office. 174

WANTED.—A good Protestant Girl, to do general household work and cooking. Apply at the Journal office. 174

Lyceum Hall, - Woburn, MONDAY, March 1st.

First appearance in this town of the wonderful Prima Donna,

LITTLE CORINNE,

Supported by her talented company of 30 ARTISTS. - 30

In the OPERATIC BURLESQUE,

MAGIC SLIPPER!

Introducing all the pleasing and sensational specialties of the day. Grand Carnival Song, Operatic Selections, Terpsichorean Evolutions.

THE DAILY BROTHERS, In their great Lancashire Clog.

HARRISON & HART'S LATEST SENSATION, "The Skids are Out To-day." Admission, only 25 cents. Reserved Seats 30 and 50 cents, for sale at the Telegraph Office. 167

Pocket Knives and Scissors. Low Prices, at 166

HAVING PURCHASED
J. P. FERNALD'S Laces!
STOCK OF

DRY AND FANCY GOODS
—AT A—
GREAT SACRIFICE,
We shall continue its sale in connection with our own

Large and Varied Stock.
—OFFERING—
NEW BARGAINS DAILY.
C. A. SMITH & SON,
177 Main Street, Woburn.

Plated Ware.
Best kind, at 154
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main Street, Woburn.

W. H. JEWETT & Co.,
Manufacturers of 161
First Class Square and Upright
PIANOS.

PRICES FROM
\$85 TO \$300
SPLENDID INSTRUMENTS.
ALL WARRANTED. Call and examine at
576 Washington St., Boston.
R. Brooks Richardson.

Money to Loan!
A few first class Mortgages taken on favorable terms.
ALSO FOR SALE.
The Wheelock Estate, on Salem Street. The Nichols Estate, No. Woburn, and several other Estates, all of which will be sold on favorable terms. For further information inquire at the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.
Woburn, Feb. 18, 1880. 162

E. GIROUX,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER,
SHOP, REAR OF RESIDENCE, 146
Everett Street, Woburn.
Carriages, Sleighs, Punks, and Express Wagons,
to order. Repairing promptly attended to.

WANTED.
The following numbers of the Woburn Journal:—
Vol. 6, No. 28 (July 4) and 44 (Aug. 8) 1857,
Vol. 7, No. 6, Nov. 14, 1857,
Vol. 12, No. 36, July 2, 1869,
Vol. 13, No. 1, 2, 3, Oct. 3, 10, 31, 1864,
Vol. 13, No. 7, 8, 9, Nov. 14, 21, 28, 1864,
Vol. 13, No. 26, 27, 28, 1864,
Vol. 13, No. 45, Aug. 6, 1864,
Vol. 14, No. 19, Feb. 4, 1865.
For which a fair price will be paid. Or Vol. 13 would be bought entire, bound or unbound. 144

Spectacles and Eye Glasses.
To suit all sights, also repairing all kinds, at
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main Street, Woburn. 162

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE,
IN WINCHESTER.
BY virtue of a license from the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, dated Feb. 3, 1880, I, Ella R. Marsh, Administratrix of the estate of Frederick L. Marsh, late of Winchester, in said County, will sell at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on Saturday, March 6th, A. D. 1880, at four o'clock in the afternoon, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the westerly part of Winchester, in said County of Middlesex, containing seventeen acres, more or less, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Beginning on Cambridge street at the northwesterly corner of the premises, thence running easterly one hundred and five rods and twelve and one-half links, by a new street leading easterly from said Cambridge street to land now or late of Gardner Symmes and Tobias Lord; thence southerly by said Symmes and Lord land, as the wall now stands, twenty-five rods and twelve and one-half links to said Cambridge street; thence northerly by said Cambridge street twenty-five rods and twenty links to the point of beginning. Also another parcel of land in said Winchester, near the above lot, containing three acres, more or less, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner thereof at said new street, thence true northerly by land now or late of S. W. Twombly to Winter Pond; thence easterly, northeasterly and southeasterly by said Winter Pond, to the corner of the wall at land now late of said Symmes and Lord; thence southeasterly by said Symmes and Lord land, as the wall now stands, to an Oak tree; thence southerly still by their said land to said new street; thence westerly by said new street fourteen rods and four links to the point of beginning, being the same premises conveyed to Frederick L. Marsh by David Fisher, by deed dated July 7, 1866, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds.

The above described premises are very pleasantly located, about one-half mile from the centre of the town, and this sale offers a rare opportunity to those who wish to purchase one of the best market farms in Middlesex County.

\$500 A MONTH guaranteed. \$12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can do right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and we will send them the money they are looking for. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 68

GEORGE W. NICHOLS,
Watchmaker & Optician,
No. 149 MAIN STREET,
WOBUEN, 58 MASS.

NO TROUBLE
TO SHOW GOODS
—AT—
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE.
Prices Very Low.

MOSES BANCROFT,
SEWING MACHINES AND FINDINGS,
129 MAIN ST., WOBUEN, SOLE'S BLOCK.

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Manufactured from the best White Winter Wheat, specially selected and prepared for the purpose, and absolutely free from any mixture of low grade Flour.

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It describes Royal Palaces, Rare Curiosities, Wealth and Wonders of the Indies, China, Japan, etc. A million people want it. This is the best chance of your life to make money. Beware of "catch penny" imitations. Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents.

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Laces!
We shall exhibit on FRIDAY, FEB. 27, the finest stock of

REAL LACES
Ever displayed in Woburn. Ladies will be pleased to examine our new styles of Real Mechlin Point, Honiton Point, Point D'Alencon, Point D'Iraban, Point Venice, Valenciennes and Smyrna's, Languedoc, &c., &c., with German and Cotton Laces in great variety. French Laces in many styles. We buy direct from New York Importers, and our prices are surprisingly low. 168

A. CUMMINGS, 150 Main Street.

Special Bargains
—IN—
Black Cashmere,

—ALSO—
Ladies' Gossamer Waterproofs, Table Covers, Napkins, Towels, Prints, Cambrics, &c., &c.

A fine line of HAMBURG and SWISS EDGINGS, LACES, RUCHES, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

COPELAND, BOWSER & Co.,
147 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. 164

THE BEST OVERCOATS
EVER SOLD in WOBUEN
FOR TWENTY DOLLARS.
At G. R. GAGE & Co's, - - Merchant Tailors,
171 MAIN STREET, WOBUEN.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY
—AND—
Tea House

We are offering for sale a large and well selected stock of family groceries, at the lowest cash prices. Having superior advantages we have enabled to purchase our goods from Importers, at greatly reduced prices. Our stock is fresh and we guarantee entire satisfaction and will refund the money in every case where goods are not as represented.

Fine Watch Repairing.
Satisfaction Guaranteed at
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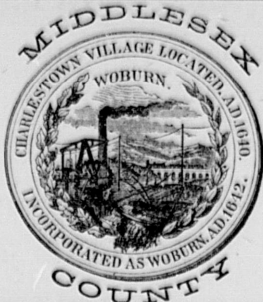
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COLOR RESTORED TO FADED SWITCHES.
MRS. J. J. TITCOMB,
Cor. Main Street and Montvale Avenue.

SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES.
All kinds, at 168
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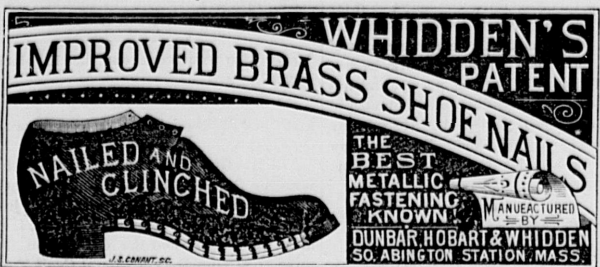


VOL. XXX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1880.

NO. 10.

WILLIAM W. HILL,
A POTHECARY,
OPPOSITE THE COMMON,
WOBURN.



Professional Cards.

George H. Conn,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NO. 159 MAIN STREET, 2
WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.
Office (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.)
Hours (At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.)

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THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
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FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool, England.
I have this day been appointed AGENT of the
above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stone-
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All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

GEO. H. CONN,
159 Main St., Woburn.
July 1, 1879.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.
Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street.

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7 Pemberton Square, 7 BOSTON.

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DR. B. R. HIRSHON,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has removed to
110 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.
Particular attention paid to Surgery.

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Carriages, Harnesses,
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Best Harness in the world for the money.
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seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OF-
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

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Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main
Street Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

North Woburn Street Railroad.
FALL TIME TABLE.
Horse cars leave No. Woburn at 6.10, 7.00, 8.25,
9.45, 11.20 A. M.; 12.45, 3.00, 4.15, 5.35, 6.55 P. M.
Leave Woburn Centre at 6.35, 7.50, 9.00, 10.35,
A. M.; 12.05, 1.40, 3.35, 4.45, 5.50, 7.05 P. M.
Mondays and Thursdays at 9.00 P. M. Saturdays
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DEXTER CARTER, Supt.

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At the Lowest Prices.
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WALDO E. BUCK,
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174 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

Poetical Selection.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and
still.
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale
and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call
and call,
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over
all.
We know not what it means, dear, this desolate
heart pain,
The dread to take our daily way and walk in it
again.
We know not to what sphere the loved who leave
us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do
not know.
But this we know—Our loved and lost, if they
should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of
us could say.
Life is a mystery, as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, oh! how sweet it is to us—this life we live and
see!
Then might they say—these vanished ones—and
blessed be the thought,
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may
tell you naught;
We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of
death—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of
breath."
The child who enters life comes: not with knowledge
intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children
sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is
overhead,
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Selected Story.

THE LIGHT-KEEPER'S
DAUGHTER.

A light-house on a rocky coast. Outside,
thunder, lightning, rain, and wind, and great
black waves dashing up against the rocks at
the foot of the tower. Inside, a winding
flight of stairs leading to an octagon-shaped
room containing the plainest of furniture.
The occupants, a girl of eighteen, tall and
lilac, with black hair hanging in massive
braids to her waist, and luminous gray eyes
under straight black brows. Her dress of
gray water-proof cloth was short and scant,
and hung in wet folds about her limbs; and,
"traverse of all girlish, a coil of rope encircled
her waist and trailed one end on the floor.
By her side a boy of fourteen years, with
his blue blouse open at the throat, and a
faded plush cap on his dark curls. These
two were bending over a man who lay all his
magnificent length on the floor. A picture-
esque-looking man, with fair hair clinging
in dripping masses to his forehead; a curling
golden beard, and a white, firm throat; and
one might be persuaded that the closed
lids by their long fringes covered a pair of
steel-blue eyes.

"Reckon he's gone, Liz," said the boy, as
he paused in his vigorous rubbing of the
man's hands.

The girl was forcing some liquor from a
tin cup directly; but when the object of
their solicitude gave the faintest possible
sigh, she exclaimed, joyfully, "See, Neddie,
he breathes! Now work fast! whereupon
they both fell to rubbing him at great rate.

When Allen McIntyre opened his eyes,
he looked about him confusedly. The odd
little room; the girl with her black braids,
and the coil of rope about her waist, the
looking so like her that one would at once
recognize the relationship; the drenched
condition of all three, and the strange lan-
guage through all his frame—what did it
mean? He closed his eyes wearily, and then
the boy spoke out in bluff fashion:
"You came near going under, cap'n, but
Lizzie pulled you out."

Then McIntyre remembered all, and lan-
guidly raised himself into a sitting posture.
It is too wild a night to be afloat in a
little craft like that," said the girl, making
a gesture seaward, where a tiny boat had
broken up an hour before.

"It was fair when I left shore," replied
the man. "I ventured further than I in-
tended. Then the wind went down, and I
could only drift until the storm arose. I
have a recollection of a fierce rush of wind and
wave that upset my boat, and a blow on my
head, probably from some part of the boat
as I went over."

"Yes," said the boy, "there came a flash
of lightning, and Lizzie and I, looking out,
saw the boat capsized. So Lizzie caught up
the rope, and I after her. We're used to
that sort of thing, eh, Lizzie?" Lizzie
nodded, and the boy continued, animatedly,
"You see, sir, my father keeps the light,
but he is sick just now, so Lizzie and I tend
the light—we always do when father is sick
or goes to the mainland—and we've pulled
out more than one fellow more than half
dead. Why—"

"Never mind that, Neddie," interrupted
his sister, gently, and the unspoken reproach
in her voice had the effect of making the lad
look somewhat shamefaced as he went back
to the first part of his story.

"Well, sir, we ran down the slope at the
side of the cliff over here, where the waves
were tearing up like ten thousand wild
horses. And every time it lightened we
could see you bobbing around out there like
a piece of cork. We were afraid of your
striking against the ledges, so Lizzie fast-
ened one end of the rope about her waist
and I held the other while she went straight
in and struck out for you."

McIntyre uttered a low exclamation, and
turned his gaze from Neddie to Lizzie's sister.
The boy wagged his head proudly.
"Ah," said he, with gleaming eyes,
"that's nothing for our Liz to do! She
caught you, and I pulled you both in, and
then we carried you up here. Ah, but you're

monstrous heavy! I thought we'd never get
you up stairs."
McIntyre laughed as he arose rather
doubtfully to his feet.

"I feel a trifle shaky," he said; and then,
"it is easy to see that you are brother and
sister. I am Allen McIntyre, at your ser-
vice, Miss Lizzie;" and he bowed in a fash-
ion that gave the lie to his declaration of
shakiness. "Of course I realize that you
and your gallant brother here have rendered
me a great service—one for which you shall
not go unrewarded, although I can never
hope to fully recompense you."

Lizzie raised her head haughtily.
"Sir, such work as we have done to-night
we do not do for wages. If you feel strong
enough, I will walk with you to the house.
I think the storm is passing over. We live
a quarter of a mile from the light. Our ac-
commodations are plain enough, but there
is no other house on the island."

"O, I am as good as new now," said Mc-
Intyre; "but will you leave this boy here
alone?"

She smiled.
"Ned is not afraid, and he can tend the
light as well as I."

"Very well; I will go with you."

He waved a smiling adieu to the boy, and
followed his guide down the narrow stair-
way.

Two days later, a small sail-boat put out
from the island, which, when it returned,
brought McIntyre's luggage.

Lizzie's father, who was laid up with an
attack of rheumatism, had taken a fancy to
the young man, who expressed a desire to
spend a few weeks there at any price they
might charge. Captain Clyde straightway
ordered Neddie off in his new boat to the
mainland for the gentleman's traps. The
youngster obeyed this order with alacrity,
for the good humored ease of the stranger,
together with his evident appreciation of
"our Liz," had wrought favorably on Ned-
die.

Even the maiden aunt, who kept the
house, smiled frostily at the prospect of this
pleasant addition to their family.
McIntyre, who had been wandering about
three or four hundred miles from home in
search of a quiet place to spend the summer,
congratulated himself on having drifted to
the very spot.

"Although it was an expensive style of
drifting," he remarked, with a smile, as he
enclosed a bank-note in an envelope, to be
sent to the owner of the little craft which
had slipped him out into the waves abreast
of the light-house.

A week later, as he sauntered shoreward,
there came to his ears a willy-sweet strain
of melody. As he listened in amazement,
he had seen no musical instrument about the
place, he began to realize that it was a
part of Strauss' Artist Life waltzes that he
heard—a strain that he often whistled. He
stepped around the jutting cliff, and there,
leaning against the granite wall, was Lizzie,
her chin dropped carelessly on a little red
violin, as she drew the bow deftly over the
strings.

She flushed up like a guilty thing when
she saw McIntyre.

"You whistled that the other day," she
flattered, "and I liked it so much—it haunts
me all the time."

He stepped forward.

"Why, Lizzie! Is it possible you play
like that without notes?"

"I don't play much now," she said, draw-
ing her dark brows over her eyes. "A
party of ladies and gentlemen came here to
visit the light-house once, and overheard me
playing. I heard one of the ladies say,
'The idea of a girl with a fiddle!' So I
thought perhaps it didn't look well."

"Not look well, indeed!" and he laughed
in merry scorn. "Why, child, did you ever
hear of Camilla Urso?"

"No."

"Well, she is a lady, and she makes the
most exquisite music on a fiddle," and
thousands of people go to hear her. Why,
Camilla Urso herself would listen with
pleasure to your music, Lizzie," said
McIntyre, extravagantly. "Who taught
you to play?"

"No one. The violin belonged to father
and he showed me how to tune it. I pick
up tunes that I hear but I never heard any-
thing half so beautiful as the tunes you sing
and whistle."

McIntyre smiled. His repertoire of music
consisted of snatches of operas, waltzes,
redows, and German airs, which were dimly
associated in his mind with nights of bril-
liant gaiety; and he wondered dreamily
how this pure-minded, healthy-souled girl
would look upon the elegant dissipation car-
ried on by the set of which he was the fa-
vorite. A sudden glow warmed his heart with
the thought that not one of the fine ladies
who had swung languidly through the mazes
of that very vault of the great composer's
could have rescued him so bravely from the
jaws of death as Lizzie had—Lizzie, who
stood there so quietly, with her little red
violin hugged to her breast and her fingers
straying lovingly over the strings.

"Tell me about Camilla Urso," she said,
presently. "Did you ever hear her play?"

"Yes indeed! I have a paper in my
trunk containing a little sketch of her life,
which you may read for yourself, and which
will tell you better than I can of her talent."

For a moment Lizzie's eyes met his own,
a look of shame and distress gathering in
them.

"Mr. McIntyre, that will be of no use—I
cannot read."

"Lizzie!"

"It is true."

Her violin slipped from her grasp, and
she would have fallen to the ground had not Mc-
Intyre caught it, and she covered her crimi-
nal face with both hands.

"But, Lizzie," persisted her companion,
in some perplexity, "I do not understand.
There are good public schools in the city;

and surely your father must have known
that it was his duty to give a girl like you
an education, to say nothing of Neddie, who
is growing up such a splendid young fel-
low."

"It is very kind of you to say such things
of Neddie and me, Mr. McIntyre, but, after
all, we are common people, and ours is a
common life. Neddie did spend two years
with our uncle who lives in York State. He
went to school there. But father doesn't
think much of book learning. Aunt Jane
never has time to help me, and Neddie is
too restless to keep still long enough. I
suppose," she continued, quaintly, "you
who live out in the world look at these things
in a different way; but I know of many who
are just where I am. Why, there is a whole
family on that island," pointing to a tiny
speck away to the eastward, "who cannot
read or write. Once in three months, per-
haps, they will go to the mainland for pro-
visions. I scarcely ever go. I suppose I
shall always live right here, and I am con-
tented—I think," a look of doubt gathering
in her eyes; "at least, I was. But lately
I have wished so much that I could read
and had books—for it is so lonely here in
the winter."

"Well, dear child," said the young man
gently, "this gives me the privilege of pay-
ing my debts, doesn't it?"

"Your debts?" echoed Lizzie, in sur-
prise.

"Certainly. Did you not fish me out of
the waters a week ago? Well, now you
shall put your six feet of drift wood to some
service. I will teach you to read and write."

After that McIntyre proved the most pa-
tient of teachers, and his pupil made steady
progress in her lessons. Neither was the
violin any longer in disgrace. Lizzie played
to attentive ears, while both were learning a
deeper lesson than either at first realized.
McIntyre was the first to wake up. He was
a man of the world, and understood himself,
or thought he did, thoroughly. Accordingly
he started, one morning, for a stroll along
the beach to think it all over.

"As the case now stands," he soliloquized,
as he lit a cigar and threw away the match,
"it is either Lizzie or the world; and I con-
fess the world has charms for me." Then
came a thought which caused his heart to
beat faster, and sent the hot blood to his
brow. But he shook his broad shoulders
indignantly, and raised his hat to let the cool
sea breeze sweep through his hair. "I must
be a greater scoundrel than I am to work so
great a wrong on that dear girl. Faith! and
he laughed in bitter scorn of himself,
"that would be a fine way to recompense
her for saving my life. She might better
have left me to feed the fishes! I could I take
her home with me as my wife?"

His gaze wandered absently over the swell-
ing waves, and lingered upon a far-off sail
that dipped and rose and dipped again until
it sank below the horizon. His lip curled
involuntarily as he thought of the delicate
ladies in his set, and how wretched they
would make the poor girl's life in their own
high-bred fashion. "No—but would they,
though?"

A faint amusement gathered in his face
as he recalled Lizzie's rather stately car-
riage and quiet dignity, that redeemed her
from being commonplace. He laughed out-
right.

"It would be fun to watch her among all
those peacocks. Poor Lizzie! What a
shame that she has been so neglected! If
she had received half the advantages of any
of my acquaintances, she would have sur-
passed them all. Well, well, it is high time
I returned home. I have been here six
weeks. Yes, I will go away to-morrow, and
forget her, as she will forget me."

So saying, McIntyre threw away the end
of his cigar and started into a brisker walk
along the shore, coming directly upon the
object of his thoughts, who was pacing to
and fro, drawing plaintive music from her
violin. She wore a scarlet jacket over her
gray dress, and a white handkerchief tied
over her dark hair under her chin. His
heart throbbed faster at the sight of her.

"Fool!" he muttered, "to think I could
leave her! Now, then, my man:

"It's all for love, and the world well lost!"

Lizzie greeted his approach with a smile,
but played on to the close of the strain be-
fore she spoke. It was a little German air
that he taught her.

"Is that right?" she queried, as she fin-
ished.

"I cannot tell you."

Then, meeting her look of astonishment
with his own earnest gaze, he said:

"Lizzie, will you care very much when I
go away from here?"

Her eyelids drooped; the red blood dyed
her cheek and brow for a moment and then
faded away, leaving her quite pale.

"I think it will be well for you to go."

"And why, Lizzie, will you tell me? You
need not fear to tell me anything," he added,
as she hesitated.

She looked away from him, and her voice
was almost inaudible as she answered:

"Because—because—O, I cannot tell you!
You know—"

"I have thought of going, Lizzie; but I
realized, to-day, that I could not leave you
—ever again, dear."

He put one arm about her, but she drew
away from him, trembling from head to foot.
"Don't, Mr. McIntyre! I want to re-
member you kindly, and I cannot if you use
such language to me."

"For Heaven's sake," cried he, in aston-
ishment, "tell me, have I said anything
wrong to you? Is it wrong to love you? If
that is a sin, then I am the greatest of sin-
ners."

"I do not forget," she said sadly, "that
you are a gentleman, and I but a poor, ig-
norant girl, who knows only what you have
taught her."

"But, Lizzie, I ask you to be my wife,
and you have not answered me. I do not
boast when I say that my suit would not be
rejected in most families of high standing
where I am known."

"Ah, that is the idea," she exclaimed
hastily; "if, as you say, you do—care for me
—" she stammered a little over the words,
"you would soon grow weary of my stupid
ways. I should shame you every day of my
life, and your grand friends would wonder
at your choice, and I should die of home-
sickness."

"With me, Lizzie?"

"Yes, even with you," smiling and blush-
ing as she met his eyes.

He laughed—he was so sure of winning
her—he laughed and kissed her red mouth.
"Well, sweetheart, I will live here, then,
and turn keeper of the light after your fath-
er. Will that suit you?"

"Don't deceive yourself, Mr. McIntyre.
We would not be happy together, and think
how terrible it would be—bound together
forever!"

He laughed exultantly and with a good
deal of amusement.

"Faith! I think it would be a mighty
pleasant thing. Come, Lizzie, you can deny
me no longer. Do you not see that your
own happiness depends upon my answer?
Now kiss me, dear, and tell me that you will
take the life you were so brave to save into
your own keeping."

He drew her gently toward him, but she
faced him suddenly, with great tears trem-
bling on her long lashes.

"Do you think it costs me nothing to re-
fuse you—you who have made my life so
beautiful these few short weeks? I am rude
and ignorant—such a wife would burden and
disgust you in time. It is for your good that
I refuse to accept what seems like heaven to
me!" And then, swift as a deer, she flew
along the shore, leaving McIntyre to strug-
gle between anger, amusement, and wound-
ed self-love.

All that day he tried to speak with Lizzie
alone, but she gave him no opportunity. At
last, in very desperation, he tapped at the
door of her father's room. Captain Clyde
was again suffering with rheumatism, and
the young man found him in his easy-chair,
while Lizzie hovered about him.

"Captain Clyde," said McIntyre, as he
blocked the doorway with his broad shoul-
ders to prevent Lizzie from escaping, "I wish
to say a few words to your daughter in your
presence, since she refuses to grant me that
privilege elsewhere."

"Say on, my lad; she should be proud to
hear whatever you have to say to her."

"Well, Lizzie, I will go away from here
to-morrow, and stay as long as you bid me.
When the time is up I will return to claim
you for my wife. You shall see that this is
no idle, passing fancy."

His gaze, grave and sad, rested on the
girl's flushed face, and the bluff old captain's
eyes widened in amazement.

"Speak out, gal!" he commanded. "Have
you anything to say to this young man, who
wows you like a gentleman? Shall he come
—or not?"

And Lizzie answered, with downcast eyes:
"If he comes one year from this time,
and still cares for me, I will be ready."

"And is this all, Lizzie?" he said, step-
ping toward her with outstretched arms.

"No, I'll be bound!" quoth the old man,
with a twinkle in his eyes. "When I
went a courting, my little girl used to kiss
me. And reaching over, he gave Lizzie a
little push that sent her into the arms of her
lover; whereupon they all laughed, and Lizzie,
after kissing McIntyre shyly, slipped
from his embrace, and ran from the room."

A whole year passed by, not unhappily to
Lizzie, who had faithfully endeavored to im-
prove herself. She spent the winter "on
the mainland," with some friends. She
studied, read, watched the people about her;
and, never coarse herself, despite her com-
monplace life at home, she fell easily into
the new groove. Although not unhappy,
the girl's cheek was paler than of yore, and
her eyes held a wistfulness that had grown
in them since parting from her lover; for
occasionally this thought crossed her dreams
of the future, "He may not come, after all;
he may forget."

But Allen McIntyre was truer than most
of his kind; for the early fall brought him
again to Lizzie's home. While he waited in
the old-fashioned sitting-room, the door was
opened hesitatingly, and who was this before
him?

Allen had left a young gypsy, magnificent
in her way, with coal-black braids and flash-
ing eyes; yet scarcely the figure for a draw-
ing-room, in her short gown and thick,
coarse shoes. A daughter of the sea, sun-
burned and fearless. But this—was this
Lizzie? A graceful woman in trailing robes.
All the shining hair braided and coiled about
her head, resting in a coronet a queen might
envy, above the low, broad brow. Paler
than of old; her eyes downcast, but shining
softly through their happy tears; her red
mouth shining triumphantly. Was this
Lizzie? Why, not one woman of all the bril-
liant throng he remembered could compare
with her!

Every summer a handsome gentleman and
his dark-haired wife visit the old light-keep-
er's home; and every fall they return to
their stately home in a far-away city, where
the lady does the honors of her grand house
with a grace that charms all.

And yet Allen McIntyre laughingly ac-
cuses his wife of "fishing for him."

There are 40,000,000 acres of un-
surveyed public lands in California. More than
one-half of these lands are capable of culti-
vation; and under the homestead laws will
furnish homes for 125,000 families.

THE LAUGH THAT HURTS.—It is a sharp
transition to turn from these reflections upon
the various sorts and degrees of generosity
to what is certainly one of the basest and
least generous traits of our human nature
—the disposition to laugh at the misfortunes
of another. There is a laugh of peculiar
tone, harsh, jarring and mocking, which
always carries with it this meaning. You
do not need to know what has caused it.
You may hear it from around a street corner
and the laughter and the thing laughed at
may be both invisible, but from the very
tone of the laugh you know that some one
has fallen on the ice, or has been splashed
with mud by a passing vehicle, or has been
half-buried by a snow slide. Ah, that cruel
jeering, derisive laugh—who shall account
for it? The trifler was walking up Hav-
erhill street the other morning, and before
and behind him, on either side of the street,
were long lines of passengers who had just
come in at the Fitchburg depot. The morn-
ing was keen and frosty, and the crowd was
moving quickly. Just in front of the
trifler, a man was hurrying along, at a half
run, when suddenly he slipped on a treach-
erous bit of ice, and went down head-fore-
most on the hard pavement—as heavy and
hopeless a fall as one often sees, with nothing
to break its force. Instantly, from the
other side of the street came that grating,
strident, wicked laugh—a laugh without
mirthfulness, but charged with malignity as
cruel as it was causeless. The incident
was a trifling one, and one may witness one
like it any day, but there is something both
painful and pitiful in the glimpse of human
nature at its worst and basest which it gives
us.—The Trifler, in Boston Journal.

A MILKMAN'S MATHEMATICS.—When
Thomas drove up to a house on Elizabeth
street, to deliver the usual quart of mixture,
the gentleman of the house quietly in-
quired:—

"Thomas how many quarts of milk do
you deliver?"

"Ninety-one, sir."

"And how many cows have you?"

"Nine, sir."

The gentleman made some remarks about
the early spring, close of the Eastern war,
the state of the roads, and then asked:—

"Say, Thomas, how much milk per day
do your cows average?"

"Seven quarts, sir."

"Ah—um," said the gentleman, as he
moved off.

Thomas looked after him, scratched his
head, and at once grew pale as he pulled
out a short pencil and began to figure on the
wagon cover.

"Nine cows is nine, and I set seven
quarts down under the cows and multiply.
That's sixty-three quarts of milk. I told
him I sold ninety-one quarts per day. Sixty-
three from ninety-one, and none to carry.
Now where do I get the rest of the milk?
I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away
to one of my best customers, by leaving a
darned big cavity in these figures to be filled
with water."

HE PREFERRED THAT KIND.—Among the
customers of one of our well known brokers
are a number of Frenchmen whose voluble
tongues almost drive the man of shares wild,
and hugely entertain his other clients. A
few days ago a wirey old Gaul, with a face
the color of an old saddle and wearing a
big bush

Woburn Journal.
John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
GEORGE FRENCH, Assistant Editor.
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THE PHALANX BALL.—The social event of the season was undoubtedly the brilliant ball given last Friday evening, by the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, Co. G, 5th Regiment, M. V. M., at Lyceum Hall. The committee had spared no pains in making the preparations such as would ensure for the occasion a complete success, and the end amply justified the means. The hall was beautifully decorated with streamers of tulle, the flags of all nations, and coats-of-arms of all the States, the stars and stripes, and emblematic designs, furnished by Col. Wm. Beals, of Boston. The orchestra was seated on the stage amid a tropical luxuriance of flowers and green-house plants; the chandeliers were festooned with smilax, and a canary in its cage hung on each one, adding its little mite to the efforts of the orchestra. At a few minutes past eight the orchestra performed several fine operatic selections, concluding with a grand march, when the brilliant company, numbering 200 couples formed upon the floor for the first figure, and a gay spectacle it was presented. The dazzling uniforms of the military gentlemen, the beautiful toilettes of the ladies, and the more sombre, yet elegant dress of the civilians, made up a scene, which from the manner in which American society is constituted, must necessarily be of rare occurrence. After the first figure was danced, the Governor and the gentlemen accompanying him, were escorted to the floor of the hall by the reception committee, and introduced to the ladies and gentlemen present. As the Governor's party entered the hall, the stage was brilliantly illuminated with colored lights, the band playing a lively march.

Among the guests present were His Excellency Governor Long, Speaker Noyes, of the House, General Otis, of the Senate, Mr. E. D. Hayden, of the House, Hon. John Cummings, and the following military gentlemen:—Adjutant-General A. Hun Berry, Colonel Lovell, Colonel Lockwood, Colonel Olin, and Colonel Fiske, of the Governor's staff, Colonel Trull, Adj. Thompson, Paymaster Fairbanks, Major Richardson, Captains Phelps, Snow, Bancroft, Brown, Whitney, Lieutenants Henderson and Dawson, of the 5th regiment, Major Merrill, of the first battalion of artillery, and Captain Nettleton, and Lieutenants Torsey and Kemp, of the Lancers. They were received at the depot by a sub-committee appointed for that purpose, and escorted to the rooms of the Mishawum Club, where they were met by the reception committee.

The Governor danced twice, once leading the ball with Miss Lizzie F. Parker, Captain Ellard's fiancée, and the second time with Mrs. Joseph H. Parker. At about ten o'clock, the Governor and the gentlemen who accompanied him from Boston, and the reception committee retired from the ball-room to the Mishawum Club parlors, where Mr. J. D. Gilman had in waiting for them a collation that would bring a smile to the face of the greatest of epicures. The rooms were tastefully decorated, and the tempting viands served on silver and decorated china, in a style entirely in consonance with Mr. Gilman's reputation.

The floor was under the command of Captain J. W. Ellard, with Major Richardson, Captain Crane, Lieutenants Converse, Littlefield and Young, Sergeant Halliday, Privates Gleason, Simonds and others as aids; and if they should ever be called upon to command upon sterner battle-fields, (as some of them have) and acquit themselves as well, they would prove themselves good soldiers.

The music, which was furnished by Edmonds' Band, of Boston, was all that could be desired, and in harmony with the general excellence of everything pertaining to the ball, which must be reckoned as among the notable events of 1880.

A large number of people of all sects gathered at the First Church, Sunday evening, to bid the pastor good-bye, previous to his departure for the East. Dr. March presided and remarks were made by Hon. J. G. Pollard, Rev. E. Mills, Leander Thompson, and Chas. Anderson, and others. The quartette sang some appropriate selections, and at the close of the meeting a general hand-shaking was indulged in.

The Wakefield Citizen and Banner passes from the hands of Mr. W. H. Twombly to Mr. C. W. Eaton, who assumes the editorship of the paper. Mr. Twombly has published a good local paper, and we hope Mr. Eaton will make the retiring editor's place good, as he no doubt will.

It is very tantalizing to receive a letter from a correspondent, who starts a very neat paragraph describing matters of interest, and runs off into an &c. We have lots of imagination, but "imagination's utmost bounds" are soon reached, after a few paragraphs of this sort.

The frost is nearly all out of the ground, and the roads are getting dry and dusty, though there is plenty of time yet left in which to shovel snow and break roads.

The high water in White's Brook has been improved lately by the boys who go a-sailing on rafts.

A fine spring rain Wednesday night.

Y. M. A.—The Young Men's Association of the Baptist Church, held the usual monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, Mar. 2, in their room, and enjoyed an unusually interesting and profitable session. The subject for the evening was "George Washington," which was ably considered in the following order:—Washington and his times, —E. A. Pierce; Washington as a civilian, —Rev. E. Mills; Washington's farewell address, —Jos. P. Jayne; Washington at Valley Forge, —Charlie Brown; Washington crossing the Delaware, —F. A. Partridge; Hints at war times, Charles T. Wood; Washington surrendering his commission, —F. S. Burgess. At intervals during the exercises, patriotic songs were rendered by James A. Brown, and duets on violin and piano, by Herbert Frampton and Charlie Brown, in very pleasing style. The meeting was largely attended, and by all present was considered the best the association has held for many months, and at the close of the programme it was voted to hold another literary entertainment on Tuesday evening, Mar. 16, subject,—"The Revolution and war of 1812." A full list of parts was assigned, and a good time is expected. The Association voted to hold a vocal and instrumental concert on Tuesday evening, Mar. 23, of which further notice will be given.

LITTLE CORINNE.—The juvenile opera company, which presented the operetta entitled "The Magic Slipper," at the Lyceum Hall, Monday evening, were not welcomed by a very large house, but succeeded in pleasing those who did attend. The operetta is evidently modelled somewhat after the fashion of the famous "Evangeline," though lacking the originality and life which has made that extravaganza so popular. The acting and singing of Little Corinne was much admired, as was that of all the other members of the troupe, and one is not obliged to qualify praise bestowed upon them with the saving clause, "considering they are all so young;" for their acting would do credit to older heads and more pretentious actors. The dancing of one of the little girls, and of the Daly Brothers, was also worthy of notice.

It is none too soon to be thinking how you will vote at town meeting. Every man whose name is on the voting list has a duty to perform which he should not shirk. Our ancestors fought bravely that we might go to the polls and say there who should perform our will and enforce our laws. It is an insult to the memory of the men who gave us the freedom we enjoy, not to manfully fulfill to the letter the whole duty of a citizen. The ladies, too, find themselves made to bear with the men the responsibility of our school system. Let them, also, remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,"—and good schools.

NEW DRUG STORE.—Mr. Frederic B. Leeds, a graduate of the Mass. College of Pharmacy, and a druggist of considerable experience, and large acquaintance in Woburn, has opened a drug store on the corner of Main Street and Montvale Avenue. He has the most eligible site in town, a well-selected stock of goods, knowledge, and experience, and we have no doubt will meet with the good success he surely merits. See advertisement.

NEW STORE.—Messrs. J. & H. M. Seaver open to-day (Saturday) a full line of groceries, at 196 Main street, opposite the Post Office. These gentlemen are both thoroughly conversant with their business, and are well known in town. They intend to keep a full line of the goods usually kept in grocery stores, and invite all to give them a call. They guarantee low prices, good goods, and polite attendance.

TULLY GALLAGHER.—T. H. Hill, Esq., visited Hartford, Conn., on Tuesday, and was granted a hearing by the Committee on Fardons, of the Connecticut Legislature. Mr. Hill appeared for Tully Gallagher's friends, for the purpose of procuring Gallagher's pardon, he having been imprisoned as a tramp, in fact becoming the first victim of the new Connecticut Tramp Law.

RETURNED.—Mr. Thomas V. Sullivan has returned to town, much improved in health. He starts for California, next Monday, where he has secured a lucrative situation. We wish him a pleasant journey, and success in his new position.

The solution of the fifteen block puzzle, which was published in the Boston papers this week, was worked out by a Woburn gentleman, days before it appeared in print, and was not considered a great feat, either.

This month the prudent farmer gets out his farming tools and assures himself that they are put in proper condition for the active work of the coming season, which will begin in earnest next month.

Deacon Gage accompanied Rev. Dr. March as far as New York on his way to the East, and saw him safely bestowed on board the steamship Labrador, of the Transatlantic line, which runs to Havre.

The weather steadily persists in ignoring the dolorous prophecies of the weather-wise, to the effect that we shall "have enough of winter yet," and continues to wear April smiles.

Ex-Sergeant-at-Arms Morrissey, the treasurer of Plymouth County, was at the State House, Tuesday forenoon, hard at work against the bill limiting the terms of county treasurers.

Though Rufus Pickering & Co. have not filled their houses with ice, they have put in as large a supply as they had last year, both here and at Winchester.

Gilman had fresh strawberries on the Governor's supper table in the Mishawum Club parlor, last Friday evening.

Next to dancing with the Governor, being in the same set with him, was accounted very pleasant.

Woburn is counted a rather poor show town by the professional purveyors of amusements.

COUNTY FINANCES.—Some one has sent us an anonymous pamphlet called "A Few Facts in connection with the Financial Affairs of Middlesex County," which contains tables showing the taxes of the counties in the State for the five years past, the taxation per capita, and the per cent. on valuation, the Middlesex County debt and tax since 1872, and a comparative statement in reference to the county jails and houses of correction in the State. It is, of course, very gratifying to learn that the per capita tax of this county is only 40 cents while the other counties average 73 cents, and that our tax in 1879 was only \$115,000 while in 1872 it was \$190,000, and that the county debt has been reduced from \$160,000 in 1872 to \$12,000 in 1879. And it is pleasant to contemplate the fact, if fact it be, that the East Cambridge jail is managed so much more judiciously than any other in the State that its balance sheet shows a profit from the prison labor. These figures may be correct, but they are not vouched for by any one, and people could not be blamed should they look upon this anonymous document with some distrust. But assuming that it is issued in good faith, and all its statements susceptible of proof, it tells nothing the people want to know. Results, are easily seen, but how they were arrived at is what is wanted to be known just now. It affords a business man no satisfaction to have his book-keeper inform him that he has lost or gained such a sum of money during the year. He must know the how and the why; and that is just what Middlesex County people want to know. An irresponsible document like the one before us is of no value whatever. Its rose-colored statements are not the facts that are being called for. A bill of particulars is wanted.

W. C. T. U.—The Temperance meeting at the Methodist Church, Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was well attended. After singing, reading from the Scriptures, and prayer by Rev. Mr. Morrison, a statement of the financial standing of the Union was read, showing that there had been \$81.19 received during the year just passed, and \$71.39 disbursed, leaving an unexpended balance of \$9.80. After the first quarter of the year, the ladies finding themselves somewhat in debt, gave up their hall, and have by untiring effort succeeded in paying their whole indebtedness, as well as some bills contracted by others, which they were not really bound to assume, but did so, as they had been made for the temperance cause. Miss Lizzie Cummings, of Stoneham, recited "The Newby's Debt," and the speaker of the evening, Mrs. McLaughlin, of South Boston, was introduced. She spoke for half an hour, giving a history of some of her experiences in the West, with the woman crusaders; paid a glowing tribute to the power of song and music to inspire people to the right, and closed with a stirring appeal for the cause. The lady is an easy and fluent speaker, uses the best of language, and her whole heart is evidently in the cause of which she is so good an advocate.

One hundred and ten years ago to-day, (Friday) March 5, 1770, the British soldiers in Boston fired upon the populace, several of whom were killed. This act has since been known as the Boston Massacre, and though it happened more than five years before the breaking out of the Revolution, it was doubtless one of the various causes that led up to that war.

FIRE.—The alarm of fire last week Friday evening was caused by the explosion of a kerosene lamp in Michael McGuire's house in District 5. The fire was extinguished with the aid of the department, which responded promptly to the call. The alarm need not have been given, if a little presence of mind, and water, had been first used.

A friend of ours tells of a little boy who had evidently commenced the struggle with the mysteries of mathematics, who, when his minister explained to him the meaning of Lent, and asked him what he would give up during this season of fasting, promptly replied, "Arithmetic!"

In the early history of this State, the use of tobacco was prohibited under a heavy penalty, and its smoke compared to the smoke of the bottomless pit. There are some in our day who would not materially differ with those ancient law-makers.

A train to connect at Winchester with the train that leaves for Boston at 3 minutes of 3 o'clock, in the afternoon, would be a great convenience to the people of Woburn.

Chas. Bancroft, of this town, drew a china tea set at the Wakefield I. O. O. F. fair, Friday evening, and Sidney Buxton a bag of flour.

It required nine days, and a vote of instructions from the Overseers of the Poor, for the Chief of Police to serve a warrant, recently.

The Committee of Public Safety is arranging for a series of popular temperance meetings, with some talented speaker to lead.

The State officers of the W. C. T. U. contemplate holding a grand mass meeting in Woburn at an early date.

The milliners will soon go to market for their Spring styles, and we may expect their "openings" in a few weeks.

The new windows in the door of the First National Bank, are an improvement on their ground glass predecessors.

Rev. Dr. Fay of Bangor, Maine, will preach at the First Congregational Church Sunday.

The estate of the late Eben B. Phillips, of Swampscott, is valued at \$2,550,516.27.

Wild geese were observed going north, on Sunday.

White, Osgood & Co., have enlarged their drying yard.

SOME WOBURN INDUSTRIES.
I V.
MACHINEISTS.

In no branch of manufacturing can so much progress be noted within so short a time, as in the working of iron and steel. The steady and rapid march of invention, and the demands that have constantly been made upon machineists to put into iron and steel the brain work of inventors, has kept the industry ever upon the upward way. In looking upon the wonderful creations of fertile brains, which are the product of our modern machine shops, one is lost in wonder that the red ore we have seen taken from the earth, can be made into the powerful and beautiful, almost human, machinery, that performs so easily the labor which was so laboriously done by our grandfather's hands.

Woburn boasts of no great iron industry. What we have in that line must be reckoned as a sort of handmaid to our great leather business; lady-in-waiting to the queen. Iron, it is said, is king; but even kings sometimes find it necessary for them to play a subordinate part. But though our workers of iron make no great show, their importance is apt to be under-estimated, if an examination be not made. A glance rarely reveals a man's character, nor does the casual acquaintance with, or an occasional visit to a machine shop, give much of an idea of the work done therein. Let us glance behind the screen.

EAMES AND FREEMAN.
This firm occupies the first floor of Simonds' block, 97, 99 and 101 Main street. They employ from sixteen to twenty hands, and manufacture all kinds of leather machinery, as well as all varieties of jobbing and repairing work. Anything in their line, from the adjusting of a sewing-machine needle, to building all the machinery for a tannery or currier's shop, is within the limits of the capacity of the concern. The machinery they build is of their own design, but not patented. They have recently put in a twenty-five horse power engine for E. C. Cottle, which uses the steam so economically that it is run by a twenty horse power boiler, which furnishes steam for 5,000 feet of heating pipe besides. The new machinery and entire fittings for C. B. Trumbull's new mill was furnished by this firm. Very much of the work of repairing must be done nights, and when the machinery is not running, and they have on their order book enough of this kind of work to keep them busy some months. Mr. L. W. Parks, the senior member of the firm, was formerly foreman for Butler & Bowers, and in 1874 bought that firm out. In 1877 he associated with him Mr. J. T. Freeman, foreman of the Boston Machine Co., and an accomplished machineist. The firm thus constituted possesses the essential elements of success—thorough acquaintance with their business. And the generous patronage with which they have been favored by leather manufacturers in all parts of the country, is ample evidence that they have made good use of their knowledge.

HENRY YOUNG, JR.
This shop is well known. It is situated in Blue Place. The principal business is fitting tanneries and currier's shops with machinery, building steam engines of all sizes, upright and horizontal, elevators, and spent can conveyors, and a general jobbing and repairing business. The tan conveyors are a new thing, and are used to convey the spent tan from the leaches to the fire room or yard, which labor has been done by hand. One of these machines will do the work of three men and one team. Mr. Young also pipes buildings for steam or gas, and puts steam-heating apparatus into houses. The gas piping of the Library building, and the steam piping in the Methodist Church, are specimens of his work in this direction. He employs fifteen hands at present, and will soon enlarge his shop by building a 22x30 addition, and by putting in new machinery. His leather machinery is sent to all parts of the country.

MARSHALL TIDD.
Mr. Tidd's shop is at North Woburn. He has become quite celebrated for the manufacture of pebbling rolls for morocco finishers—a branch of the business of making leather machinery which requires great skill, and in which few excel. He has, however, so far succeeded in attaining perfection as to make rolls that are acceptable the world over. He has recently shipped rolls to Russia, London and California, as well as to points not so remote. He made all the machinery in his shop, including an engine and a wind-mill, which turns his lathes in warm weather. Mr. Tidd has a decided genius for invention, and the curious would find themselves amply repaid for a visit to his shop, and a look at the ingenious mechanical contrivances to be found there.

N. J. SIMONDS.
We have already alluded to Mr. Simonds' shop in a former article. He manufactures machines for the making of his patent heel-stiffeners for his own use and for the trade. He gives employment to six hands.

A NEW ORDER.—The United Order of the Pilgrim Fathers is the name of a new organization that was instituted at Lawrence last year. Its declared principles are to unite fraternally acceptable men and women of every honorable calling; to constrain no man's political or religious convictions, but require all who enter the order to be of sound health, of good reputation and believers in a Supreme Being. The principle object of the formation of the order is its insurance feature, which is similar to other mutual benefit orders. An effort is being made to establish a Colony here.

Medford Town Meeting began at seven o'clock in the morning, thereby giving many a chance to vote for town officers who could not otherwise do so. Why wouldn't that be a good idea for Woburn?

The sewing machine business is booming in Woburn. How do you like your new Wheeler & Wilson?

There is considerable diphtheria in Woburn, and in several cases the families where it is prevalent have been isolated.

March came in as quietly as a lamb. The lion may be expected about the last of the month.

TEMPERANCE.—The Temperance meeting, Thursday evening, at the First Church vestry, was but thinly attended, but the spirit and courage of those that were there and spoke, atoned for the lack of greater numbers. The meeting was opened with singing, reading selections from the Bible, and prayer. Mr. A. Cummings acted as chairman and said that the movement should not be regarded as a political one, as they simply purposed not to give their votes for men for town officers who favored license. He gave some interesting information regarding the workings of a strict prohibitory law in Vineyard, N. J., and said that they proposed to carry on the fight day and night, week days and Sundays, and that money would be raised and freely spent to further the cause.

Mr. L. L. Whitney spoke of the advance made in the cause, and in public sentiment regarding it, since he first engaged in the work.

Mr. J. H. Nason believed in the power of kind words and moral suasion, and that men must be put into office who will stand firmly by their convictions.

Rev. Mr. Pomfret, upon being called upon to speak, said that he was afraid if he began he should speak too long; but upon being assured that he would be called to order in such a case, laid off his coat and gave a vigorous ten minutes' address that aroused and interested all. He would apply more caustic remedies to the evil of rum-selling than kind words, for he believed that men who would engage in the business were not possessed of moral principle enough to make them effective; the men who would be influenced by moral suasion went out of the business years ago. Men must step over the line, and boldly show where they stand. He had been, he said, engaged in the temperance work for more than forty years, and had been identified with almost every movement, but had never yet heard of a policy too radical for him. The meeting was closed with singing.

WOMEN VOTERS.—Last Wednesday afternoon, eighteen women of Woburn appeared before the Selectmen, and were registered as voters. Their names are as follows:—Susan Taylor Converse, Sarah E. Spear, Grace T. Spear, Harriet A. Bickford, Caroline N. Dennis, Sarah Jane Kelley, Martha C. Higgins, Hattie A. Blaisdell, Nancy M. Thompson, Almira Perkins, Amelia J. Parker, Sarah L. Simonds, Lucretia T. True, Susan C. Pindar, Betsey Ann Stearns, Clara E. Stearns, Henrietta Lund, Lucy E. B. Converse. Thirty-six women, at their own request, were assessed in 1879, and have paid, or will pay, a poll tax, and become entitled to register as voters. In addition to these, any woman may register, who has paid a State or county tax within two years. Another opportunity will be given them before Saturday, April 3, when registration closes.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.—A meeting to consider the advisability of forming a Court of the Independent Order of Foresters was held at Grand Army Hall, Wednesday evening, and though it was not then definitely decided to establish a court, it was evident that that would eventually be done. The order has much in it to commend itself to the consideration of such as wish to obtain cheap life insurance, while its social character is an additional argument in its favor. Another meeting will be held next Wednesday evening at the same place, when final arrangements will doubtless be made.

SELECTMEN.—Thursday afternoon, all present but G. F. Jones, who is absent in Vermont. Petition of James Maguire for laying out of Grove street, and of J. E. Rogers for extension of Nashua street to Green street, referred to Highway Committee. Revised Jury List adopted. Voted to hold a special meeting, to close Selectmen's report, on the 11th of March. Chief Engineer's report received. Bills approved.

THE GATE LAW.—Our efficient Chief of Police has called attention to the by-law against out-swinging gates, notifying some citizens whose fences have been innocent of gates for several years. We respectfully ask him to walk down Park street, and observe the two gates on the burying ground, and the gate on the Pound. The Town should set a good example in the observance of its own By-Laws.

HOOD VS. ALLEN.—Horace J. Allen was brought before Judge Converse, at a late hour last Saturday evening, to answer to a charge of bastardy preferred by Nellie S. Hood. He waived examination, and was held in the sum of \$500 to appear at the Superior Court, at Lowell, on the second Monday in March. John I. Munroe and Thos. Salmon became his sureties.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Cyrus A. Thompson, of Elm street, North Woburn, died very suddenly on Thursday. He had not been very well, and about five in the morning he appeared to go to sleep, and his friends were unable to arouse him. He became partially conscious about nine, and died two hours later. His disease is supposed to have been apoplexy.

The Savings Bank, which is now one of our permanent institutions is arranging for more convenient quarters, and there is a talk that it may yet occupy a building of its own. Such a move would add to the beauty and wealth of the town, and no doubt prove a good investment.

ALMOST A FIRE.—Some boys on Thursday, set fire to pine needles in the woods on New Boston street. The fire at one time threatened F. B. Dodge's barn, but the prompt action of the neighbors saved it. Hose 6 turned out, but their services were not needed.

Four persons joined the First Congregational Church on Sunday, by profession. One of the number was a native of Iceland.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Last Friday, in Washington, N. H., the centennial birthday of Samuel Philbrick Bailey was celebrated. Mr. Bailey was brought up on a farm, and also learned to make boots and shoes. He attended the district school, and also an academy at Deerfield, and was for several years a school-teacher. In 1802 he was married to Betsey Balch, of New Boston, and moved to Washington, in March, 1803. His life during the more than three-quarters of a century which have since passed, has been that of a quiet, exemplary and highly-respected citizen. His aim seems to have been to secure a comfortable home, and to establish a character for honesty and uprightness in whatever positions he might be placed. Many years ago he was deacon in a Christian church, not now in existence, in the adjoining town of Windsor. He was a member of the Board of Selectmen in 1824, '25, and '28. Mr. Bailey has been twice married, his last wife, formerly Miss Harriman, of Henniker, dying in 1867. He now has seven children, one of them, Mr. Jesse F. Bailey, living with his wife on the old farm, and the two taking most excellent care of the aged man. The centennarian has not been able to labor for some time past, but there have been only two days in the last 29 years when he has not been up and dressed. He never had a physician but once in his life, and then one was called as a surgeon to attend to a wound in his leg. When a young man, as was the custom in those days, Mr. Bailey used to drink spirit, and he remembers several occasions in that period when he got "tipsy;" but for 80 years he has been a teetotaler, and has done good service for the temperance cause. Since he has been unable to work, he has amused himself by writing poetry, and has composed 1,655 acrostics, quite a number of which have been published. He writes a clear, bold and good hand. We give below his No. 1633, on his friend Sparrow Horton, of Woburn:—

AN ACROSTIC.
Salvation and mercy is free;
Praise God in songs of harmony,
And constant watch, and also pray;
Resolve to walk the narrow way,
Receive good counsel from the wise,
On Christ depend, who grace supplies
While you remain on earth below.
Have faith in Christ where'er you go;
Or live quite meek and humble too.
Remember he once died for you—
"Till you are called home to rest."
On him believe, to make you blest,
No one will ever there molest.
Your friend,
SAMUEL P. BAILEY.
Born in Wears, N. H., February 27th, 1780.
Aged 99 years, 11 months, & 8 days, February 3d, 1880.
My time on earth will soon be past,
And I must quit this house of clay;
But hope to meet my friends at last
In an eternal happy day.

Mr. Bailey was made a Master Mason in 1818, and for 28 years was secretary of his lodge. His arrival at the age of one hundred years was celebrated by his masonic brethren in an appropriate manner. Dispensation was granted them to hold a lodge in the Town Hall at Washington, and the centennarian had a position of honor upon the platform, it probably being the first time a person of his age ever sat in a lodge in the State. After the transaction of business, the lodge was closed and the public admitted. There was music, and an eloquent address appropriate to the occasion. Jesse F. Bailey, a son of the centennarian, read a poem, and resolutions complimentary to the guest of the day were passed. Mount Vernon Lodge presented an elegant chair to the centennarian. A centennial ode was sung. An autograph album was also given Mr. Bailey. The exercises, which were all exceedingly interesting, closed at a late hour in the afternoon.

Mr. Perkins' lecture before the High School Association, next Monday evening, will be entitled "The Dreamer, Scholar, and Philosopher," an essay on the life of the English Opium-eater. It will be illustrated by copious extracts from the autobiography and the "Confession."

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—At the meeting of the School Committee, last Saturday evening, Miss Carrie A. Gage was admitted as a trainer in the public schools. The Superintendent's report was adopted. At a meeting Thursday evening, the Committee adopted their annual report.

THE READING BANK.—The trial of Pratt, the Reading Bank President, has begun, and promises to be a long and hotly contested fight. With Sweetser & Stevens for the government and Butler & Fox for the defence, no points will be lost sight of.

The new operetta and the popular burlesque drama which are shortly to be presented to the public, are in excellent hands, as is proved by the successful rehearsals already begun. Special interest in the performance is rapidly developing.

BAD SCALD.—Edgar Boutwell, employed at Balcom & Nichols' grease factory, was severely scalded on Thursday. He was moving a tank filled with hot grease, and some of the contents was spilled upon him, scalding him very badly.

ANNUAL SERMON.—Rev. Edward Mills will preach his fifth annual sermon as pastor of the Baptist Church next Sabbath morning, in connection with which he will give a brief review of his five years' pastorate.

NASHUA GUARDS.—Capt. Thomas G. Banks, of Nashua, N. H., was at the Phalanx Ball. Capt. Banks commanded the Nashua Guards when they visited the Phalanx over thirty years ago.

POLICE COURT.—James Martin, assault and battery, \$3. and costs. Benard Kennedy, cruelty, \$5. and costs. Thomas Braden, assault and battery, \$3. and costs.

If a man was born December 31, 1801, and died February 28, 1880, how could he be 79 years and 2 months old? Will the Adversary please answer?

BIRTHS.—Hereafter births must be returned to the Town Clerk by physicians and midwives, on or before the 5th of each month.

STEPHANIA.—Porter has a neat article for smokers, combining the cigarette with a glass mouthpiece. "Stephania" is a nice thing.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Musical Herald for March has a good supply of literary matter pertaining to music, which may be read with profit and pleasure by all, whether professional musicians or not. The music of the number is a "Song without words," by Tchaikowsky; "Speed on," a song by Edward Oxenford and J. L. Roeckel, and a tenor solo arranged from Mozart, entitled, "O God, our Father."

American Punch for March, is out, and contains some sharp political hits by way of cartoons and caustic nonsense. The paper is thought by those who ought to be good judges, to successfully rival its great English prototype.

PLOUGHING.—Mr. Thomas Richardson ploughed his garden last Saturday. Ploughing in February is rather unusual.

PARALYSIS.—Moseley N. Brooks had a shock of paralysis on Thursday, and was very low in consequence.

Rev. Geo. H. Young is to deliver the Temperance lecture next Thursday evening, at the Methodist Church.

The Selectmen say the engine houses are in excellent condition. And so say we all of us.

Put up the fences and save time when the work is more pressing next month.

Mr. C. P. Moran, of Cambridge, has opened a furniture store at 125 Main street.

Can you work out the 15 block puzzle?

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.—It is an interesting fact that the St. Gothard Tunnel, the successful completion of which has just been celebrated with great rejoicing, is at once the longest and the cheapest of the

private money to repair and widen the road leading from the Hay Seales to the Henry Harnden farm, and to straighten the old County Road at Stephen Buck's land. The article to see if the town will provide gas-line street lamps was carried to this extent: it was voted to make a line of two lamps, one in front of the Town Hall and one in front of the Church. This is a step in the right direction.

N. B. Eames & Son have cut and stored 450 tons of the very best quality of ice.

ENTERTAINMENT.—The entertainment of the Dramatic Club at Ames Hall last Saturday evening was a grand success. The house was crowded and the acting was first class. Everybody was well up in their parts and gave universal satisfaction.

Fifteen men belonging to the Union Ice Co. went to Greenfield, N. H., last Sunday, to cut ice. They expect to return in about two weeks.

Winchester.

Captain John Bradford spoke at the Reform Club meeting last Sunday evening.

Mr. Fred Waldemeyer was married Thursday evening, to Miss Foster, of North Cambridge.

The Unitarian Sunday School Concert will be given tomorrow (Sunday) evening, at half-past six o'clock.

Mr. D. N. Skillings is very sick, and his symptoms were regarded on Wednesday as very serious. He is better to-day.

MOVED.—Mr. B. F. Holbrook moved his dry goods store into the new rooms fitted up for him in the Brown-Stanton block, last Wednesday evening.

REMOVED.—B. F. Holbrook has removed into his new store in the Brown-Stanton block, where he will be pleased to show his customers a large lot of new goods purchased before the late advance in market, which he will sell at the lowest market price.

Y. M. A.—The following officers were installed at the Young Men's Association rooms on Monday evening last:—President C. O. Billings; Vice President, George H. Carter; Secretary, C. L. Harrington; Treasurer, F. W. Prince; Directors, H. F. Johnson, F. W. Daniels, Eugene Ayer. After the exercises at the hall, the Association was entertained at the residence of L. S. Quimby.

RUNAWAY.—Friday morning, Hemingway's horse ran away from Greenlaw's market. Young Hemingway had taken the bridle off the horse, when the animal broke away from him. The boy somehow got upon one of the shafts and clung there while the horse ran up Main street, and up the hill near Winn's stable, where he was stopped. The boy was unable to stand up, but did not seem to be badly hurt.

LADY OF THE LAKE.—The entertainment given at the Unitarian vestry last Wednesday evening, by the Good Will Club, was a most pleasant success. Every seat was sold some time before the hour for opening, and the committee will be able to turn over a tidy sum to the church. The poem was read by members of the Club, and illustrated by tableaux and songs. The reading was very good, and the singing also, especially the songs by Mrs. Bailey and Mr. Ayres, and the tableaux were put upon the stage in a fine manner. The whole furnished a most enjoyable evening's entertainment.

BACK LOG CLUB.—The performance of "Our Mutual Friend," at the Back Log Club entertainment two weeks ago, was so excellent and so amusing that a very general desire has been expressed that it should be repeated, and a petition has been numerously signed and presented to the directors, asking for a repetition. The matter will be decided this evening at the meeting of the club, and if it should be determined to repeat the performance, it will probably be given next Tuesday evening. In that case, the audience will undoubtedly be even larger than at the first really delightful performance of this interesting dramatization of Dickens' well-known novel.

DEATH OF A NOTED INDIVIDUAL.—We are pained to record the death of one, who, although a private individual, has been in a certain sense a public character for the last thirty years, and one who has numbered his friends by hundreds, and who will be greatly missed. We refer to Mr. Solomon Lawrence Fletcher, who departed this life last Saturday noon. On Monday, the 23d inst., he spent his holiday with friends in Woburn, and unfortunately took a violent cold. He was about town as usual, however, until Friday, when he was obliged to confine himself to his room, and summon medical aid. The physician reported to his friends that Uncle Solomon was very sick, but a serious termination of his illness was not expected until Saturday morning, when he rapidly grew worse, and expired as above. Although preferring to live by himself in rooms in Lyceum Hall, his last hours were made comfortable by the kind offices of friends, who have always taken a deep interest in his welfare, and who spared no pains to make his descent into the dark valley as easy as possible. His disease was congestion of the lungs, which, at his advanced age, he had not sufficient strength to overcome.

Tuesday morning the remains were taken to the vestibule of the Congregational Church, where they were viewed by a large concourse of people, from twelve o'clock to the close of the funeral services, which occurred at half-past one.

The exercises at the church commenced with a voluntary on the organ, by Mr. C. L. Harrington, organist of the church, followed by the singing of "I cannot always trace the way," by Mrs. Bailey, Miss Pond, Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Russell; reading of the Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Cheney, of the Methodist Church. A choir of children sang—"Nearer, my God, to thee." Rev. Mr. McCall addressed the assembly as follows:—

The terrible scenes which ended the early life of Jesus have been often described in this and other Christian pulpits. Mingled with them, however, were some of a different character which must have been as grateful to the Saviour as the time, as they now are to his disciples. Thus, about a week before his crucifixion, as he reclined on a lounge at supper, Mary came behind

him and anointed his feet with a pound of very costly ointment whose odor filled the whole house. Some of the spectators murmured at the waste, but Jesus said, "Let her alone: against the day of my burying hath she kept this." For in that hour when he was about to pass from earth, this proof that some hearts believed, loved, and trusted him, came like a ray of sunset glory at the end of a stormy day.

And this came to my mind last Saturday, when I heard that our friend who had gone in and out among us for thirty years, and had been identified with the town ever since it was a town, had passed away. I thought of the recent evening when three or four hundred met here, in this church, partly to hear a lecturer whose eloquence we admire and whose character we honor, and partly to compliment Mr. Fletcher, to whose benefit the profits of the occasion were to be applied. We thought we were providing for his life—we found that it was against the day of his burial. For how little we dreamed that, ere the lecturer would set foot in the streets of old Jerusalem, the man for whom he lectured would be summoned, as we trust, to the New Jerusalem, the city of our God! We should all be glad that this annual benefit came early enough this year for him to enjoy it. It showed him that he was still esteemed and thought of by his fellow citizens, and that he would not be left friendless in his old age. He need not be anxious as to what he should eat, or drink, or whereabout he should be clothed, for he would be cared for by those into whose hearts the Heavenly Father had put the spirit of Christian love.

It seemed as if what was done for him in his last days was but the return of the bread which he long ago cast on the waters. Many of you remember how he watched over and cared for an aged mother; how he "bore and forbore," kindly, patiently, and lovingly; how his heart clung to her, so that her name was among the last words he uttered, and his last wish was to be buried at her side.

He kept what has been called "the first commandment with promise," and his days were long in the land. It was right that he who sowed bountifully should reap in the Autumn of life. So generous a spirit as his should never fail to call out equal generosity. For if our friend was prodigal, it was always for others, never for himself. If the very proceeds of his benefits must be kept from him, it was not through fear of his putting them to unallowed uses, but of his spending them all at once in his wish to make others happy. If some used money more prudently than he, how many used it more benevolently?

Mr. Fletcher had two traits of character, to which I, who have known him for nearly fourteen years, wish to bear testimony. First, he had a love for music, poetry, flowers, and every thing beautiful. This love entered into his life so deeply, that it refined his whole nature. It added to that fine courtesy of his, with which he was ready to meet friend and stranger, young and old. He had a gentlemanly bearing which rebuked many of our coarser ways of speaking and acting; and many a one who seems ashamed of studied politeness, and cannot say "please" or "thank you," and shrinks from a cheerful salutation or a gentle good-bye, might well take a lesson from this man who loved all things beautiful, not only in nature, but in life.

And secondly, he devoted himself to the happiness of others. How often he has helped us and our friends across the waters! How often he has brought us the first lilies of the season! How full of sympathy he was for the sick and suffering! How much he planned for the children's enjoyment! We call a man of wealth, a man of means, and it is a good use of words; but this man without any wealth, found means enough to carry sunshine and joy wherever he went. How many in our community have made more hearts happy than he! For if dollars and cents are means of helping our fellows, kindness, sympathy, and love are means also, and are sure of accomplishing the wished-for end.

Let us lay this tribute upon his bier as we meet here to-day. With a kind, loving, generous heart, he lived more for others than himself, and in all our endeavors to make the community happier and better, he did his part. He hath done what he could. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Mr. Seymour, of the Congregational Church, Rev. Mr. Barnes, of the Baptist Church, read the concluding hymn, which was sung by the congregation.

The remains were taken to North Billerica for interment, where Mr. Fletcher's parents are buried. At the grave, Rev. Mr. Cheney, who accompanied the funeral party, offered prayer, and the remains of "Uncle Solomon" were consigned to their last resting place.

Burlington.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.—The Young People's Union connected with the St. Paul M. E. Church celebrated the first anniversary of their organization on Monday evening, in the vestry of the church. The "Original Fourteen," of Burlington, Mass., who so kindly entertained the Union a few weeks ago, were present by special invitation, and were cordially welcomed. Supper was served at 8.30. After the banquet the company was called to order by the President of the Union, Eugene R. Fox, who proposed several toasts, which were responded to as follows:—"The Original Fourteen," by M. H. Nichols; "Our First Party," C. E. Esterbrook; "The Anniversary," E. J. Graves; "The Ladies," C. A. Rodgers; "The Webster Debating Society," Walter Pingree; "Our Honorary Members," Rev. D. Sherman. The several responses were received with favor and loudly applauded. A pleasing entertainment, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, readings, &c., was given, after which the time was spent in social recreation till the hour arrived for the departure of the guests, when the company broke up. The Union is at present in a very prosperous condition, having an active membership of 54, and a total membership of 80, with \$200 in the treasury. The present officers are as follows:—President, Eugene Fox; Vice President, Cora M. Deane; Secretary, E. E. Sanborn; Treasurer, W. A. Nichols.—Lynn City Item.

REPORTS.—The Town Reports are printed, and in the hands of the Auditors, who will see to it that they are distributed.

Town meeting next Monday. Don't forget it.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.
All the "Sassafras," "Tonic Bitters," "Beef and Iron," "Iron and Bark," and many other Sprague's medicines, the best for each individual case, at
DODGE'S DRUG STORE,
Geo. S. Dodge, - - - Pharmacist,
165 Main Street, 191 Woburn.

Died.
Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices to cents a line.

In Woburn, March 2, Jennie M., daughter of Hiram and Anna M. Childs, aged 4 years, 10 months, 11 days.
In Woburn, March 2, Frank A., son of William B. and Abbie L. Smith, aged 7 years, 2 months, 20 days.
In North Woburn, March 2, Mrs. F. C. Thompson, aged 91 years, 6 months, 10 months, 10 days, March 6, at 2 P. M. Services private.
In Winchester, Feb. 25, Dennis L. Fletcher, 79 years, 2 months.
In Winchester, Feb. 25, Dennis Kaden, 37 years.
In Stratham, N. H., Feb. 27, Miss Sarah E. Sims, 19 years.
In Winchester, March 1, Eugene Raymond, aged 22 years.

For Sale and To Let.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.—A small farm of 71 acres, with eighty apple trees in good condition. Horn Pond Water in house and stable. Inquire of E. T. HOWARD, at Grammer & White, 171.

FOR SALE.—A light Bay Horse, young, sound and kind, suitable for light carriage, and safe for anybody to drive. Inquire of E. T. HOWARD, at Grammer & White.

FOR SALE.—House of 11 rooms, painted, papered, and blinded. Situated on Washington Street, East Woburn, with about 21 acres land. Inquire of GEORGE FOWLE, near by.

STOCK FOR SALE.—About 20 tons of good meadow hay for sale by ABEL SIMON, Burlington.

TO LET.—A Tenement. Inquire of JOSEPH KELLEY.

TO LET.—Stall and Carriage Room. Address F. O. Box 775.

TO LET.—A desirable Tenement To Let on Pleasant street, to a small family. For terms apply at this office.

ROOMS TO LET.—Suitable for light manufacturing or for storage. Can be arranged to suit tenants. Steam Power furnished if desired. Inquire of G. F. JONES.

Lost, Found, Wanted.

WANTED.—By a man with experience in business, a partner with capital, or a situation where industry and ability will be appreciated. First-class reference. Address "Business," Journal Office.

WANTED.—A good Protestant girl, to do general housework and cooking. Apply at the Journal Office.

Report of the Condition
OF
The First National Bank of Woburn,
at Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts, at the close of business, February 21, 1880.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts,	\$422,493.55
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation,	300,000.00
U. S. Bonds on hand,	10,000.00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages,	2,900.00
Real estate, furniture and fixtures,	25,801.51
Current expenses and taxes paid,	28,565.91
Checks and other cash items,	542.78
Bills of other banks,	2,400.00
Fractional Currency (including nickel certificates),	37.26
Legal-tender notes,	5,000.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer,	2,677.00
(5 per cent of circulation)	13,500.00
Total,	\$810,326.38
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in,	\$300,000.00
Surplus fund,	75,000.00
Undivided Profits,	22,192.74
National Bank Notes outstanding,	205,400.00
Dividends unpaid,	12.00
Individual deposits subject to check,	149,655.50
Demand certificates of deposit,	4,002.14
Total,	\$810,326.38

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS—COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, SS.

I, J. R. GREEN, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. R. GREEN, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of February, 1880.
JOHN W. JOHNSON,
Justice of the Peace.

Correct—Attest:
E. D. HAYDEN,
JOHN JOHNSON,
E. N. BLAKE, } Directors.
180

Pocket Knives and Scissors.
Low Prices, at 156

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.
To the Next of Kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Timothy J. Carter, formerly of the County of Sangamon, and State of Illinois, now of Wilmington, in said County of Middlesex, of the said person.

GREETING:
WHEREAS, John S. Bradford, foreign, Guardian of said insane person, has presented his first petition for license to sell certain real estate therein specified, of said said person, and you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of March inst., at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.
And said guardian is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper printed at and published at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.
Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourth day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

Plated Ware.
Best kind, at 154

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main Street, Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.
To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the Estate of William A. Tufts, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

GREETING:
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Willard Ladd, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute.
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of March inst., at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.
And said petitioner is hereby directed to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.
Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esq., Judge of said Court, this third day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.
To all persons interested in the estate of Enoch Breed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

GREETING:
WHEREAS, James N. Dow, the Administrator of said estate, has filed a petition for license to sell certain real estate, not already administered, and has presented for Probate a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, and you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of March inst., at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.
And said Administrator is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper printed at and published at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.
Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esq., Judge of said Court, this second day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty.
J. H. TYLER, Register.



DR. WARNER'S
FLEXIBLE HIP CORSETS

FOR SALE BY
C. A. SMITH & SON,
177 Main Street, Woburn.

NOTICE

To Physicians and Midwives.
I am prepared to furnish Physicians and Midwives upon application at my office 213 Main St., the necessary blanks for Registration of Births, in accordance with the following Act Approved Feb. 26, 1880.

AN ACT
To compel a more accurate Registration of Births, by amending the Statute and House of Representatives in the General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of every physician and midwife in the several cities and towns in this Commonwealth, excepting Boston, to report on or before the fifth day of each month to the clerk of each city and town a correct list of births of all children born therein during the month next preceding at which such physician or midwife was present, stating therein the place, date of each birth, and parents' names.

SECTION 2. Town and city clerks shall give public notice that they are prepared to furnish the necessary blanks to all physicians and midwives applying therefor.

SECTION 3. Any physician or midwife neglecting to report such list for ten days after it is due shall for each offence forfeit a sum not exceeding twenty dollars.

SECTION 4. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Approved Feb. 26, 1880.
Secretary's Department, Boston, Feb. 26, 1880.
A true copy. Attest,

HENRY B. PERCIE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Spectacles and Eye Glasses.
To suit all sights, also repairing all kinds, at
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main Street, Woburn.

New Drug Store!
Frederic B. Leeds
Would respectfully inform the public of Woburn and vicinity that he has taken the store, corner of Main Street and Montvale Avenue.

Formerly occupied by E. O. Soles. Where will be found a full assortment of
Fine Drugs, Chemicals, Herbs, Perfumery, Fancy Goods,
And all other goods that go to make up the stock of a
First-Class Drug Store.

The proprietor hopes by a strict personal attention to customers, and a determination to keep an establishment orderly in every respect, to merit the confidence and patronage of the public.
Refers by permission to the following Professors of the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.
GEO. F. H. MARKE, Professor of Chemistry.
EDWARD A. RICE, Professor of Pharmacy.
WM. P. BOLLES, Professor of Materia Medica and Botany.
Woburn, March 4, 1880.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE.
Prices Very Low.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.
BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John R. Forbush to George W. Allen dated July 1, 1869, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, libro 196, folio 611, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Monday the twenty-ninth day of March, 1880, at four o'clock, in the afternoon, all the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing situate on the westerly side of Mount Pleasant Street, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises at the corner of said street and a passage way leading westerly out of the same, from thence a line runs southerly by and with said street about sixty-seven feet and two-tenths of a foot, to a corner; thence westerly by land of J. F. Frisbie, to a post at land of Joshua E. Littlefield; thence northerly by said Littlefield's land, sixty feet, to the place of beginning. \$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

DAVID G. CONVERSE,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, March 2, 1880.

JOHN HARRINGTON & Co.,
17 & 18 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

Oriental Silver Polish, 5 cts. per Box
Regular Price 25 cts.
Special Price to Agents.

AGENTS, MALE & FEMALE.
We offer an endless variety of articles to canvassers, at a price that will enable any one to make from \$3 TO \$10 PER DAY.
We warrant our goods as represented or money refunded.
Address NATIONAL CATHOLIC CO., PHILADELPHIA, NOVELTY CO., 363 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

CALL AND EXAMINE.
PHOTOGRAPHS
—OF—
ACTRESSES.
An assortment of 25 Imperialists sent to your address on receipt of \$3.00. Worth \$10.00.
ANY STYLE DESIRED.
RANDAL, 66 WEST 14th ST., NEW YORK.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.
Light Brahms. Plymouth Rocks.
My stock of above breeds is first-class in every respect, shall sell a limited number of eggs only. Eggs and chicks always for sale. Write for particulars.
GEO. H. CARTER, Winchester, Mass.

DR. WARNER'S
FLEXIBLE HIP CORSETS
FOR SALE BY
C. A. SMITH & SON,
177 Main Street, Woburn.

Dr. SWEET
—IN—
BOSTON,
—AT THE—
CREIGHTON HOUSE,
245 TREMONT STREET.

In view of the unparalleled success achieved by the well-known gentleman, during his brief sojourn in this city, has, in obedience to the wishes of numerous friends, and influential citizens, decided to make Boston his future home.

Invalids suffering from
Long Standing Diseases

of an inveterate nature, residing in this section of New England, will now be enabled to avail themselves of the skill of this eminent medical gentleman, without the expense and trouble of a visit to his Connecticut home.

Enclose stamp in all letters seeking information.

T. H. HILL, & CO.,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
NO. 196 MAIN STREET.

FOR SALE.
House.—Mt. Pleasant Street.
House.—Conn Street.
House and 1 acre of land.
Building land, Bedford street.
House and Barn, Beach street.
House.—Church street.
Building lots on Arlington street.

TO LET.
House of 8 rooms.
House of 12 rooms.
Tenements of 6 rooms each.
House with gas, 8 rooms.
Office. Rent \$20.
House.—East street.
House.—Church street.
House and Barn. Pond street. Rent \$180.

Fine Watch Repairing.
Satisfaction Guaranteed at 153
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main Street, Woburn.

W. H. JEWETT & Co.,
Manufacturers of 161
First Class Square and Upright PIANOS.

SPLENDID INSTRUMENTS.
ALL WARRANTED. Call and examine at
576 Washington St., Boston.
R. Brooks Richardson.

WANTED.
The following numbers of the Woburn Journal:—
Vol. 6, No. 39 (Oct. 4) and 44 (Aug. 8) 1857.
Vol. 7, No. 6, Nov. 14, 1857.
Vol. 8, No. 39, July 2, 1860.
Vol. 15, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 31, 1864.
Vol. 13, Nos. 7, 8, 9, Nov. 14, 21, 28, 1864.
Vol. 13, No. 13, Dec. 26, 1864.
Vol. 15, No. 45, Aug. 6, 1864.
Vol. 14, No. 19, Feb. 4, 1865.
For which a fair price will be paid. Or Vol. 13 would be bought entire, bound or unbound.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
All kinds at 155
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main Street, Woburn.

\$300
A MONTH guaranteed, \$12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster, at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can go right at. Those who are wise will use this money to send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

GEORGE W. NICHOLS,
Watchmaker & Optician,
No. 149 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

MOSES BANCROFT,
SEWING MACHINES AND FINDINGS,
1301 MAIN ST. WOBUEN, SOLE BLOCK.

New Advertisements
PURE
Graham Flour

Manufactured from the best White Winter Wheat, specially selected and prepared for the purpose, and absolutely free from any mixture of low grade Flour.
HIRAM SMITH, HONEYE FALLS, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for the richly illustrated and authentic history of the great tour of
GRANT AROUND THE WORLD
It describes Royal Palaces, Rare Curiosities, Wealth and Wonders of the Indies, China, Japan, etc. A million people want it. This is the best chance of your life to make money. Beware of "catch penny" imitations. Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia.

A month and expenses guaranteed to Agents \$77 Outfit free. Shaw & Co., Augusta, Maine.
\$777 A Year and expenses to Agents. Outfit free. Address F. O. Vickery, Augusta, Me.

Laces! Laces!
We shall exhibit on FRIDAY, FEB. 27, the finest stock of

REAL LACES
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Journal Club Column

THE CATARRH REMEDY AGENT.—There is no reason why the inventor of a remedy to "cure the worst case of catarrh inside of five minutes," shouldn't feel it his duty to place a bottle of the same in everybody's hand.—"price twenty-five cents, no cure, no pay." Therefore the long-legged chap who pulled the door-bell on John R. street the other day, had none of that timidity in his bearing which characterizes rag buyers, lightning rod men, and solicitors for the fire sufferers. He had a good thing, and he knew it. When the door opened, and a hard-featured woman about forty years of age, confronted him, he pleasantly went to business and asked:

"Madam, is your husband ever troubled with catarrh?"

"Can a man who has been dead for seven years be troubled with catarrh?" she firmly replied.

"But the children are liable to be attacked any hour this season," he remarked.

"Whose children?"

"Yours, madam."

"I never had any, sir. What brought you here anyway? Why do you come asking these questions?"

"Madam, I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh. It is a good thing. I'll warrant it to knock any case of catarrh sky-high in less than five minutes."

"Well, sir, what is all this to me?"

"Why, madam,—why—" he stammered.

"Do I look as if I needed any catarrh remedies?" she demanded, as she stepped out on the platform.

"Madam, I would not have you think for the world that I thought you had the catarrh, but I suppose the fair and lovely can be attacked as well as the brave and the strong."

"And what have I got to do with all that rigmarole? Who are you, sir, and what do you want?"

"Madam," he whispered, taking down one step, "I have a compound remedy for the catarrh."

"Where is your catarrh—where is it?" she interrupted.

He got down on the second step, and softly began:

"Madam, I have a sure cure for catarrh, and I'm selling lots of it."

"Well, what do I care? Must you ring my doorbell, and tell me you are selling lots of catarrh medicine?"

He got down on the walk, clear of the step, and he tried to look beautiful around the mouth, as he explained:

"Madam, didn't I ask you if your husband was ever troubled with catarrh?"

"Yes, sir; and didn't I reply that he was dead? Do you want to see his grave?"

"No, madam, I do not. I'm sorry he's dead; but my catarrh remedy can't help him any. Good bye, madam."

"Here, sir, hold on a minute," she called.

"What was your business with me?"

"Why, I have a remedy for the catarrh."

"So you said before."

"I asked you if you didn't want to purchase, and—"

"You are a falsifier, sir—you never asked me to purchase!"

"Do you—want—a bottle?" he slowly asked.

"Yes, sir; give me two of them. Here's my money. Next time you want to sell your catarrh remedy, don't begin to talk about America being discovered by Columbus. Here you have bothered me fifteen minutes, and put all my work behind, and it's good for you that I didn't bring the broom to the door."

He retreated backward through the gate, his left eye squinted up and his mouth open. He shut the front gate, leaned over it, and looked at the front door. By and by he said:

"Darn 'em! You never can tell where to find 'em."

"Did ye rade the account of the woman who committed suicide in Noo York wid a razor?" said Pat Maloney, of one of the neighboring towns. "An' here's another in Philadelphia jumped into the water and drowned hisself. It's mad they is, sure. Faix, an' afore I'd kilt myself I'd blow me branes out wid a pistol, I wud! The law should step in and prevent it. It's murder it is, just as much as to kill any wan else, and the man wot killed himself awt to be tried by a jury of his peers and hanged!"

Meeting a newsboy whose face was scarred with scratches, and looked like a map of some great railroad centre, a Register reporter asked the youngster what the matter was. "Feller spoke disrespectful of my sister: said he'd bet she was cross-eyed, and I asked in." "Is your sister cross-eyed?" asked the reporter. "Hain't got no sister," was the reply. "It was the principle of the thing what I got ticked for."—Des Moines Register.

It was proposed to erect a monument in the village square to the Father of his Country, and old Squire Higgins was called upon for a liberal donation. "I can't give anything this time," he said; "but you may know that I always carry Washington in my heart." "Well," answered the man with the subscription paper, "all I can say is, that you've got the Father of his Country in a very tight place."

A teacher asked a bright little girl, "What country is opposite us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir," was the answer. "Well, now," pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.

Two ladies are discussing a third, who is of course absent. "She is really charming," says one, "and, above all, she has such an air of intelligence." "Yes," answers the other, "but there are no words to that air."

Now," said the doctor to an old toper who had broken his arm, "we must get a sling for this."

"Yes, dear doctor, replied the man, feebly, "and let it be a gin-sling—hot at that."

Mrs. Partington says like has bought a horse so spiritous that it always goes off on a decenter.

Miscellaneous.

How the Widow Cumiskey was won.

The Widow Cumiskey was standing at the door of her little millinery store in the Avenue D, as Mr. Costello came along. Mr. Costello stopped.

"Good evenin' to you, ma'am," said he.

"Good evenin' to you, Mr. Costello," answered the widow.

"It's fine weather we're havin' ma'am," continued Mr. Costello.

"It is that, thank God," replied Mrs. Cumiskey, "but the winter's coming at last, and it comes to all, both great and small."

"Ah!" said Mr. Costello, "but for all that, it doesn't come to us all alike. Now, here are you, ma'am, fat, rosy, an' good-lookin', equally swate as a summer greenin', a fall pippin, or a winter russet—"

"Arrah, hould yer whisht, now," interrupted the fair widow, laughing. "Much an old bachelor like you knows about apples or women. But come in, Mr. Costello, an' take a cup of tay with me, for I was only standin' by the doore, lookin' at the people passin' for company sake like, an' I'm sure the kettle must have sung itself hoarse."

Mr. Costello needed no second invitation, and he followed his hostess into her snug back room. There was a bright fire burning in the little Franklin stove, the teakettle was sending forth a cloud of steam that took a ruddy glow from the fire-light, the shaded light on the table gave a mellow and subdued light to the room, and it was all very suggestive of comfort.

"It's very cozy ye are here, Mrs. Cumiskey," said Mr. Costello, casting a look of approbation around the apartment.

"Yes," replied the widow, as she laid the supper, "it is that whin I do have company."

"Ah," said Mr. Costello; "it must be lonesome for you with only the cat and yer cup of tay."

"Sure it is," answered the widow. "But take a seat and set down, Mr. Costello. Help yerself to the fish, and don't forget the putties; look at them—they're splittin' their sides with laughin'."

Mr. Costello helped himself and paused. He looked at the plump widow, with her arms in that position assumed in the pouring out of the tea, and remarked, "I'm sensible of the comforts of a home, Mrs. Cumiskey, though I've none myself. Mind now, the difference between the taste o' tay made and served that way, and the tay they gives you in an 'at-in-house."

"Sure," said the widow, "there's nothin' like a little home of yer own. I wonder ye never got married, Mr. Costello."

"I was about to make the same remark in reference to yerself, ma'am," answered Mr. Costello.

"God keep us!" exclaimed Mrs. Cumiskey, "aren't I a widdier woman this seven year?"

"Ah," rejoined Mr. Costello, "but it's thinkin' I was why ye didn't get married again."

"Well, it's sure I am," said the widow, thoughtfully, setting down her teacup, and raising her hand by way of emphasis, "there never was a better husband to any woman than that dead and gone, heaven save rest his soul. He was that aisy a child could do anythin' with him, and he was as humorous as a monkey. You favor him very much, Mr. Costello. He was about your height, and dark complected, like you."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Costello.

"He often used to say to me in his banterin' way—Sure, Nora, what's the world to a man whin his wife's a widdier? manin', you know, that all the temptation an' luxuries of this life can never folly a man beyant the grave. 'Sure, Nora,' says he, 'what's the world to a man whin his wife's a widdier? Ah, poor John!'"

"It was a sensible sayin' that," remarked Mr. Costello, as he helped himself to more fish.

"I mind the day John died," continued the widow. "He knew everything to the last and about four in the afternoon—it was seventeen minutes past five exactly he died, that he died,—he says to me, 'Nora, says he, 'you've been a good wife,' says he, 'an' I've been a good husband,' says he, 'an' so there's no love lost betune us,' says he, 'an' I could give ye a good char-actur to any place,' says he, 'an' I wish you could do the same for me where I'm goin', says he; 'but it's case equal,' says he, 'every dog has his day, and some has a day and a half,' says he, 'and,' says he, 'I'll know more in a bit than Father Corrigan himself,' says he, 'but I'll say now,' says he, 'that I've always been a true son o' the church, says he, 'so I'll not bother my brains about it.' And he says, says he, 'I'll lave ye in yer own hands, says he, 'and if at any time ye see any wan ye like better nor me, marry him,' says he. 'Ah, Nora, says he, for the first time spakin' it solemn-like, 'Ah, Nora, what is the world to a man whin his wife is a widdier? And,' says he, 'I have \$50 for masses, and the rest I lave to yerself,' says he, 'an' I needn't tell ye to be a good mother to the children,' says he, 'for well we know there are none.' Ah, poor John! Will ye have another cup o' tay, Mr. Costello?"

"It must have been very hard on ye," said Mr. Costello. "Thank ye, ma'am, no more."

"It was hard," said Mrs. Cumiskey; "but time will tell. I must cast about me for me own livin' an' so I got intil this place here I am to-day."

"Ah!" said Mr. Costello, as they rose from the table and seated themselves before the fire,—"an' here we are both of us this evenin'."

"Here we are, sure enough," rejoined the widow.

"Am I so mind ye of—of—him, do I?" asked Mr. Costello, after a pause, during which he had gazed contemplatively into the fire.

"That ye do," answered the widow; "ye favor him greatly. Dark complected, and the same plisint smile."

"Now, with me sittin' here, and you sittin' there fornat me, ye might almost think we were married again," said Mr. Costello, insinuatingly.

"Ah, go away now, for a taze that ye are," exclaimed the widow, nudging her clean apron by rolling up the corners of it.

"I disremember what it was he said about seein' anny man you liked better nor him," said Mr. Costello, moving his chair a little nearer to that of the widow.

"He said, said he," answered the widow, smoothing her apron over her knees with her plump, white hands, "'Nora, said he, 'if anny time ye see anny man ye like better nor me, marry him,' says he."

"Did he say anything about anny wan ye liked as well as him?" asked Mr. Costello.

"I don't mind that he did," answered the widow, reflectively, folding her hands in her lap.

"I suppose he left that to yerself?" pursued Mrs. Cumiskey.

"D'ye think ye like me as well as ye did him?" asked Mr. Costello, persuasively, leaning forward to look into the widow's eyes, which were cast down.

"Ah, go 'way now, for a taze," exclaimed the widow, straightening herself, and slapping Mr. Costello in the face.

He moved his chair still nearer, and stole his arm around her waist.

"Niver you think I'm ticklesome, Mr. Costello," said the widow, looking boldly at him.

"Tell me," he insisted, "d'ye like me as ye did him?"

"I—I most—I most disremember now how much I liked him," answered the widow, naturally embarrassed by such a question.

"Well, then," asked Mr. Costello, enforcing his question by gentle squeezes of the widow's round waist, "d'ye like me well enough as myself?"

"Hear the man!" exclaimed Mrs. Cumiskey, derisively,—"do I like him well enough as myself?"

"Ah, now, don't be breakin' me heart," pleaded Mr. Costello; "answer me this question, Mrs. Cumiskey: Is yer heart tender towards me?"

"It is," whispered the widow, "an' there now ye have it."

"Glory be to God," exclaimed the happy lover, as he drew the not unwilling widow to his bosom.

A few moments after Mrs. Cumiskey looked up, and, as she smoothed her hair, said: "But, Jam—es, ye haven't told me yet how ye liked ye tay."

"Ah, Nora, me jewel," answered Mr. Costello, "the taste of that first kiss would take away the taste of all the tay that ever was brewed."—N. E. World.

A STRANGE MARKET.—A relic of old Paris life, says the *Parisian*, little known even to the Parisians themselves, may be witnessed every Sunday and holiday in the Rue du Petit Carreau, itself a narrowly crowded street of ancient origin, which has so far escaped the destroying hand of modern improvement. We allude to the market of instrumental musicians waiting to be hired. From morning to dusk small groups of men—generally of shabby exterior, may be seen loitering about the foot pavements on the eastern side of the street, from time to time entering the winshop at the corner of the Rue Thevenot, where a register is kept, and engagements are ratified. The custom is of old date, and in the seventeenth century the Rue des Menestriers derived its name from the practice of going there to hire fiddlers and other players. From that locality the mart migrated to the Pointe St. Eustache, which remained the rendezvous for about eighty years, until the commencement of the present century, since when it has been held on the present spot. The centre to which the business gravitates is the house of refreshment already mentioned. The professionals seeking employment, enter their names in a book, with the instrument they play, and the remuneration to which they aspire, so that an entire orchestra might be organized at a moment's notice. Here artists are found to fill the vacancies which occur so suddenly and frequently in the inferior music halls and dancing saloons. The prices vary with the instruments, but it has been observed that the violins and bass viols are the best paid, and that the flute and clarinet players are the least in demand and the cheapest.

MEDICAL ADVICE.—A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints with which she was afflicted. "In the first place," she said, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you should take air and exercise."

"And doctor, I am quite fidgety at night, and afraid to lie alone. What shall I do for that?"

"For that, madam, I can only recommend that you take a husband."

"Fie, doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I do for that?"

"For that, Madam, you have, besides taking air, exercise, and a husband, to take the—newspaper."

The conductor of a certain train on the Union Pacific railroad charges that a fly having alighted on one of the glasses of the engineer's spectacles, the engineer thought it was a buffalo on the track ahead, and turned on the air brakes to avert a disaster. The engineer retorts that one night the conductor saw what he thought was the headlight of an approaching locomotive. He kept his own train waiting awhile, and then, somewhat confusedly started her. "He is the safest man I ever ran with," says the conductor. "Venus is millions of miles away, and he waited twelve minutes on a side track to allow her to pass."

An Oil City Irishman, having signed the pledge, was charged soon afterwards with having drank. "Twas me absent-mindedness," said Pat, "an' a habit I have of talkin' wid meself. I sed to meself, 'sez I, 'Pat, cum in an' have a drinkin'.' 'No, zer,' sez I, 'I've sworn off.' 'Thin I'll drink alone,' sez I to meself. 'An' I'll wait for ye outside,' sez I. And whin meself came out, faith and he was drunk."

A courtship's only crew consists of two mates.—*Brochester Express*. The crew would not be complete without a pursuer—I, e., one of the mates should pursue mouth up, occasionally, for a kiss.—*Conn. Bulletin*.

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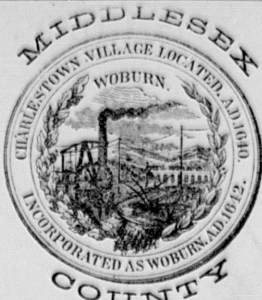
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ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

Poetical Selection.

A TANGLED SKEIN.
Life is but a tangled skein,
Full of trouble, toil and travail,
Knots that puzzle heart and brain,
We must study to unravel;
Slowly, slowly,
Bending lowly
O'er our task, and trusting wholly
Unto him whose loving hand
Helps us smooth each twisted strand.
In our hands at early morn,
And at night when darkness lingers,
Still the distaff must be borne,
While the thread slips through our fingers.
Lightly, lightly,
Twisting, tightly,
Colors that shall gleam out brightly
When the fabric feels the strain
Of misfortune, grief and pain.
He who lacks of skill or thought
Is in awkwardness betraying,
Will the lines of grace distort,
By the friction surely fraying
Thread so tender,
Fine and slender.
Stands accused as an offender,
And himself alone must blame
For the knots that cause him shame.
Some may wind a silken thread,
Soft and smooth and beautiful;
Others flax may hold instead,
Or the coarse and shaggy wool.
But if ever
Our endeavor
From the strains of sin to sever,
We may weave them bright and fair
In the robes that angels wear.
Life's a complex skein indeed,
Full of trouble, toil and travail,
More than human help we need
All its mazes to unravel.
Slowly, slowly,
Bending lowly
O'er our task, and trusting wholly
Unto God's love, we patience gain
As we wind the tangled skein.

Selected Story.

MISCHIEVOUS DOLLY.

Mr. Stephen Cowan, retired wholesale
grocer, owner of the prettiest house and
most extensive grounds in O—, old, fat and
hot-tempered, was in a rage. Not, be it un-
derstood, that it was a very extraordinary
event in the household, for Mr. Cowan
averaged about four fits of rage per diem.
But this time his anger was fearful to be-
hold. The object against whom his present
fury was directed, was his nephew and
namesake, Stephen Cowan Hill, only child
of his sister, who sat calmly regarding the
old gentleman as he strode up and down
the room, uttering threats and taunts innu-
merable.
It was certainly aggravating to have
such tempestuous volleys of wrath so placidly
received. Mr. Hill, puffing a fragrant
Havana, with an air of perfect respect for
his uncle, spoke little, and was perfectly un-
moved by the most fearful threats. At last,
exhausted by his own violence, the old gen-
tleman threw himself into a deep arm-chair,
crying, as a final salute,—
"You are an ungrateful puppy, sir."
"I may be a puppy, uncle," was the re-
ply, "but I am not ungrateful."
"Not ungrateful?" roared his uncle.—
"Who has been a second father to you for
fifty years? Who educated you, sent you
to college, made a lawyer of you, allows you
a decent income till you can catch a client,
who?"
"I do not deny, sir, my obligations to
you, but I do deny the ingratitude. I am
deeply and profoundly grateful."
"Show it then—prove it."
"I have tried for years, Uncle Stephen,
to fill the place of a son to you."
"I don't want a son's place filled. I
want you to pay some regard to my wishes."
"You then want me to marry my Cousin
Dolly."
"Exactly. You are now twenty-five;
Dolly is seventeen. You are my only rela-
tives, and I propose to leave you all I pos-
sess; but I won't divide the property. I
say, sir, I won't divide the property."
"The property is your own, sir. Leave
it to my cousin entire, if you wish."
"I don't wish to," roared the angry man
again. "I wish to leave it entire to both.
I can do that if you are married."
"I cannot marry Dolly."
"Why not? Is your heart set upon some-
body else?"
"No, sir; my heart is my own, as yet."
"Then give it to Dolly."
"Never!" was the firm reply. "My
cousin has been here three months, and
during that time the sole desire of her life
seems to have been to torment me. I have not
had a meal without pins in my napkin, salt in
my coffee, sugar on my meat, or some other
ladylike trick played upon me. My bed is
filled with burrs, my cigars are drenched in
cologne water, my gloves have pins in the
fingers, my hat is filled with chicken feath-
ers. Really, I cannot enumerate the vari-
ous ways in which this young lady develops
the desire to irritate me. This she cannot
do. I am not to be irritated. Still, as a
wife, I object to any one who annoys me.
Besides, I have an eye for beauty, and my
cousin Dolly is simply hideous—a red-
headed imp."
"And you will not marry her?"
"I will not."
"Then, sir, you will never inherit one
farthing of my money."
Stephen Hill rose and bowed politely.
"I cannot be bought, uncle," he said.
"Suppose we end this unprofitable con-
versation."
"Go, sir! I never expected such oppo-
sition from you. Send Dolly to me, will
you?"
But Dolly was not to be found, for the
good and sufficient reason that she was in

the deep window-seat, hidden by the cur-
tains, in the very room where her future
was being so hotly discussed, and so coolly
decided.
She had been fast asleep when the gen-
tlemen entered the room, but waiting to hear
"Uncle Steve in a tantrum," had sagely
concluded to lie quiet until the storm was
over.
When her uncle himself finally started
from the room in search of her, she darted
from her hiding-place, and sped to her room
to lock the door, and burst into a fit of
laughter.
"So my stately cousin won't marry me at
any price," she said, at last. "Poor fellow!
Can't be irritated. He is about right, there.
I have tried to move him from his cool non-
chalance. He is not lazy, either. He
studies hard, and saves uncle the work of
three men in his superintendence of the
place. I'm a red-headed imp, am I? Let
me see."
She darted to the bureau, and resting her
chin upon her hand, her elbow on the mir-
ror stand, she critically surveyed her face.
"It's all right," she said, musingly. "Nobody
can deny the red head, fiery head. Com-
plexion freckled, as if proper; auburn eyes,
inclined to green; figure, thin, angular and
awkward; movement, too abrupt for grace;
features, so-so; teeth, good; mouth, moder-
ate; room for improvement, decidedly."
"Dolly! Dolly!" called her uncle.
"Coming, sir. I wonder who called me
Dolly?" she soliloquized, as she ran down
stairs; "my name is not even Dorothy."
Mr. Stephen Hill found that his uncle
meant to keep his threat. He was politely
requested to remove to the city, if he would
not comply with the old gentleman's con-
ditions, and a month later found him estab-
lished in a lodging-house in London, and
the occupant of a neat office.
A present at parting of a thousand pounds
relieved his mind of immediate anxiety.
Two years passed away, and Mr. Stephen
Cowan was removed to another world, leav-
ing a will in exact accordance with his
threat.
Stephen Hill was to inherit half his property
if he married his cousin; otherwise, the
whole estate was to become Dolly's.
Dolly's twenty-first birthday was to find
her her cousin's wife, or the heiress of her
uncle's fortune.
An important lawsuit prevented Mr. Hill
from attending his uncle's funeral, but he
smiled at the lawyer's letter containing the
copy of the will.
"Poor Uncle Steve!" he said, gently,—
"he left me my fortune when he gave me
my education and my profession. I am on
the road to wealth now, and certainly can-
not be tempted by money to marry that red-
headed imp, my cousin Dolly. Ugh! That
very idea of a wife like that makes me
shiver. You are welcome to your fortune,
cousin, but you can't have me."
Another year was passed by the young
lawyer in rapidly climbing the ladder to
wealth and honor, and found him still heart
whole.
But Cupid is a god who will have one shot
at every man, and on a certain wet morning
in November, he fixed an arrow for Mr. Ste-
phen Hill.
It was at the dinner table that the young
man noticed a new face added to the corps
of boarders—two new faces, indeed; but
only one attracted his notice.
This was that of a young lady. She was
tall and slender, yet not so thin. Every
movement was graceful, and the small, ex-
quisitely shaped head was poised upon per-
fect shoulders.
Her complexion was delicately fair, and
faintly colored at the cheeks. Her eyes
were of soft, dark hazel, and her hair was a
profusion of short curls of deep, chestnut
brown.
It was not often that the busy young law-
yer found time to saunter into the parlor;
but the attraction of that face for once put
his business quite out of his mind, and he
found himself bowing, upon his landlady's
introduction, to—
"Miss Clarice Harding, and her niece,
Miss Margaret Harding."
Cupid fired his first arrow, as the soft
brown eyes were raised to meet Mr. Hill's,
and a blush mantled on the fair young face.
A second shot told upon the lawyer's
heart when Miss Margaret Harding sang for
him.
Music led to conversation, and the young
man adroitly won the good-will of the
maiden aunt by a few games of backgam-
mon.
From that time Cupid left the field, se-
cure of his victory.
Parties of three visited the opera, theatre,
concerts, and, as the spring opened, the
drives in the park developed new and as-
tounding beauties, when viewed by Stephen
in the society of Misses Clarice and Marg-
aret Harding.
The dear old lady had a most delightful
habit of becoming very weary, and inclined
to rest when the party left the carriage for a
walk, and executed some astonishing intri-
cacies with knitting needles and crochet
hooks, and bright colored wools, while the
young folks sauntered slowly along the
paths.
The conversation and the mutual pleasure
of their intercourse must have sped time on
fairly footstools, for the old lady really had
full opportunity for a thorough rest, before
she was roused from her fancy work by the
returning footstools of her young compan-
ions.
The apartment of the Misses Harding also
became a perfect bower of Flora, with the
exquisite bouquets left daily with Mr. Hill's
card.
Summer was speeding along, when one
morning Miss Harding made the following
mysterious declaration to her aunt,—

"I think, auntie, that we may prepare to
return home next week. If I am not greatly
mistaken, there will be a wedding at Owens-
ville between Mr. Hill and—"
"Dolly?"
"Exactly."
That same evening, when Mr. Hill called,
Margaret said,—
"We are thinking of leaving the city."
"Leaving the city!" echoed the gen-
tleman, in a voice of consternation.
"Certainly. Is there anything wonder-
ful in the desire to change these streets for
the green fields and shady lanes of the coun-
try?"
"But you will return soon?"
"Oh, no; we are only visiting in London.
My home is in O—, and I shall probably
reside there in the future. I may visit the
city occasionally, however."
In a moment Stephen Hill realized the
mischief Cupid's arrows had wrought in the
heart he had thought invulnerable.
He knew that all hope of happiness for
him in the future was in the hand of this
dark-eyed girl to give or withhold.
He told his love manfully, in the frank,
yet quiet manner that was natural to him.
Margaret answered him:—
"You ask me if I can return your love?
I tell you frankly I do return it. Stay,—it
is but fair to tell you that if I marry you, I
will lose half my fortune."
"I never knew you had a fortune," was
the reply. "I love you, and would ask no
woman to be my wife were not my own
means sufficient to support her in comfort.
As it is, I can promise you more than that.
If you have money, it will be entirely your
own; but the fact has never influenced me."
She laughed then, a merry, low laugh,
and answered,—
"I believe you, for you rejected it uter-
ly five years ago—rejected both me and my
fortune."
"I?" cried Stephen.
"The half of my money that I lose upon
my wedding day will become yours, Ste-
phen; for, in spite of all your heroic res-
olves, when you marry me, you will be
the husband of that red-headed imp, Dolly
Cowan."
"You? Impossible!"
"Quite possible. Six months after you
left us, I was prostrated by typhoid fever. I
was very dangerously ill, and when I recov-
ered, every spare of my fiery hair had been
shaved off during my delirium. The freck-
les faded away, and when the lost hair was
replaced, it was by the curly brown locks
you saw. Finding myself so altered, and
having strayed so near the confines of the
grave, I tried to mould my mind into stead-
ier and more profitable shape. I studied
hard, and dropped my impish tricks with my
red hair. After uncle died, I invited my
mother's sister to chaperone me during a
visit to this city. I selected your board-
ing-house, Stephen, for I resolved to see if I
could not restore you the inheritance you
had rejected. Had I found you one whom I
could love, or had I failed to win your
heart, I could still have claimed you for a
friend and cousin."
"But you will be my sweet wife," he said,
taking her little hand—"and tell me when
I may ask you to change—by the way—your
name."
"My name is Margaret Harding Cowen.
Dolly is a nursery nickname, that was kept
up at home, and by my uncle."
So the old gentleman's will was fulfilled
in its conditions, and O— remained en-
tire, the legacy of his nephew Stephen
Cowan Hill and that red-headed imp, Mis-
chievous Dolly.

ONE WAY TO FIGHT THEM.—We are in
favor of all enforceable laws for the sup-
pression of the liquor traffic, but we do believe
that law alone will render any community
permanently virtuous or temperate. It is a
common mistake of temperance reformers
to rely too exclusively upon prohibition or
restrictive measures, or upon moral suasion
that goes no further than to persuade men
to pledge themselves against the drinking
habit. In how many towns has a "temper-
ance triumph" turned out to be a barren
victory, because those who had won it were
content with a popular verdict against the
sale of liquor,—as if appetite could be
destroyed by a majority vote, or virtue es-
tablished by a decree of the ballot-box! Such
men do not understand the moving
cause of a large proportion of dram-drink-
ing, and make no account of the necessities
of human nature for social diversion and
companionship. It is well sometimes to
learn of the enemy, and to fight him with
his own weapons. The rum-seller, with the
warmth and glitter, the low comforts and
occasional luxury of his establishment
attracts customers for his wares. In the
evening, especially the saloons of high and
low degree are almost the only places that
welcome the homeless, uneasy and roaming
men that throng the streets. The stern
moralist may say they should stay at home,
to meeting, or seek to improve their
minds. But they won't. Shall the rum-
seller be the only person to take advantage
of this fact? New York City is preparing
to say no to this question. We read that
"The New York coffee house club has
been formed with \$5,000 capital, in shares
of \$25 each, to establish coffee-houses in
most frequented parts of the city, as attrac-
tive resorts especially for the working class,
and to counteract the bar-rooms and beer-
gardens. Each house will have reading and
refreshment rooms, and apartments where
chess, draughts and other games can be
played. Like similar institutions in the
large British cities, the houses will be con-
ducted on commercial principles, and the
directors include William E. Dodge, Jr.,
Joseph W. Drexel, William H. Appleton
and other prominent business men."

This is a step in the right direction. The
work needs to be done simply—in a large and
business-like way. Little starveling saloons
"on the temperance plan," with an odor
of sanctity and poverty about them, will
not do the business. The coffee-houses
should be so equipped and managed that
they can compete successfully with the
liquor shops as places of popular resort, and
so several better in point of neatness,
cheerfulness, decency and general attrac-
tiveness. In London they are made self-suf-
fering by conducting them on business
principles—leaving technical, religious and
reform work to the other and more appro-
priate agencies. The trouble with many
of our attempts in this country has been that
the promoters have insisted on having a
prayer meeting annexed to the coffee-houses
and have thus kept away the great majority
of those who might have been benefited
and very likely saved, by a place of resort free
from temptation, where they could get what
they wanted and feel at home. We trust
the New York experiment will succeed, and
the church nor society is yet awake to its duty
and opportunities in overcoming evil with
good.—*Golden Rule.*

A NEW ENGLAND IDYL.—Somebody in
Georgia has been telling this story in the
hearing of the Atlanta Constitution: Many
years ago there was a young fellow named
Bigelow, sent by his father to Yale College.
The father was very rich, and the youngster
lived in grand style at the University. Sudden-
ly the old gentleman broke, and had to
withdraw his son from college. The boy,
however, felt the necessity of an education,
and determined to have one anyhow. He,
therefore, went to work and learned a trade
as a machinist. While he was at his work,
his old associates cut him and refused to
have anything to do with him. The young
ladies, with whom he had been a great fa-
vorite, failed to recognize him when they
met him. One day while going from his
work, he met a wealthy young lady who had
been his friend. He had his tin dinner
bucket over his arm, and his supposed she
would cut him, as all the rest had done.
She smiled pleasantly, addressed him as
"Tom," and insisted that he should call and
see her as he had always done. She said,
"There is no change in you, as far as I am
concerned." The years rolled on. The
young work boy became immensely wealthy,
and is now the Mayor of New Haven, with
an income of \$100,000 a year, and owner of
a factory in which 1500 men and women are
employed. The young girl grew to woman-
hood and married. Her husband borrowed
a large sum of money from Mr. Bigelow,
and died before he had paid it, leaving his
family with but little property. Mr. Bige-
low sent her, with his condolence, a re-
ceipted note for her husband's indebtedness,
and now the son of Bigelow, the millionaire,
is going to marry the daughter of the one
woman who was faithful and true to the
young work boy at college.

A DRUMMER'S SPRING OPERATION.—A
drummer gives the following itemized ac-
count of his Spring travels:—Miles, 3,964;
trunks, 4; shown goods, 116; sold, 98;
been asked the news, 5,061; told, 2,210;
lied about it, 2,160; didn't know, 691;
(where does he get those shoes?)—when you
see this vulgar object, you see "a gent."
You will encounter him on street corners in
shabby neighborhoods, gazing admiringly
at the lithograph of some famous clog-dancer
or cheap blonde in a drinking shop window;
you will meet him there, but Heaven pre-
serve you from ever meeting him in decent
literature!—*March Atlantic.*

PLANETS IN MARCH.
Mars is evening star, and holds the place
of honor as the most interesting member of
the planetary brotherhood during the month,
for he plays an important part in a beautiful
celestial phenomenon that occurs in the ear-
ly evening of the 17th. An occultation of
Mars by the moon will then take place under
conditions favorable for observation. The
occultation will commence about half past 6
o'clock, and the planet will be hidden for
more than an hour. Mars will be about an
hour past the meridian, and at an altitude
above the horizon that will ensure a good
view, while the moon will be within a day
of her first quarter. If the weather is propi-
tious, there will be no drawback to the per-
fection of the show. At forty-four minutes
after six, Mars will disappear behind the
dark side of the moon; this is called the
time of immersion. At thirty-four seconds
after eight, he will reappear on the western
edge of the moon; this is called the time of
emersion. The duration of the occultation
will be an hour and sixteen minutes. A
good telescope will increase the interest and
grandeur of the phenomenon. The eastern
or unlighted portion of the moon will
first pass between us and the planet. The
instant Mars touches the invisible outline of
the lunar disc, he will apparently be blotted
out of the sky. After an hour and sixteen
minutes have passed, the ruddy star will
suddenly start forth from his hidden place,
trembling for a second on the moon's western
verge, charmingly illustrating the contrast
in colors between the red light of Mars
and the silvery hue of the moon; then the
show will be over, and satellite and planet
will roll on in their respective paths. The
position of Mars should be thoroughly fixed
by those who would witness the occultation.
He has passed the Pleiades and is now al-
most directly north of Aldebaran. His size
and brightness are slowly diminishing as he
travels from us and toward the sun. Mars
now sets shortly after one in the morning;
at the close of the month, about a half hour
after midnight.

Jupiter is evening star for a part of the
month, and merits attention for an epoch in
his history. He comes into conjunction with
the sun on the 15th; when sun and planet
set at the same time, he is at his greatest
distance from the earth, and takes on his
smallest dimensions. After the 15th, he
will reappear on the western side of the sun
and commence his role as morning star.

Mercury is evening star for almost the
whole month, reaching his greatest eastern
elongation or most distant point from the sun
on the 10th. He is in inferior conjunction
with the sun on the 28th; when passing be-
tween us and the sun he becomes morning
star.

Uranus is evening star, and is now in his
best position for observation, coming to the
meridian about midnight, and high enough
above the horizon to show himself in his
best phase. He still keeps in the near vi-
cinity of the star Rho Leonis.

Saturn is evening star, presenting nothing
noteworthy in his record for the month. He
looks a little brighter now than that rival
Jupiter is out of his way, but he takes on
his palest aspect as slowly sinking to the
west in the early evening he travels toward
his conjunction with the sun, in whose
bright rays he will soon be eclipsed.

A charming phenomenon will therefore
add special interest to the planetary annals
of March. The occultation of Mars by the
moon is something to be remembered for a
lifetime, for the moon does not often deign
to put out the light of a planet. The last
occurrence of a similar phenomenon was
the occultation of Saturn by the moon which
took place twice in successive months, the
first occultation occurring on the 6th of
August, and the second on the 3d of Sep-
tember, 1876. The dazzling beauty of a
grand show dwarfs those of minor impor-
tance. But there are other interesting
studies besides those of the Martian occul-
tation. Uranus continues in his most unfa-
vorable position for observation, Jupiter and
Mercury will join the morning stars before
the month closes, leaving the sun with three
planets on his western side and three on the
eastern. The waning moon and Venus may
be seen on the morning of the 8th, and the
waxing moon with Mercury and Saturn will
form a trio of stars on the evening of the
12th.—*Providence Journal.*

LABOR TROUBLES IN MASSACHUSETTS.—
From the annual report of the Bureau of
Statistics of Labor in Massachusetts for the
year 1879, it appears that the total num-
ber of strikes and lock-outs contained in the
report is 139, which does not include mere
demands made by workmen, not resulting in
actual strikes or trivial disputes. Of the
causes for these disturbances, 118 were for
to enforce trade-union rules, 5 from resis-
tance to employers' rules, and 3 against the
introduction of machinery. In their results,
109 were wholly unsuccessful, 18 successful,
16 compromised, 6 partly successful, and 10
unknown.

The report concludes with the statement
that strikes, as a general rule, prove power-
less to bring the results for which they are
undertaken. They have proved to be fail-
ures not only where they were without or-
ganization and leadership, but also with all
the advantages of thorough discipline, good
leadership, and pecuniary backing. Indeed,
it appears furthermore that the larger the
strike, and the more important the demand
which it insisted upon, the more conspicu-
ous and certain was the failure.

The details of the various strikes are taken
up and described with minuteness; and the
evil effects upon those who participated in
them, are brought vividly before the reader.
It is also shown that capitalists suffer by
strikes, but not in the like proportion that
they affect the workmen. The advice is
given to capitalists to use "a spirit of for-
bearance and of candid consultation," as a
means of preventing very much of the harm
which is sure to result from every such
method of settling disputes.

Wilmington.

APRIL PARTY.—The vestry of the Church last Thursday evening presented a very animated appearance upon the occasion of Mrs. Noyes's "Snow Birds Fair." At 8 o'clock the vestry was crowded. Three tables were laden with articles both beautiful and useful that found a rapid sale. Several visitors from Woburn entertained the company with music, singing and select readings. The refreshment tables were spread at 9 o'clock when the numerous company regaled themselves with excellent coffee, ice-cream, cakes and sandwiches. Universal praise was expressed regarding the quality as well as the quantity of the good things provided. The receipts amounted to \$50. There is great credit due to Mrs. Noyes and her little flock of snow birds for furnishing such a pleasant and sociable entertainment. To use the words of a citizen when leaving the vestry "it was a grand success and I don't think any other town can beat it."

RESIGNATION.—Quite a breeze of excitement has been caused by the announcement of the resignation of Messrs. Lemuel C. Eames and Othniel Eames as School Committee. The former's term would expire in 1881, the latter in 1882.

THANKS.—Mr. Edward Buck of this town, on his way home from Lowell last Saturday, found a ladies' satchel which proved to be the property of Mrs. Dr. Hiller, who desires us to express her most sincere thanks for the preservation and restoration of her property.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF WILL POWER.—There are many instances known of individuals charming snakes, but there is no authentic record of human beings charming a bird. This remarkable feat has been accomplished in our midst within a week.

Last Thursday Mr. Henry Sheldon, one of our selectmen, had occasion to visit the Poor Farm. While talking to Chas. Gowen, the superintendent, he observed three partridges feeding on the ground and remarked to him, "You see those birds, I am going to charm one of them." The superintendent jokingly replied, "If you can do so I shall call it pretty clever." Upon this Mr. Sheldon steadfastly fixed his eyes upon one of the three birds and advanced quietly toward it. The bird appeared to be perfectly fascinated and instead of flying away with its companions remained upon the ground, steadily returning Mr. Sheldon's gaze, who advanced silently, laid his hand upon it and lifted it up. Mr. Sheldon says that he has never before charmed a bird, but when he saw the partridges he had an idea that he could do so, having on several previous occasions charmed snakes. There can be no doubt that this is a most unusual and rare occurrence.

Burlington.

TOWN MEETING.—The attendance at the Town meeting, on Monday afternoon, was good, there being about the usual number of voters present. Mr. Charles G. Foster was chosen Moderator. The first business was to elect Town officers, which was proceeded with as far as to elect all the principal ones, when some one made the astonishing discovery that according to the new law in regard to elections, passed by the legislature of 1879, the proceedings had all been illegal, and the election therefore void. The law was produced and found to require that all ballots for elective officers should be printed or written with black ink. The ballots that had been used were written with a pencil. This put a sudden stop to the election, and after some discussion it was decided to begin anew and write the ballots with ink, and had proceeded so far as to elect the Moderator the second time, when somebody else made the discovery that the provisions of this act should not authorize the rejection of ballots already cast into the ballot box. This caused another discussion, and raised the question whether the election would not after all be considered a legal one. As nothing definite could be arrived at the meeting was adjourned until Monday, March 15, at twelve o'clock.

The officers elected were, Samuel Sewall, Henry Nichols and John Pollock, Selectmen; Samuel Sewall, Edward Reed and Henry Nichols, Assessors. Mr. Reed declined to serve as an assessor, and it was just at this point the discussion as to the legality of the proceedings arose and the meeting adjourned. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Reed for his services as assessor the past year, also, to the other members of the board.

The only lady voter in town, Mrs. Mattie Sewall Curtis, was in attendance and ready to cast her first vote for a member of the Board of School Committee, but that office was not reached.

FAIR.—Wednesday evening next, there will be held at Town Hall, a Festival in aid of the parish. The following committees have charge of the arrangements: Thomas I. Reed, A. D. Clement, M. E. Nichols, Mrs. M. E. Curtis, Mrs. Ida Snow, Miss Mary A. Butters and Miss Leila Walker. A literary programme, including choice musical selections, "A Thorn among the Roses" and "The Rival Politicians." Supper will be furnished. Confectionery, ice-cream, and other attractions will be offered. Admission, 15 cts.

EXHIBITION.—The Centre School closed last Friday forenoon and in the evening the parents and friends of the pupils were invited to the Town Hall, where the following programme was carried out. Song, by the School; Salutatory, by Arthur Wood; Dialogue, "Thief of Time," by Masters Charlie Foster, Willie Wood, Geo. O'Brien, Walter and Lester Shelton; Song, "Angry Words," by the School; Essay, on "Birds," by Lester Shelton; Essay on "Sleep," by Jessie Taylor; Solo, entitled "Now Moses," by Miss Jessie Wood with Edward Taylor as "Moses," pantomimically, (this piece was cleverly acted); Dialogue, "No Cure, No Pay," by Misses Jessie Wood, Susie Taylor and Lizzie McIntire; Essay on "Whiskers" written by Susie Taylor and read by Geo. O'Brien; Song, "Brooklet," by the School; "Lieutenant Turnip's experience at the General Court," by S. Edgar Prouty, (this speech was finely rendered); "America," closed exercises, and the young folks participated in games and a general good time for an hour or more. The scholars under the tuition of Mr. Charles E. Estabrook have made excellent progress. The graduates of the School is of the highest.

Gov. Long's Fast Day Proclamation.

By and with the advice and consent of the council, I hereby appoint Thursday, the 8th day of April next, to be kept throughout the Commonwealth as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. Let us keep it in the devout spirit of our fathers. Be it a day of rest; and, whether we worship together or apart, let the hush of the love of Almighty God, and a thrilling sense of our dependence upon him who hangeth the earth upon nothing, and in whose keeping are our immortal souls, fill our hearts and quicken us to higher service. Let us pray that his blessing may still be upon our Commonwealth, and make its institutions and its homes yet more and more the nurseries of virtue, peace, and happiness; that our labors may bring forth good harvests and our lives good fruit; and that our charity may expand toward the measure of the divine example and teaching of His Son, till it reach our fellow-men everywhere, and hold them all indeed children of one Father in heaven. And let us especially remember those who are desolate and oppressed, so that the Master's words may be said to us: "I was an hungry and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me."

Given at the council chamber in Boston, this 17th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1880, and of the Independence of the United States the 104th.

JOHN D. LONG
By His Excellency the Governor,
with the advice of the council.
HENRY B. PEIRCE, Secretary.
God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

REPUTATION VIOLATED.—Governor Hall promptly vetoed the reputation bill of the Virginia assembly when it was sent to him, last week. The bill was entitled, "An Act to Re-establish Public Credit," but the ringing words with which the governor denounced its provisions and punctured its thin-skinned pretensions will not leave his people in very much doubt as to his opinion of it. The closing sentences of his vigorous veto message will explain the purpose of the bill, and will not be amiss for every one to read.

"This is a fearful lesson for a republic to teach its citizens—how to break, not to keep, faith—and it must return one day in some form with disastrous import. Could these things be done, and be pronounced in accordance with the State and Federal Constitutions, both of which disclose that no law shall be passed impairing the obligation of contracts, would it accomplish the end at which the bill professes to aim? It eliminates—I use its own term—more than \$13,000,000 of hitherto acknowledged principal of debt by one stroke of the pen. It eliminates one half of the promised interest upon the residue.*** It then eliminates nearly all that may be left by subjecting it to state, city and county taxation, and thus holders of the State's obligations, abroad and at home, are treated worse than civilized nations in these latter days treat a public enemy."

TULLY GALLAGHER.—Thomas H. Hill, Esq., has received notice from the Legislative Committee, of Conn., that they will report favorably in the Tully Gallagher case.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lee & Shepard announce "The True Story of the Exodus of Israel, together with a Brief View of the History of Monumental Egypt," compiled from the work of Dr. Henry Brugsch-Bey, and edited by Francis H. Underwood. "The True Story of the Exodus of Israel" sounds like a challenge. But, whatever may be the conclusion to which it leads, the main question is—Is it true? If it is not true, people may still believe that the waves of the Red Sea continue to roll over the chariots and armor of the drowned Pharaoh's host. If it is true, it will lead to a more reasonable view of the ancient story. Dr. Brugsch, after thirty years of exploration and study, has been able to fix the residence of the Israelites in Egypt, and the birth-place of Moses. The various proofs he has brought forward on this point are irresistible. He also takes up the Scriptural account, examines the names of places mentioned in Exodus, and traces the route of the Israelites. He shows that they never came near the Red Sea until some days after the catastrophe of the drowning of Pharaoh and his host. Having a thorough knowledge of the geography, ancient and modern, he shows the errors of the translators and commentators. This account Dr. Brugsch declares to be wholly in accord with Scripture. The book is valuable in other respects, especially for the new light thrown upon the immense antiquity of the kingdom, and its wonderful monuments with their wealth of historic inscriptions. It will be illustrated with a map of Ancient Egypt, reproduced from the original in Dr. Brugsch's "EGYPT UNDER THE PHARAOHS."

Munson's Photographic News.—We have received the initial number of Vol. 3, of this valuable publication. It has hitherto been mainly valuable to writers of short hand, but a learner's department has now been added which makes it valuable to the general reader, if he happens to have a desire to learn short hand. The present number contains an exercise for speed, which is an excellent addition to the magazine. We are glad to know that Munson's system of short hand is extending. During the week we have seen correspondence written in Munson's characters, from the western part of Pennsylvania and the northern part of New Hampshire, by novices, and they seem to be fascinated with their newly acquired art. We advise all short hand writers to subscribe for the News, which is furnished for \$2 a year by James E. Munson, P.O. box, 3722, New York.

GOLDEN DAYS.—We have received the first number of the new juvenile paper "Golden Days" for Boys and Girls. One of the most potent fountains of crimes is the vicious literature for the young which is seen on every newstand, and floods the country. These papers directly instigate crime, and their extinction would be a blessing to humanity; but as there exists no means of suppressing them, and as our children will read, it follows that the best anti-

rote is to furnish the youth with good wholesome reading, presented in its most attractive form, with a view of winning them away from the corrupting papers, to that which entertains and instructs. *Golden Days* seem to meet this requirement.

Married.

In Winchester, March 7, by Rev. R. Metcalf, Olin A. Wilson, of Woburn, and Carrie E. Pratt, of Winchester.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

All the "Sassafras," "Tonic Bitters," "Beef and Iron," "Iron and Bark," and many other Spring medicines, the best for each individual case, at
DODGE'S DRUG STORE,
Geo. S. Dodge, - - - Pharmacist,
165 Main Street, 191 Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices to cents a line.
In Woburn, March 6, Mary, daughter of Michael and Mary Ryan, aged 1 day.
In Woburn, March 8, James H., son of Andrew and Mary Murphy, aged 1 year and 2 months.
In Woburn, March 9, Patrick Taff, aged 84 years.
In Woburn, March 5, Pauline S. Day, aged 59 years.
In North Woburn, March 9, Henry Seward, son of Nathan H. and Sarah A. Marion, aged 2 years, 2 months, 16 days.

For Sale and To Let.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.—A small farm of 71 acres, with eighty apple trees in good condition. Horn Pond Water in house and stable. Inquire at 48 Bunker Hill St., Charlestown. 171
FOR SALE.—A light Bay Horse, young, sound and kind, suitable for light carriage, and for anybody to drive. Inquire of E. T. HOWARD, at Grammer & White's. 169
FOR SALE.—House of 11 rooms, painted, papered, and finished. Situated on Washington Street, East Woburn, with about 24 acres land. Inquire of GEORGE FOWLE, near by.

STOCK RAISE FOR SALE.—About 30 tons of good sawed lumber for sale by ABEL SIMONDS, Burlington.

TO LET.—A Tenement. Inquire of JOSEPH KELLEY.

TO LET.—Stall and Carriage Room. Address P.O. Box 775.

Lost, Found, Wanted.

WANTED.—By a man with experience in business, a partner with capital, or a situation where industry and ability will be appreciated. First-class reference. Address "Business," Journal Office. 174
WANTED.—A good Protestant Girl, to do general housework and cooking. Apply at the Journal office.

Pocket Knives and Scissors.

Low Prices, at 156

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE.

A Large Stock of the Latest Styles of

Paper Hangings.

PAPER HANGINGS, BORDERS, DADOES, FRIEZES, PICTURE MOULDINGS, etc. 197
Retailing Lower than any other store in Boston.

T. F. SWAN,
20 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

TAX NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that estates on which taxes are unpaid for 1878 will be advertised for sale May 1, 1880.
200 EDWARD SIMONDS, Collector.

MIDDLESEX SS. March 10th, 1880.
The firm of John W. Adams and Augustus Adams, of Winchester, in said County of Middlesex, under the firm name of J. W. Adams & Co., insolvent debtors, notice is hereby given that a second meeting of said insolvent debtors will be held at the Court of Middlesex, on the 22d day of April, next at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting Creditors may be present and prove their claims.

150 FANIEL W. KIMBALL, Assignee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

PROBATE COURT.
To the Next of Kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Timothy J. Carter, formerly of the County of Sangamon, and State of Illinois, now of Winchester, in said County of Middlesex, an insane person, GREETING:

WHEREAS, John S. Bradford, foreign, the Guardian of said insane person, has petitioned his first petition for license to sell certain real estate therein specified, of his said person, last petitioned. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of March, next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the said petition should not be granted.

And said guardian is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Woburn Journal, and once a week in the Boston Herald, for three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROWN, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourth day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

Plated Ware.

Best kind, at 154

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE.

142 Main Street, Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the Estate of William A. Tutts, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased. GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William Ladd, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or securities on his bond pursuant to said will and statute.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of March, next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the said petition should not be allowed. And said guardian is hereby directed to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Woburn Journal, and once a week in the Boston Herald, for three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROWN, Esq., Judge of said Court, this third day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Enoch Breed, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased. GREETING:

WHEREAS, James N. Dow, the Administrator of said deceased, not already administered, has presented for allowance the final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.



DR. WARNER'S
FLEXIBLE HIP CORSETS

FOR SALE BY

C. A. SMITH & SON,

177 Main Street,

Woburn.

NOTICE

TO Physicians and Midwives.
I am prepared to furnish Physicians and Midwives upon application at my office 215 Main St., the necessary blanks for Registration of Births, in accordance with the following Act Approved Feb. 29, 1880.
Woburn, March 1, 1880.
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty.
AN ACT
To compel a more accurate Registration of Births.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in the General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of every physician and midwife in the several cities and towns in this Commonwealth, excepting Boston, to report on or before the fifth day of each month to the clerk of each city and town a correct list of births of all children born therein during the month next preceding at which such physicians and midwives were present, stating therein the place, date of each birth, and parents' names.

SECTION 2. Town and city clerks shall give public notice that they are prepared to furnish the necessary blanks to all physicians and midwives applying therefor.

SECTION 3. Any physician or midwife neglecting to report such list for ten days after it is due shall for each offence forfeit a sum not exceeding twenty dollars.

SECTION 4. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Approved Feb. 26, 1880.
Secretary's Department, Boston, Feb. 26, 1880.
A true copy. Attest,
HENRY B. PEIRCE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Spectacles and Eye Glasses.
To suit all sights, also repairing all kinds, at
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main Street, Woburn. 152

New Drug Store!
Frederic B. Leeds
Would respectfully inform the public of Woburn and vicinity that he has taken the corner, corner of Main Street and Montvale Avenue,
Formerly occupied by E. O. Soles. Where will be found a full assortment of
Fine Drugs, Chemicals,
Herbs, Fancy Goods,
Perfumery, and all other goods that go to make up the stock of a
First-Class Drug Store.

The proprietor hopes by a strict personal attention to customers, and a determination to keep an establishment orderly in every respect, to merit the confidence and patronage of the public.
Refers by permission to the following Professors of the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.
GEO. F. H. MARKOE, Professor of Chemistry.
EDWARD L. F. FRY, Professor of Pharmacy.
WM. P. BOLLES, Professor of Materia Medica and Botany.
Woburn, March 4, 1880. 190

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS
—AT—
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE.
Prices Very Low.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.
BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John R. Forbush to George W. Allen dated July 1, 1880, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, libe 1095, folio 611, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Monday the twenty-sixth day of March, 1880, at four o'clock, in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing situate on the westerly side of Mount Pleasant Street, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at the corner of said street and a passage way leading westerly out of the same, from thence the line runs southerly and with said street about sixty-seven feet and two-tenths of a foot, to a corner; thence westerly by land of J. F. Frable, to a post in land of Joshua E. Littlefield; thence northerly by said Littlefield's land, sixty-six feet to a post; thence easterly by said passage way to the point of beginning. \$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

DAVID G. CONVERSE,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, March 2, 1880.

JOHN HARRINGTON & Co.,
17 & 18 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

Oriental Silver Polish, 5 cts. per Box
Regular Price 25 cts.
Special Price to Agents.

AGENTS, MALE & FEMALE.
We offer an endless variety of articles to canvassers, as a rule, by the lot, and at a low price. For particulars apply to
\$3 TO \$10 PER DAY.
We warrant our goods as represented or money refunded. For catalogue send five cents. BOSTON, MASS. NOVELTY CO., 363 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

CALL AND EXAMINE.
PHOTOGRAPHS
—OF—
ACTRESSES.

An assortment of 25 Illustrations sent to your address on receipt of \$5.00. Worth \$10.00.
ANY STYLE DESIRED. 178
RANDAL, 63 WEST 14th ST., NEW YORK.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.
Light Brahma's. Plymouth Rocks.

My stock of above breeds is first-class in every respect, shall send a limited number of eggs only. For sale and chicks always for sale. Write for particulars.
158
GEO. H. CARTER, Winchester, Mass.

Dr. SWEET

—IN—

BOSTON,

—AT THE—

CREIGHTON HOUSE,

245 TREMONT STREET.

In view of the unparalleled success achieved by this well-known gentleman, during his brief sojourn in this city, he has, in obedience to the wishes of numerous friends, and influential citizens, decided to make Boston his future home.

Invalids suffering from

Long Standing Diseases

of an inveterate nature, residing in this section of New England, will now be enabled to avail themselves of the skill of this eminent medical gentleman, without the expense and trouble of a visit to his Connecticut home.

Enclose stamp in all letters seeking information.

187 E. C. WILKINS, Sec'y.

T. H. HILL, & Co.,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

NO. 196 MAIN STREET.

FOR SALE.

House—Mt. Pleasant Street.

House—Cotton Street.

House and 1 acre of land.

Building land, Bedford street.

House and Barn, Beach street.

House—Warren street.

House Pleasant Street.

Building lots on Arlington street.

TO LET.

House of 8 rooms.

House of 12 rooms.

Tenements of 6 rooms each.

House with gas, 8 rooms.

Office. Rent \$50.

House—Church street. Rent \$150.

House and Barn, Pond street. Rent \$180.

House—Main street. Rent \$200.

WANTED.

Small Houses.

Farms.

Money to Loan on Real Estate.

Fine Watch Repairing.

Satisfaction Guaranteed at 153

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

142 Main Street, Woburn.

W. H. JEWETT & Co.,

Manufacturers of 161

First Class Square and Upright

PIANOS.

PRICES FROM

\$185 TO \$300

SPLENDID INSTRUMENTS.

ALL WARRANTED. Call and examine at

576 Washington St., Boston.

R. Brooks Richardson.

WANTED.

The following numbers of the Woburn Journal:—

Vol. 6, No. 39 (July 4) and 44 (Aug. 8) 1857.

Vol. 7, No. 6, Nov. 14, 1857.

Vol. 8, No. 39, July 2, 1859.

Vol. 13, Nos. 1, 2, 3, Oct. 3, 10, 31, 1864.

Vol. 15, Nos. 7, 8, 9, Nov. 14, 21, 28, 1864.

Vol. 16, No. 15, Dec. 29, 1864.

Vol. 17, No. 45, Aug. 6, 1864.

Vol. 18, No. 19, Feb. 4, 1865.

For which a fair price will be paid. Or Vol. 13 would be bought entire, bound or unbound.

Journal Club Column

EXCITED HIS CURIOSITY.—"Deadwood," said the stranger, putting down his half-eaten slice of lemon pie, and taking a long pull at the milk, "I went there when the first rush was made for the hills. Rather a rough crowd, the first lot,—you bet; more wholesome now. When I got there, I was dead broke—didn't have a dollar, didn't have a revolver, which a man'll often need out there worse'n a meal o' vittles. I was prob'ly the only man in the hills who didn't carry a fire-arm, and I was some lonesome, I tell you. The only weapon I had—I'm a blacksmith—was a rasp, a heavy file, ye know, 'bout eighteen inches long, which I carried down my back, the handle just in easy reach below my coat collar. Understand? Like the Arkansas man carries his bowie knife, I'm not exactly a temperance man. I just don't drink, an' don't meddle with any other man's drink—that's all. One day—I hadn't been in Deadwood more'n a week—I was sittin' in a s'loon—only place a man kin sit to see any society—when a feller come in—a reglar hustler, with his can full of a quart over. Hed a revolver on each side of his belt, an' looked vicious. Nothin' more about him, though. Ask me, I don't know. 'Not any, thank you,' sez I. 'Not drink with me?' Me—Bill Feathergill! When I ask a tender foot to drink, I expect him to prance right up, an' no monkeyin'. Dye he-a-r me?"

"Well, when his hand went down for his revolver, I whipped out my old file quick—er'n fire 'ud scorch a feather, an' swiped 'im one right across the face. When he fell, I thought I'd killed him, an' the s'loon fillin' up with bunnies, I sorter skinned out, not knowin' what might happen. Purty soon a chap in a red shirt came up to me. 'Sez he, 'You the man as ke-ared Bill Feathergill?' 'Cos, ef so be ye, are, ef you don't want ev'ry man in the hills to climb you, don't you try to hide yourself—the boys is askin' for you now.'"

"It struck me that my friend had the idee, so I waited back, and went up and down before that s'loon for nigh three hours. I'd found out Bill wasn't dead an' was bad medicine, but it wouldn't do to let down. Purty soon I see my man a headin' for me. His face had been patched up till it looked like the closin'-out display of a retail druggist store. There was so little countenance displayed that I couldn't guess what he was aimin' at, so I brought my hand back to my collar, an' grabbed my file.

"Hold on there, hold on," sez he; 'gimme y'r hand. I'm friendly—I've got nothin' agin you, not a thing, but—ye'd pardon my curiosity—what sort of a d—d weapon was that, stranger?"

"You are an ojus, hidjus, iijit, my dear," said a playful manner to her daughter at dancing school, the other day. "Oh, my dear Mrs. T—," sighed one of her neighbors, "what wouldn't I give to have your knowledge of Latin!"

AN EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE.—A young sprig of aristocracy who came over to America for the first time a short time ago, bore a letter of introduction to "mine host" Hitchcock, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, who, of course, with that courtesy and grace which characterizes him, took occasion upon encountering a group of American gentlemen talking in the corridor to introduce the Englishman to them in plain Republican fashion, somewhat as follows: "Allow me to present you to the Hon. George Goldbug, of London, Mr. R—, Mr. J— Hon. Geo. Goldbug,—Mr. Goldbug, Mr. C—." Goldbug adjusted his eye-glass and immediately commenced an animated conversation about the country—referring among other things to a lack of aristocracy, and his introducer being called away for the moment, it is safe to infer that the three gentlemen mentioned, enjoying the young man's affection, made the most of it, for he soon after waited on Hitchcock and the following dialogue ensued:

"Aw, I say, lan'lord, yer tradesmen h'yar are mighty clever fellows, but not the class I'm accustomed to sociate with, yer know."

"Ah, indeed," said the host.

"Yaas. That Mister J— and C— seem to have picked up a good deal of information."

"Really," said Hitchcock, somewhat amused, "do you think so?"

"Yaas, yas—shouldn't have talked to 'em so long, yer know, otherwise. Why, one of 'em said he was a tanner, and the other a shoe-maker. Gad, fancy son of Sir Geo. Goldbug talking to such people at home—wouldn't do at all yer know."

"I don't know why it should not," said Hitchcock, "the Emperor of Russia has been very happy of the tanner's acquaintance and frequently talked with him."

"What!" said Goldbug, arranging his eye-glass and staring at his host, "you don't say so."

"Yes, I do, and the shoe manufacturer talks with the English ambassador and the President of the United States quite frequently."

"Most extraordinary thing ever heard of in my life—an' the other one—paper-maker—told me he sold paper, seemed very quiet person, spoke English very perfectly."

"Well," said Hitchcock, "I should think he ought, he has spoken it to the Prince of Wales, the President of the United States, and—"

"Good gracious! why this is a practical joke. Why, bless me, these persons told me, when we were discussing the a—a—the commercial interests of the country and I asked them if they were in twade, yer know—the one said yes he was a tanner, the other remarked he was a manufacturer of boots and shoes, yer know, and the last said he sold paper for an occupation, weally, this is extraordinary."

"Yes," said Hitchcock, "it is startling, but true as they say in the newspapers, for those gentlemen are guests of this house, the first is Hon. Marshall Jewell, late Minister of the United States to Russia and former Governor of Connecticut, the second Ex-Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, and member of Congress, and the third, Ex-Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, and formerly member of Congress—our American Parliament, you know."

"Good gracious! Well, you Americans are a most extraordinary people!"—Boston Com. Bulletin.

Miscellaneous.

WHAT SHE DID WITH HIM.

Ruth Starling smiled through the tears that sparkled on her dimpled cheeks like dew drops on the heart of a rose.

"I love Charley dearly, and I know he loves me, but his people are rich and proud, and would never consent to his marrying a poor seamstress. When his sister, Mrs. Howe—she's only a half-sister, you know—found out she was angry enough, you may be sure. She waited until Charley had left town, and then told me she didn't want me any longer, with lots of other things a good deal more disagreeable to hear. I heard of Aunt Polly's death, and thought that I would come and stay with you a few weeks. All the families are out of town now that would be likely to give employment."

Mary Delevan's kind heart was touched by the timid, deprecating look in the soft, dark eyes that were lifted to hers.

"I'm so glad you've come, dear. I've been so lonely since aunt died. I don't mean to let you go away very soon either. You know I always said that you should live with me when I was married. Only, I am not married yet."

Ruth looked curiously at the face on whose sweet serenity there was now a touch of sadness.

"And what about that handsome young lawyer, Brockley, who was so attentive to you the last time I was here? It is not fair for you to keep me in ignorance when I have told you everything."

"There is nothing to tell," said Mary, with a smile and sigh. "Mr. Brockley was poor. Aunt Polly didn't believe in love, you know. She thought people ought not to marry unless they 'bettered their condition,' as she called it. Aunt was old and infirm, and I could not leave her. My lover—if I can call him such—got tired waiting, I suppose. At all events, he went away, and has married since, I have heard. Let us change the subject."

The subject was then pretty effectually changed by the entrance of Kitty, Mary's little handmaid, with a letter, whose contents threw her young mistress into a maze of perplexity and astonishment. They were as follows:

"DEAR MADAM,—You are hereby notified that you have been duly appointed executrix of the estate of Hester Cady, deceased, and guardian of her grand-nephew and heir."

You can have all necessary papers and information by calling at the office of North, Harding & Co., Counsellors-at-Law, 20 State street, S—.

"Can it be intended for me," was Mary's wondering exclamation as she picked up the envelope, on which was written in a round, clerical hand: "Miss Mary A. Delevan."

"Such a queer letter," she added, in response to the wide opened eyes of her companion, and tossing it into her lap.

"Goodness me," exclaimed Ruth, as she made herself mistress of its contents. "And who is Hester Cady?"

"She's an old friend of Aunt Polly's, I believe. I never saw her but once; and why she should make me executrix and guardian to a boy, is more than I know."

"If it was only a girl, now; you can do most anything with girls," smiled Ruth, in the serene consciousness that girls were a higher order of beings. "What will you do with him?"

"I've half a mind not to do anything with him," responded Mary, in the same aggrieved tone and manner.

"That wouldn't do," said Ruth, with a sapient shake of her pretty head.

"I don't know what I shall do with him," sighed Mary. "Of course he'll spoil my garden, heat up my furniture, and keep me continually in hot water!"

"He wouldn't be a boy if he didn't do that," laughed Ruth. "Never mind, Mary, you just turn him over to me. You have two servants, and next to no sewing, and I was afraid that I shouldn't find enough to do to keep me out of mischief. Now I've found what my mission is. I rather like boys; and I'll take this one entirely off your hands so that he shan't bother you the least bit in the world."

"Though a little dubious in regard to powers that she had never tested, Mary was not a little cheered by this assurance, together with Ruth's hopeful way of looking at things."

The next morning the two girls started out bright and early in the pony chaise, for the good old city of S—, which was only five miles distant. They experienced no difficulties in finding the law office named, and whose only occupant was a young man of about twenty-five, who was writing at the desk.

"It is Mr. Brockley, I do believe!" whispered Ruth.

Rising to his feet, the young lawyer turned toward them a face radiant with surprise and pleasure.

"It was too late to retreat, if Mary had wanted to do so, so there was nothing to do but go towards him."

"Mr. North has stepped out, but will be back shortly," said Mr. Brockley, the junior partner of the firm, in reply to her questions.

With these words he ushered the two into an inner office. Mary's cheeks were very red, but there was a grave expression in her eyes, from which he vainly strove to obtain an answering glance.

Giving Mary a seat by the window, which he lowered for her express benefit, Mr. Brockley withdrew, pausing for a moment on the threshold, in the vain hope of receiving a look from the blue eyes that were obstinately bent upon the floor.

"What a pity he's married; he's just as much in love with you as ever!" whispered Ruth, upon whom this little by-play was not lost.

"For shame," responded Mary, turning very red.

At this moment Mr. North entered.

When Mary made known her errand, he stared at her for some moments without speaking.

"Are you Miss Mary A. Delevan, of Wilt-ton?"

"Yes."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"Humph! Any one else there of that name?"

"Not that I know of," responded Mary, a little bewildered at his cross-questioning,

but ending in supposing it to be a lawyer's way.

Then a moment later.

"The—boy you mentioned, where is he?"

"Boy?"

"Yes; Mrs. Cady's grand-nephew?"

"Oh, yes. Well, your ward is a pretty big boy, madam. I'm expecting him in every minute, then he can speak for himself. Excuse me, madam."

And out of the room he darted.

"Did you hear that, Ruth, faltered Mary, in a tone of dismay. 'A big boy. What can I do with him? I've half a mind to—to run away.'"

"Nonsense! Mary, don't be frightened. Didn't I tell you that I'd take charge of him? I'm not afraid of any boy, big or little."

Here a young man entered, who, glancing at the speaker, advanced eagerly towards her.

"Ruth!"

"Charlie!"

"I never thought to find you here."

"Nor I you."

Then suddenly remembering Mary, Ruth added:

"Miss Delevan, Mr. Smith."

"Also your ward, Mrs. Cady's grand-nephew," said Mr. North, who was just back of him.

"Impossible!" cried Mary, looking in helpless bewilderment at the smiling face that was all of a head taller than her own.

"That is the way the world will read, at all events," said the lawyer, smiling. "Mrs. Cady had some very peculiar notions; her nephew is twenty-one—just your own age, I believe—but he is not to come into possession of his property until he is twenty-five, or marry without his guardians consent. If he's as wilful as most young men on that point, you will have a lively time of it."

"I'm not in the least wilful; Miss Delevan will have no trouble with me at all," interposed Mr. Smith, whose countenance was expressive of the most satisfaction.

"I—I think there must be some mistake," stammered Mary, looking from one to the other.

"That is what I think," said Mr. North. "I have a strong suspicion that Mrs. Cady had in view, when she made her will, your Aunt Polly, as she was generally called, but whose real name was Mary, and who died about the same time. However, there being no other Mary A. Delevan in existence, there is no one to dispute your right to the office in question, unless Mr. Smith decides to do so."

"Which I have no intention of doing," was the gallant response. "With one exception"—here he glanced at Ruth—"there is nobody else that I would rather have for my guardian angel."

"I think I shall transfer you to her," laughed Mary. "Ever since I had the letter I've asked myself over and over again what I should do with you; now I've found out. You promised to take him off my hands, you know," she added, turning to Ruth.

Mr. Smith eagerly protested his entire concurrence with this arrangement, and if Ruth was silent, her smiles and blushes were quite as eloquent.

The three now took themselves down the stairs to where the pony chaise was standing, and Mr. Brockley followed.

It was Ruth's turn now.

"I'm going back with Charlie," she said, as that individual drew her arm in his. "Judging from appearances, I don't think you'll miss me much."

Guided by that roguish glance, Mary turned towards Mr. Brockley, who was standing quietly beside the carriage, her eyes very bright with indignation at her heart.

"Mr. Brockley, how is your wife?"

"I am not married, Mary. And what is more, unless you marry me, I never shall be."

Too happy for words, Mary suffered the speaker to assist her into the carriage and take a place by her side.

What was said during the long and delightful drive that followed, is none of your concern, reader; but the satisfactory understanding that resulted from it can be inferred from the double wedding that took place a few weeks later, when Mary became Mrs. John Brockley, and Ruth, Mrs. Charles Smith.

WHY SHOULDN'T THEY?—The other day a young girl of our acquaintance, who is pursuing a selected course of study in one of the collegiate institutions of the city, was examining the printed curriculum with reference to deciding what study she should take up next term. While consulting about the matter, she read over the long list of text-books on science, language, literature, and mathematics, when suddenly she exclaimed: "I'll tell you what I would like to study—I would like to study medicine. I don't mean that I want to be a physician and practice, but only to know what to do at home if anybody is sick or anything happens. I am sure it would be more useful to me than—"

and she turned to the prescribed course of study—"that spherical trigonometry and navigation. What's the use of my studying navigation? But we can't run for the doctor every time anybody sneezes or coughs, and I would like to know what to do for any one who is a little sick." Here is a matter concerning which young women need some simple but careful instruction. But who gives them any? As daughters in the family, they can repeat the dates of the Grecian and Roman wars, work out an intricate problem in algebra, and give the technical names of all the bones in the body; but if the baby brother left in their charge burns his hand or is seized with croup, how many of them know the best thing to do while waiting for the doctor? And when, as wives and mothers, the duties of life increase, how many of them have any practical knowledge which will help them to meet calmly and intelligently the every-day experiences of accidents and illnesses which are inevitable in every family?—Harper's Bazar.

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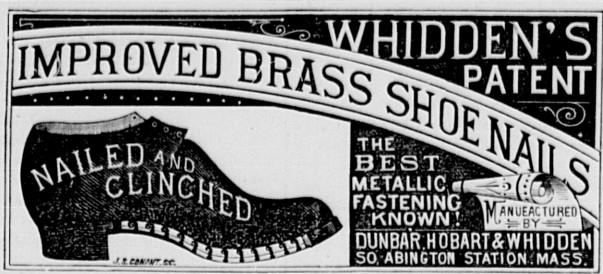
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Poetical Selection.

INEVITABLE.
There's no need of your voice or your presence,
The moon does not tend to the sea—
Be thou true, and the tides of my being
Resistless flow upward to thee;
Can an apple escape gravitation?
Does earth lift her hand for the fruit?
Be self-poised, and compel by attraction
What hides from a vulgar pursuit;
The invincible forces are patient,—
No magnet runs after the steel;
Let your will be supreme, and its potency
My life and my fortunes shall feel;
For the needle must find to the pole-star,
The climate encircle its zone;
So the heart, through all times and conditions,
Must know and will worship its own.

Selected Story.**JACK PLAYNE'S STORY.**

This story is not about myself at all,
though it is written as if it were going to be.
I am a man that knows the boy the story is
about. I am only Jack Playne. He was a
very different sort of a fellow from me.

His mother was the widder Hennings.
His father had been dead six or seven years,
when this history begins. They came to
Greenbush for a good many summers before
he died, and after that his widder made up
her mind to stay there. You see, Hennings
didn't leave much—just a couple of thou-
sands in a life insurance, and the cottage and
acre in Greenbush. All the rest was used
up in settling the estate.

But you'd never guess, not from her talk,
that she didn't own a private bank. She
talked about the convenience of a fixed in-
come: "One could calculate so exactly how
it would go and never be disappointed." And
she would groan over the income tax
when, poor thing, it never came nigh her.

You see, she came of an excellent family.
In early times, one of her ancestors was
governor, and a great uncle had been a sen-
ator, before it was "low" to be a senator.
That is she used to say so. I don't know
about it. I've always had to work hard and
live plain, and there was the taxes hot and
heavy, whatever else happened, and "senator"
always looked high enough for me. And in
most all the families of her connection,
the boys went to college and the girls to
boarding-school and spoke French and played
the piano. Not that I have heard of their
being much money in the family, but they
paid their way and studied hard, and got to
be lawyers, or doctors, or preachers. Never
none of 'em downright worked with his hands
for a living.

One reason the widder stuck to Greenbush
was the school. The teacher was excellent,
and as it cost nothing, nothing could be bet-
ter for her son. ("Rash," for short, "un-
til," as she'd say, "he's ready to prepare for
college.")
Seems to me as if I could see her now.
The same black satin dress, winter and sum-
mer. In winter, a threadbare black cloak;
in summer, a net shawl, darned in some
places very nicely, and black mits, and the
same black satin bonnet, made over and
over, once a year, through it all. She had
some lace she could put on when she went
out to tea at the doctor's or the squire's, and
a set of jet and gold ornaments, which were
very old, to fasten the lace and swing in her
ears. And the widder Hennings was a splen-
did woman! tall, straight as an Indian, and
head set well back on her shoulders. I of-
ten watched her go up the broad aisle, and
thought I'd like to have tested her with a
plumb line, she was so straight. But Eliza
says I'm forever carrying the shop with me.
Then she'd a wonderful high, hooked nose,
and eyebrows that arched over her black
eyes like the front door of the old mansion
house; and hardly a gray hair in her head.
Must have been an awful cross for such a
fine-looking woman to give up dress, and all
the pomps and vanities of this world to live
in such a plain way in Greenbush.

Dear heart! she never kept no help, only
once a fortnight Bettie Doolittle did out of
the heaviest of her washing. The little things,
such as handkerchiefs and collars, she did
herself, and called her "fine wash." It
looked like a doll-baby's washing-day.
The cottage itself was a cheaply-built,
plain-finished affair, with common wood-
work; but I often found time to do little
jobs for her in slack times; and what with
the garden, and the interest on the life in-
surance, and the water color, and wax flower
lessons she gave to the squire's wife and the
doctor's daughters, she got along.

She often made presents of embroidery to
brides and babies, and presents were made
to her. Once she got a barrel of potatoes,
once a barrel of winter apples, and often a
bushel of pears, or something like that. On
the whole she got along. If anybody came
in while she was making crocheting, or her
tattling, or her embroidery, (not an inch of
which she ever used at home) she would
talk about how much more ladylike it was
to have nice under-clothing and plain
dresses, than "outside show and rags." Eliza
used to say that the things on her
clothes lines were mended till they were
real curiosities. However, they were better
than debts, and didn't tangle her steps like
mortgages, for the place was clear and her
own. For my own part, I never could see
the sense of such a common sort of a per-
son as Queen Victoria. living in such style,
and such a natural born queen as widder
Hennings working so hard and faring so
plain.

But as for Rash. Not but what he was
the best of sons, ready to help in every-
thing she wanted done. And didn't he put
into lessons when he found how his mother's
heart was set on his learning! And how

good and patient he'd listen, while she'd tell
of the old governor, and the senator, and
the teacher, and the professor, and how an-
xious she was to have him study hard! She'd
been well educated herself, and taught him
some Latin and French, and he wasn't a bad
scholar.

But, whatever he got it from, it didn't
seem to be what he'd choose. He'd study
hard, and keep up in his classes; and every
spare minute he got, he'd be fussing round
in my shop. He'd pick up bits of half and
quarter inch stuff, and notch and whittle,
and carve and fit and turn out the neatest
little toys, chairs and tables, and such like,
that you ever saw. He gave one to my little
Bess, the winter she broke her leg—she's
got it yet! It's like a chair I once saw in a
church—carved gothic back and arms, and a
table to match. Sometimes it has been all
I could do to get him to give enough atten-
tion to his books, he'd be so busy with his
work. I kept a strict lookout for that. I've
got such a little learning myself, that I know
its value; and he never missed a lesson on
my account. I'd seen too many make a
love of whittling and talk, a mere excuse
for idling away precious time; and after all,
there wasn't no genius of any great account.

Horatio was getting to be a large boy,
when some connection died and left him a
matter of five hundred dollars. It was to
be used at his mother's discretion, either to
keep till he was twenty-one, or spent on his
education.
Mrs. Hennings, she decided at once that
it should help him through college. She
could help out the balance, somehow, and it
seemed like the good old days of the govern-
or and senator come again, when she could
talk about "colleges," and so forth.
So one evening, as he was sitting by her,
reciting his Latin to her, she just began the
subject, and Rash told me all about it the
next day. Rash said he never saw no one
so beat as his mother was, when he told her
she shouldn't touch that money, but just as
soon as I thought him old enough, he was
going to learn a trade.

"A trade? And what trade?"
"Why, a carpenter and joiner, to be sure.
I love that sort of work, and Jack Playne
says I'll do well at it."
"But my dear son, whatever made you
think of learning that trade? There never
was a carpenter in our family, and in fact,
I don't know that they ever amount to very
much."
"Why, my dear mother," said Rash,
"you forget. Wasn't our own Saviour one
—and didn't make the craft honorable
forever?"
"True, my dear child. Yours is a just
reproof; and yet our Saviour did not choose
his humble calling. It was a lesson of obedi-
ence which he was taught by submitting to
his parents' necessities. His work had been
fixed and fitted for him before the founda-
tion of the world. But for you, my dear
boy, I had hoped to see you in the chair of
the professor."

"I'm afraid, dear mother," said Rash,
quite humbly, "that I'd rather make my
craft than sit in it. I know not it's so great
a work, but it is my work, which, after all,
is the important thing. And if I make the
chair strong and well and handsome and
easy, I don't see why I'm not just as re-
spectable as he is. It's my work to build
the pulpit for another man to preach in; and
we may as well accept the facts. But,
mother, don't you want to see some of my
work,—things I've done old spells?"
For his mother had bowed her head on her
hand, and her face was growing set, and her
lips showed a white thread. She wasn't one
of the crying sort. I hate a weeper; but
they don't begin to be so unmanageable as
the stony-eyed sort that neither speak nor
cry.

In a minute or two Rash came down out
of the woodshed full with his arms full.
There was a set of toy bed-room furniture,
and a ship full rigged. And best of all, was
a work box for his mother, inlaid with dif-
ferent kinds of wood, with a raised oval of
apple-tree wood on the lid, carved out into
a wreath of the finest fern leaves, enclosing
her initials. It was just as neat work as if
one of the New York or Boston men had
done it, and Rash was just a boy, and self-
taught in the way of carving.
"It's most a pity to show this to-night. I
was going to keep this for your birthday,
day after tomorrow; but somehow it seems
only right and natural to show it now, when
we were talking this thing over."

Now set as Mrs. Hennings was against
Rash's learning a trade, she could not help
admiring his work, for it was so neat—not a
blotch anywhere. For one day, when he
was making it, it says I to him:
"Now, Rash, whatever you've got in
hand, don't you stop to think if you can af-
ford to do just as well for the money you
are to get for it. There's one thing you
can't afford, and that's to bungle. It hurts
you more than when you work for. Don't
ever do anything that you can't warrant 'pon
honor."
And I'll never forget how his eyes sparkled;
and he told how the cathedrals of the
middle ages were built by men who made re-
ligion of their work, and built, as if they
were worshipping, and dared not cheat the
Lord, and that in them the back of an orna-
ment or statue is finished, though nobody
can see it without the greatest pains, with
just as much neatness as if it was to show in
the public square; and that was the way he
meant to work and to live.

As I said, the widder was pleased, in spite
of herself.
"And where did you get this pretty de-
sign?" said she, pointing to the fern wreath.
"Why, I wanted a pattern of some sort,
and just then Bessie Playne came along,
and she'd got such a wreath as this twisted
around her hat. I thought it was none the

worse for being so near at hand; and so I
just draughted it off, and whittled it out.
See—here is the draught."

And with that he took it out of the box.
Now the widder, though she is as proud as
Lucifer, is nobody's fool; and she sees plain
enough that there was more than a common
jack of a carpenter in her boy; for she
could draw and paint in water colors her-
self, and was called a good hand at it. So
the long and short of it was, that she gave
her consent to Rash going into my shop to
learn my trade, at the end of the school
term. And then she sent Rash up stairs
with his treasures and went to bed.

And what a sick headache she had next
day! Rash got his own breakfast and came
over after sister Eliza to stay with his
mother, and that's how he told me all about
the talk. She had a blind, sick, stupid head-
ache all day. She got up when the sun
went down, and she didn't really feel like
herself for a day or two. And I consoled
her hair was never so black and glossy again,
as it had been.

Eliza Playne, my sister, went over and
stayed with her a day or two.

But how Rash did work; never slighted
the least thing—faithful early and late. I
tell you one don't get such 'prentice work
often! And such work holds out forever,
in more senses than one.

When Rash was about eighteen, and pretty
near out of his time, Squire Porter came
home. He'd been traveling in Europe sev-
eral years, buying works of pictures, books
and curious things generally, and the next
thing was to fit up his house. I had a job,
of course; but in his library he wanted ex-
tra work—alcoves for his books, gothic carv-
ing and what not; and of course it needed
an extra good hand.

"I've just the hand for fancy carving like
that," says I, "and if you'll trust him with
it, he'll go at it like a training day."

"Who is it?" says the Squire. "Mind, I
don't want it botched, and I ain't afraid of
my money."

"Not a bit of it," says I; "it's the young
Horatio Hennings, son of the widder Hen-
nings—he who lives in the cottage by the
big willow."

"Dear, dear," says the Squire, "I know
her folks, and it must have cost her a strug-
gle to have her boy learn a mechanic's
trade."

So when I just set down and told the
Squire the whole story, how the boy
wouldn't be kept back, though he wasn't
unmindful of his books, but that he had such
a hankering after trade, that he'd have stolen
his chance, if he hadn't been allowed; and
what excellent work he turned off and all
about it. And the Squire he listened and
laughed, and says he:

"Send him in. I don't know him, nor he
me; but take care he don't spoil it all."
"Just as I expected, the job was just to
Rash's mind. He got up then alcoves in
first rate style, and threw in a lot of fancy
carving. There was an alcove for the En-
glish classics, as the Squire called 'em, and
Rash built it out of the best oak, and carved
a wreath of oak leaves and acorns over the
arched cornice. The one for Greek and
Latin he ornamented with laurel leaves, and
the big ones, the histories, had a center piece
of armor and banners and shields and what
not. But the one for American authors, he
carved the finest thing you ever saw. Over
the top was a mass of water lilies, magnolias
and golden rods, and dropping down the
sides were vines of the "trailing arbutus,"
he called it, but for all the world our own
May flower. Why the library was just a
picture before anything went into it! It's
years ago, and folks haven't done wonder-
telling at it yet. I'd not have done it for
ten thousand dollars.

When it was all done, and the chips all
swept out, the Squire invited a party to see
his improvements. Not a large party, but
some choice friends from Boston and New
York, and some acquaintances he'd made in
travelling, and an Englishman who had writ-
ten books himself, who was stopping with
Rash. And the best of all was, he invited
Rash and his mother, too. He did, now,
really!

Rash, he went to Boston, and bought her
a new black silk, a good one, and a dress
cap (widder's cap, they called it), and a new
suit of clothes for himself. He'd had good
wages for overwork a good while.
It was a wonderful bright moonlight night,
and as I sat by my door, smoking, I saw
them pass. Mrs. Hennings had on her new
black silk, opened from the neck to the
waist in front, and some fine, old, yellow lace
in the neck, fastened with her little black
pin, and earrings on, and her widder's cap,
and her shawl, and new laylock kid gloves
on her hands. Shapely hands, too, if she
did work; and in one of them a fine old
Japanese fan, which her grandfather brought
home in some of his voyages.

And Rash! He's grown to be a tall lad—
almost a young man, and really out of his
time now, with rosy cheeks and black, curly
hair, and just a shade on his upper lip.
And his clothes fitted as well as if they were
wet and clung to him. I tell you, as he
stepped along with his mother, Rash looked
"good enough to eat," so Eliza said.

The Squire invited them to the house and
took 'em all into the wonderful library, to
have coffee or ices or something. What-
ever it was, it was a more excuse to get
them there. Then he began to show his al-
coves and explain them; and when they'd
seen all the taste and judgment he'd shown
in picking out his flowers and leaves and
vines to match the kind of books, and every-
body had admired it, the English author, in
particular, was specially struck, the Squire
brought in Rash, and introduced him as
"the artist," and introduced him and his
mother to everybody. And he got one order
from a New York man on the spot; and the

Englishman said to him, that "one who
could house books so royally, must do it for
love of them, as well as of his work." And
he said something Rash didn't tell (but his
mother did) I most forgot, about its being a
wonderful country, where even its artisans
had the manners of gentlemen. At least it
was either artist or artisans, I don't know
which.

As Rash handed his mother a cup of tea,
he said in a low voice:

"Now, mother, isn't it better to be a first-
rate carpenter, than such a poor professor as
I should have made?"

"I don't think you would have failed at
anything," she answered.

But the Squire heard her and laughed.

"I don't know about that," says he,
"many a good mechanic is spoiled to make
a poor professional man. It's far better to
be sure the work is your own work, and its
the best of its kind, than to be notional
about the kind of work. And, by and by,
Horatio, here's a bit of spending money for
you, and I'll come round to-morrow and get
a receipt in full."

So ended the royal evening. Next day
the Squire called round and proposed that
Rash should go to New York and study with
an artist friend of his, who was also an ar-
chitect, for a year. Didn't he jump at the
chance! As for the envelope, it had a
check for a thousand dollars; (the work
was done cheap at that—I'd not have done
it for twice that, if I could have done it at
all).

So now Rash's fortune was made. He
made lots of money with his designs and
carvings, and now he's married to the
Squire's daughter; and lives in Fifth ave-
nue? Not a bit of it. He came back, and
married little Bessie Playne, my pet, and
has a pretty place at Yonkers, and the wid-
der lives there, too.

I guess they got on pretty well. Both the
women think that Rash is perfection, which
is the main thing. Sometimes I go up there
for a day, but the widder, she has so much
to say about the governor and the senator,
and blood and gentility, that I'm not glad
to get home and stretch my legs by the
kitchen fire and smoke my clay pipe. She
has a great deal to say about the genius in
blood; though I don't doubt genius helped
Rash, and I guess it was as much grit as
genius. However, I don't know much
about it.

Palm Sunday to-morrow.

Humanitarian Offsets in Temperance Work.

A lecture delivered by Rev. Geo. H.
Young, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, in
the Methodist Vestry, Woburn, March 11,
1880, being one of a series of temperance
lectures delivered under the auspices of the
"Committee of Safety."

I do not propose to offer you any special
array of statistics, regarding the cost of li-
quor drinking. The average man knows
without any such statements, that intemper-
ance of use of intoxicants is a fearful curse;
he understands that it is this which necessitates
our police, our courts, our jails; that if it
could be swept away, a very large part of
the cost of supporting courts, reformatories
and prisons, would be saved to the public
treasury. Neither do I propose to exhibit,
as is so many times done, any pictures,
showing the effect of intemperance on the
stomach; that sort of exhibition might be
advisable if my audience was less respecta-
ble, if we had here the drunkards of our
town. But a temperance meeting is not a
popular place for that sort of people; they
prefer the saloon. It is one of the infelicities
of our church administration that our
congregations are so "respectable" the
preacher may want to hit the head of some
glaring sin, but he gets to feeling that the
sinners are at home, or in his neighbor's
church, and so off he goes into some tirade
against ancient sin;—battering the walls of
Jerusalem, forgetting that if his Master
were here, the modern Solomons would get
some hard rap. But possibly nearly all our
direct temperance work begins at the wrong
end; if we had the apostolic fervor, we
shouldn't put very much confidence in simply
public addresses, but out we should go into
street and alley, and getting down into the
hearts of the poor fellows, who many times
are just as conscious of their degradation as
we can be, we would, divine grace assisting
us, put against their feeble wills the great
might, buttressing power of a tender help-
fulness, and so lift them up again into their
manhood. But that's the hardest sort of
work for us all. I can easier come here to
talk on temperance than the other day I
could cross the street, to tell a young man
how he was grovelling low in the dust when
he brandished his bottle in sight of one of
his staggering mates whose friends were seek-
ing to get him to his home. It is always
easier to give our money, to pray, to preach,
than it is to put ourselves right into the
thick of any moral fight, and do the work
needed to be done; the priest and the Lev-
ite won't get lonesome for lack of company,
so long as the world stands; neither will the
good Samaritans get so numerous that there
will be "standing room only." If the Great
Teacher should come again with his scourge
of small cords—how many of us but could
have hit! The vineyard cries out for faithful
workmen. Simply praying for the kingdom
to come and the will to be done, won't
bring the millennium; the weeds must be
uprooted before the plant of the Father's
planting, can find place in which to grow.

Every well-wisher of his kind must de-
plore the fact that so many succumb to ap-
petite for drink, and in seeking to remedy
the ill, great multitudes rush to the conclu-
sion that some form of law if rigidly en-
forced, will do the work needed. Standing
here in the midst of professedly temperance

workers, I risk my reputation for sanity by
declaring that I put no great confidence in
law or legislation, for gaining God's king-
dom on earth. Back of statute book must
be a moral sentiment or your law lacks sus-
taining. My friend who sits on the Jus-
tice's seat, gives his opinion that it makes
but little difference whether the law be li-
cense or prohibition—liquor will be had by
those who want it. There is a disposition
among many good temperance folks to de-
nounce any who doubt whether prohibition
can prohibit, and who believe that a string-
ent license law may after all be more effec-
tive than a prohibitory law, which, with
moral sentiment refusing to back it up,
fails to do what is expected of it. But in all
this is no cause for denunciation. Right-
eous people will always differ on methods
though they may be seeking similar ends.
It is one of the evidences that human nature
is not big all the way around that there is in
the temperance ranks this element which
hurls anathemas at those who doubt the ad-
visability of certain methods. I confess I
have enjoyed remaining in my home many
times when so-called temperance conven-
tions have been held, simply because they
were in charge of a narrow arrogance which
would brook no dissent, but rampantly rode
rough-shod over all courtesy, amenity and
Christian charity. When it comes to ques-
tions of method, there is time for wisdom of
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SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.

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UNLUCKY READING.—A most dramatic and startling finale to the trial of Nathan P. Pratt, the ex-treasurer of the Reading Savings Bank, was the publication in the *Sunday Herald* of a lengthy document, claimed to be a confession of Sydney P. Pratt, a son of the accused. If the half of this document be true—and though its authenticity is doubted in some quarters, it is believed to be substantially true by those who are acquainted with him and the circumstances—it shows a record of cunning and daring crime hardly to be equalled in all the annals of defalcation and betrayed trusts. Its tone is so coolly indifferent and often almost humorous, that one finds it difficult to believe he is not reading a fable instead of a man's confession of years of systematic and unscrupulous robbing of unsuspecting people, whose savings it was his business to protect. But the depravity of Sydney P. Pratt is not the only thing revealed by this remarkable paper. It showed that the carelessness of the directors of the bank, and the state bank examiner, was nothing short of criminal, and that those officers were in the fullest sense of the term, ornamental. They allowed the younger Pratt to conduct all the affairs of the bank as seemed to him good, and confined their inspection of his work to merely verifying the mathematical correctness of the footings in his books. The *Boston Post* remarks that if even a small part of the statement is true, the directors "ought to first make up the amount stolen, present it to the sufferers and then go North, say as far as Alaska, and freeze up with the country," and to this we add a hearty amen.

PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE.—We call special attention of all thinking people to the admirable lecture recently delivered by Rev. Geo. H. Young, entitled, "Humanitarian Offsets in Temperance Work," and which will be found entire on our first and fourth pages. In regard to the establishment of a club room, or coffee house after the style of those in successful operation elsewhere, a word in explanation may not be amiss. There is in Liverpool, England, a stock company, called the "British Workmen Public Company" with a capital stock of \$100,000, which a year and a half ago, had twenty-nine "cocoa rooms" established in that city, where they were paying ten per cent. dividends on the money invested. There has recently been organized the "New York Coffee House Company" in New York City, which begins with a capital stock of \$50,000, in two thousand shares of \$25 each, and it will be modeled after similar experiments in Liverpool, London, Glasgow and Edinburgh. The names of the directors, viz: Messrs. Morris K. Jesup, Henry E. Pellue, Cornelius R. Agnew, Charles Collins, Wm. E. Dodge, Jr., Jos. W. Drexel, John A. Stewart and Wm. H. Appleton, and of the bankers, the United States Trust Company, is all that is necessary to show that the enterprise is in good hands, and is genuine in every sense. But about one quarter of the subscriptions will be called for in one year. What is possible in New York and London on a large scale, is equally possible in Woburn on a smaller scale.

"THE TRUE WORK OF THE CHURCH."—Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston preached at the Unitarian Church, Sunday evening, upon the above topic. The church was well filled with people anxious to hear the celebrated radical preacher, and if they came expecting to hear an able discourse, they were not disappointed. Mr. Savage preached what may be called a strictly doctrinal sermon, it being for the most part, devoted to pointing out what he considered the inconsistencies and weaknesses of evangelical creeds and beliefs.

THE MASSACHUSETTS PRESS EXCURSION.—The executive committee of the Massachusetts Press Association held a meeting in Boston, Wednesday, President John S. Baldwin, of the Worcester Spy presiding, and it was voted to make an excursion to Washington and Richmond. The visit will take place in the latter part of April, and the association will probably leave Boston on the afternoon of Thursday, April 22. Messrs. John S. Baldwin and Luther L. Holden were appointed a committee of arrangements.

That's a ghost matter.—A ghost story.—Yacoub Strauss. One would hardly expect to see Yacoub dispose of spirit in that manner.—*Rome Sentinel*. It is strange that paragraphs will keep gobbling up these nonsensical sayings.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. Chrysalis, of Hackensack, was hot-headed enough to copy the above entire. Will somebody please phan-tom?—Yacoub Strauss.

This is tomb much.

A dressmaker got mad because her lover serenaded her with a flute. She said she got all the fluting she wanted in her regular business.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*. If she went on that principle, why did she get ruffled?—Yacoub Strauss.

And why put on so many frills?
The *Somerville Journal* remarks that in a month or so our fields will become seedy.
Sow they will. It's wheat to corn-tem-plate, but it's all in your eye as yet.

PRIZE MEETING.—The Y. M. C. A. will hold a prize meeting at its rooms, Sunday afternoon at four o'clock.

SOLDIERS' HOME.—Gen. Horace Binney Sargent, Cyrus C. Emery, John McKay, Jr., James F. Meach, and Dr. W. Symington Brown, of the board of trustees of the Soldiers' Home of Massachusetts, visited Woburn, on Thursday, for the purpose of inspecting the farm on Vernon street, owned by Hon. J. G. Pollard, with a view of locating the Home there. They arrived on the 1.45 train from Boston, and were met at the depot by a committee of citizens and from the Grand Army, and taken in carriages to the farm. They expressed themselves as well pleased with the place and its adaptability to their purposes. It consists of about twenty-three acres of good land, and there are good buildings. The plans of the trustees, as we understand them, are to make no very extensive alterations, but to place the farm under an efficient superintendent, and make it as near self-supporting as possible. After examining the farm, the visitors were taken to Grand Army Hall, where a lunch was served; after which they were shown about the town, and returned to Boston. They did not commit themselves to any positive promises; but the inference from what they did say, was that they were most favorably inclined toward making Woburn the location of the Soldiers' Home.

OUT IN THE COLD.—The business boom has struck about every kind of business except the newspapers; and it has, in fact, struck them, though on a different tack from the others. The manufacturers and dealers in almost every kind of merchandise have realized handsome profits from the great advance in prices, and demand for their goods. The editor is left almost alone out of the good times. He has to rejoice and be merry over the good fortune of others, while being obliged to pay sixty per cent. more for the paper he prints the good news on. The good times brings him scarcely any new subscribers, and he might about as well undertake to collect his old bills as to raise the price of his paper. About the only thing for him to do is to grin and bear it, even if the grin is more of pain than of joy. But editors become so used to reflecting the feelings of other people that they can smile and smile at the return of prosperity, and only realize that it has returned to their neighbors and not to them, when the monthly paper bill, one-half larger than of old, becomes due, and the money drawer yields to his anxious count only the usual pittance.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—This day so dear to the hearts of all true Irishmen was observed this year in somewhat different manner from usual, much more in conformity with the teachings of the great patron saint of Ireland, who taught nothing of the popular dogmas of the Catholic Church, nor that of processions, banners, and great display necessary for the salvation of souls; but he did teach a simple and easily comprehended religion, and the efforts of the Irish people of America to observe the anniversary of his birth by trying to help their distressed brethren in the old country would meet with his hearty approval and help, were he on earth now.

Y. M. C. A.—The Young Men's Association held their regular monthly meeting for literary and musical exercises, on Tuesday evening at their rooms, when the programme as previously announced was successfully carried out. Messrs. Burgess, Robie, Wood, Perham, Nichols, Pierce, Jas. Brown, C. Brown and W. Fletcher acquitted themselves most creditably in their several parts, and the subject discussed,—"The Revolution and war of 1812,"—though old, is nevertheless always new, and its frequent consideration is well calculated to inspire a spirit of true patriotism and devotion to country.

NEW TRIAL.—Some time Charles H. Pollard and Joseph H. Buck who had carried on the coal business in Stoneham and failed, were tried and convicted of fraudulent omission of property from the schedules. Tuesday this verdict was set aside by Judge Nelson, of the United States District Court, and the motion for a new trial granted. The judge said that he was of the opinion that "the evidence at the trial was wholly insufficient to prove any fraudulent omission of property from the inventory filed by the defendants in their bankruptcy proceedings, and that the verdict is set aside for this reason only."

RUNAWAY.—Quite a sensation was created among the teams on Main street, Monday afternoon, by a horse attached to a tip-cart taking it into his head to go on an excursion down street, just as his driver was dumping a load. The rattle and clatter of the cart dragged along the street inspired the brains of other horses with revolutionary ideas and there came near being a stampede of all the horses on the street. Not less than three incipient runaways were nipped in the bud. No harm was done.

"KEEPING TIME, TIME, TIME."—They do say that the Elgin watches, sold by Geo. W. Nichols at No. 169 Main street, are the best timers out. The man who owns one has no excuse for being late for the train, nor would he run any risk of being reproved, as was Washington's secretary, for being late for an appointment on account of the slowness of his watch.

GRAND ARMY SOCIAL.—The Grand Army Hall was packed Wednesday evening, at the regular monthly literary and musical entertainment given by the members of the Post. An attractive programme, consisting of singing, reading, instrumental music and character sketches, was presented.

THANKS.—We doff our hat and make our best bow to Mr. Albert Gleason, Jr., for a bag of magnificent oranges placed upon our table. They were delicious, and there are plenty more where they came from, as is the stand corner of Main and Walnut streets.

SELECTMEN.—Regular meeting Thursday evening. All present but Cummings, G. F. and Charlie A. Jones. Lewis Perry, of Stoneham, was granted a hearing on his claim. The warrant for town meeting was closed.

To-day is the one hundred and fifty-third anniversary of the death of Sir Isaac Newton.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Peterson's Magazine for April is already on our table, ahead as usual. Every month, almost, this popular lady's book has some new and special attraction. The one this month is a series of designs in embroidery, furnished by the "Philadelphia School of Art-needlework." The principal steel plate is a charming picture of a little girl, seated on a bank, gathering grasses and early flowers, on one of those windy March days. For nearly thirty years *Peterson* has held a front rank as a lady's book, and for excellence in every department and cheapness, it is without a rival. It has such contributors as Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, Mrs. Jane G. Austin, Frank Lee Benedict, Marietta Holley, and the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife," etc. The price is but \$2 a year, with liberal deductions to clubs. Specimens are sent, gratis, with full particulars, to those wishing to get up clubs. Address, Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HAL: A STORY OF A CLOTHIER. By W. M. F. Round. Lee & Shepard; pp. 263; paper, 50.

The author of this volume is well known, from his connection with several publications, and ranks high among the writers whose works are favorably received. The story of Hal has a meaning which by the casual reader may not be fully discovered. Those familiar with the history of one of Boston's noted preachers, editors and lecturers, now retired from active life, will find here more or less of his own eventful history. The other characters introduced are specimens of different grades of humanity, from the lowest point of meanness up to the highest earthly purity attainable. The story abounds in hard hits at aristocracy with neither wealth nor character to uphold it, and affords another proof that deeds of the deep-throated villain, however securely hid, may be brought to light by the most trivial circumstances, and the guilty parties receive just punishment. The author has well used his opportunities for describing the different characters here noticed from personal knowledge, and all who read it will at least give him credit for writing in a style that will interest every one.

THE READING CLUB. No. 8. By Geo. M. Baker. Lee & Shepard; pp. 197; paper, 15 cents.

The previous numbers of Mr. Baker's selections have been very popular, and this one contains fifty pieces in prose and poetry, nearly all new, and specially adapted for public readings and recitations.

CONFIDENCE. By Henry James, Jr. Houghton, Osgood & Co.; pp. 347; \$1.50.

This was intended to be classed as a novel, but we fail to find the usual amount of fiction which most readers expect to find. The characters are mostly American, who go abroad for pleasure. One or two love engagements help to keep up the interest for a time, but none of the characters have individuality enough to make it of much interest. The works of even the best writers must of course vary in value, and we do not think this equal to most of Mr. James' writings. However, those who read the works of any author may vary in judgment of their value, and others may think better of this than we do.

The April number of *Harper's Magazine* is rendered exceedingly attractive by its many beautiful illustrations, and every article in its table of contents is noteworthy. The number opens with the first part of Mrs. John Lillie's paper, "Music and Musicians in England." The rural charms of Chester Valley, Pennsylvania, and the associations of Valley Forge are the theme of an excellent paper by Mrs. Ella Rodman Church, with remarkably fine illustrations by Howard Pyle. Santa Fe, New Mexico, as described by Ernest Ingersoll, and illustrated by J. Harrison Mills, is a subject of intense interest. The Irish famine gives special interest to Miss Clond's illustrated article, describing an "Irish Fishing Village." The upper or Swiss Rhine—seldom visited by tourists—is charmingly described by S. H. M. Ryers. E. D. R. Biancardi contributes an instructive article on the works of Luca della Robbia and his school. One of the most interesting articles in the number is Mary Treat's "Home Studies" in Nature, with ten exquisite engravings from drawings by J. C. Beards. Mr. William C. Prime, in his article on the "Early History of Bible Illustrations," not only gives an important chapter in the history of wood-engraving, but also clearly shows that designs attributed to Holbein were copied by him from an earlier artist. Of late much interest, in literary circles, has attached to the poems of Francois Coppee. One of the most dramatic of these, "Shipwrecked," translated by E. W. Lattimer, appears in this number. In fiction the number contains, besides the serial novels, two excellent short stories. The editorial departments furnish a large amount of delightful reading on current topics, recent books, etc. For sale by Horton.

Among the departments in which America takes a high rank is the printing of wood cuts—a subject which Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, the printer of *Scribner's Monthly*, is to treat in the forthcoming (April) number of that magazine. This paper deals with early methods of wood-cutting on the hand-press, and is to be followed by another on machine-printing, the success of which dates only from 1850. Mr. De Vinne is the author of a "History of Printing," and, as his work on *Scribner* abundantly shows, is a practical printer. In the second paper, special attention will be given to the little-understood process of "overlaying," and the relations of printer to draughtsman and engraver will be suggested and discussed. These papers will be of especial interest to printers and editors.

TEACHER'S CONVENTION.—The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Middlesex County Teachers Association is to be held at the Franklin street church, Somerville, April 28. There are 1800 teachers in the county entitled to go to this convention, but there has not in the past been an attendance of more than one-third that number. These conventions are always occasions of great profit to the teachers, and every one should exert themselves to attend. The school authorities of Somerville are making arrangements to entertain all who may attend.

Slight snow storms Sunday and Tuesday.

SOME WOBURN INDUSTRIES.

THE COAL, WOOD AND LUMBER TRADE.

Prof. Newberry tells us that the theoretical power developed by the combination of one pound of coal is 10,500,000 foot-pounds, but that the real power our imperfect methods of utilization make available is not over 1,500,000 foot-pounds, which is about the power exerted by a man of ordinary strength during a day's labor. Therefore we see that one pound of coal is equal to a day's work, and the product of the United States for one year to 80,000,000,000 day's work; a power so vast that not just appreciation of it can be had, any more than we can conceive of the distance of a star from the earth, or the size of a molecule. We see the figures, and can read them glibly enough, but we are totally lacking for anything with which to compare them, and so arrive at a conception of the reality. The amount of coal used annually in Great Britain for the development of motive power, is estimated at 20,000,000 tons, or the equivalent of the labor of 133,000,000 of men. A moment's reflection and a glance at these figures will convince any one that coal is indeed the mainspring of our civilization. The coal fields of the United States are estimated to cover an area of 200,000 square miles, a greater area by far than the coal fields of the whole of the rest of the world, and the annual production is estimated at about 40,000,000 tons.

Even the younger of this generation can remember when the coal stove was the exception rather than the rule, and in the youth of the middle-aged it was almost a rarity. Now it is not only almost universally used in the cities and villages, but farmers and the inhabitants of the rural districts that are remote from railroads are beginning to see that if comfort counts for anything, the black diamonds are cheaper for fuel than the maple and oak from their own woodland. We read very much about the charm of an open wood fire, and the modern craze for everything old has brought the fashion of open grates again into vogue. But an inspection of the room will generally reveal a register through which a furnace supplies the heat, while the back-log resting on the polished fenders furnishes the romance. The equable pleasant heat diffused from a well-regulated coal stove is much preferable to that furnished from the most approved pattern of wood stove or open grate, before which one must turn about like a model in a millinery show window in order to avoid "roasting one side and freezing the other."

As near as can be ascertained, the first coal stove in town was introduced by the father of Mr. Marshall Tidd, and previous to 1836 there was probably not over three cooking stoves that burned coal. The first coal brought to Woburn in any quantity was a cargo landed at the wharf which stood near where the library building now is, by Col. Charles Carter, which was brought via the Middlesex Canal something like thirty-five years ago.

At the time of Col. Carter's venture there were but very few people who used coal, and they only during the coldest days of winter. This one load seems to have been the extent of Col. Carter's dealing in coal; but soon afterwards W. D. Warren, who was a teamster between Woburn and Boston, commenced to bring coal to town by the barrel, and load, and there was a demand for it, and to make up loads for his teams. He kept no stock in town, but purchased it by the cargo in Boston, and carted it to Woburn as above mentioned. About 1852 the attention of Mr. W. H. Osgood, transportation agent of the Boston & Lowell railroad, was attracted to the matter, and to turn the tide of transportation from the Middlesex Canal to the railroad, bought the lot of land on which Simmons' building now stands, and leased it to Young & Converse for a coal yard. Young & Converse were running an express route between Boston and Woburn. By the help of Osgood, they built sheds, and put in a stock of six hundred tons of coal, and the total amount sold in town that season did not probably exceed one thousand tons. During this winter, W. D. Warren landed one cargo at his coal trade, as he then went out of the business. Young & Converse ran the business one year, and then sold to Amos Locke, who in turn sold to A. H. Hayward. Mr. Hayward afterward associated his brother with him, under the firm name of A. H. & A. S. Hayward, who continued in the business until 1864, when they sold to J. B. McDONALD.

Mr. McDonald commenced business in 1862, his office being located nearly where it now stands, his sheds having a capacity of about four hundred tons. After continuing here two years, he bought out A. H. & A. S. Hayward, and removed his office and yard to theirs. In 1876 he again moved his office to where it now stands, near the depot, and built new coal sheds on land leased of the Boston & Lowell railroad, where they now stand. His business has steadily increased from the modest beginning eighteen years ago, to its present proportions. From sheds of four hundred tons capacity, he has advanced to buildings 60x175 feet, which with the dumping capacity at either end will contain five or six thousand tons, constructed in such a manner that the cars are run up an inclined plane and into the top of the sheds, and the coal dumped from them. Everything is so conveniently arranged that five men can easily unload 250 cars in one day. He has a large trade in Glens Falls lime, supplying the tanners in this town and vicinity with a large quantity yearly. In May, 1878, the firm of J. B. McDonald & Co. was formed by Mr. McDonald and A. S. Hayward, for the purpose of dealing in lumber, and they have since kept a large stock of everything useful for building purposes.

Mr. McDonald is a thorough business man, and attends personally to all details. He has by his energy and perseverance built up a coal trade which extends far beyond the borders of the town of Woburn.

JOHN L. MURKOE.
96 Main street, deals in coal, wood, charcoal, lumber, lime, cement, plaster, and all building materials. He succeeded J. E. Littlefield & Sons in October, 1878, who in turn were the successors of J. B. Littlefield. Mr. Littlefield established the first lumber yard in town in 1855, on the lot where Skiff's tannery now stands. Previous to this time, nearly all the lumber used in Woburn, was hauled from Medford. Mr. Littlefield was a

carpenter and builder, and began buying lumber by the car-load mainly for his own use, supplying what transient custom came to him. In those days, when a car-load of lumber arrived, it was waked down to the yard, and the locomotive would wait for the car to be unloaded, the engineer meanwhile enjoying his pipe, and a chat with some congenial spirit. The first cargo of coal bought by Mr. Littlefield was in 1866.

WILLIAM A. FRENCH.
has a wood yard on Broad street. He succeeds French & Chapman, who commenced business last November.

SOAP.—It is an actual fact that no ordinary family will use more than ten dollars worth of a first-class soap in a year; and while the difference saved to them by buying a common soap would hardly be three dollars, they lose in wear and tear of dry goods more than ten times the difference. Thinking, as a majority do, that fabrics are getting more and more inferior as to the quality of manufacture, they will find that they have deceived themselves by using ordinary soaps, or so-called washing powders, simply because of their less price or extra strength, which they imagine does the washing quicker or easier, not apprehending the fact that the more neutral the soap, the more economical and better the washing quality for practical economy. In connection with the above facts, we would call attention to an advertisement in another column of one of our best and most noted soap makers, Curtis Davis & Co., who have had a practical experience of nearly fifty years as manufacturers of our best and most reliable goods, which they offer at nearly the same price of inferior goods. A trial of which will be a sufficient recommendation of their excellence over our common grades of soap.

SIGNOR BOSCO.—This renowned gentleman found that the people of Woburn do not take kindly to the idea of being hired to attend any kind of a "show"—even if it is given by one who, as his posters announced, has delighted the Queen of the land on which the sun never sets, and her illustrious son. The Signor was favored with very small audiences at each of his entertainments.

PAPER HANGINGS.—As Spring advances the subject of "house cleaning" begins to agitate the mind of the thrifty housewife, and it is among the probabilities that it will be decided to repaper one or more rooms. If any of our readers have such intentions we would advise them to read the advertisement of T. F. Swan, of Boston, which will be found in another column, and to give him a call before selecting.

FIRE.—The hot house belonging to the Hon. B. F. Whittemore, at East Woburn, was destroyed by fire Wednesday evening. The fire was discovered and the alarm given at about 10.30. Hose 4 were promptly on hand, but the alarm was not heard at the Centre. The cause of the fire is not known.

ACCIDENTS.—On Sunday, as Mrs. L. H. Allen was alighting from her carriage, she fell and broke her right knee-pan.

Maurice O'Connell, while walking on the railroad, Saturday, fell and badly bruised the side of his face.

SOCIABLE.—The sociable at the Unitarian Vestry, Thursday evening, was quite an enjoyable affair. There was an amusing harlequin drill, piano duet by Misses Brown and Hartwell, a scene from *Little Women*, and an acting charade.

CONCERT.—The Y. M. C. A. at its meeting Monday evening, voted to instruct its entertainment committee to make arrangements with the male choir of the Rugby Street Baptist Church, of Boston, to give a concert in Woburn.

NEW CONSTITUTION.—The Y. M. C. A. has recently adopted a new and simplified constitution, arranged by a committee from other constitutions and from their own knowledge of the requirements of the association.

Mr. J. W. Dickinson, Secretary of the State Board of Education, will visit and examine the Woburn schools next Tuesday, and at 4 o'clock, P. M., will address the teachers and citizens at High School Hall.

POLICE COURT.—Thos. Grantfield, drunk, \$3 and costs. Daniel Regan, drunk, \$3 and costs, committed. James Bradley, drunk, \$3 and costs. Charles Carroll, assault and battery, \$5 and costs.

Druggist W. W. Hill reminds us that spring is here, and that his tonic is good to tone up the system at this season. The arrangement of his show windows is unique and tasteful.

FORESTRY.—Those interested in the founding of a Court of the Order of Foresters are invited to another meeting this (Friday) evening, at Grand Army Hall.

DRAMATIC.—The St. Charles Dramatic Club played "Colleen Bawn" to a good audience at the St. Charles Institute, Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Cummings are in New York, attending the millinery openings and getting posted regarding the spring styles.

By the old style of reckoning next Thursday would be the first day of the year. The present method was adopted in 1752.

Next Thursday is Annunciation Day, followed by Good Friday, and one week from tomorrow will be Easter Sunday.

Some young men held a social dance at the Highland House Hall, Friday evening. Joyce's Band furnished music.

CONCERT.—Next Tuesday evening the Y. M. C. A. gives a vocal and instrumental concert, at the Baptist Vestry.

To-day is the first day of Spring.

LECTURE.—Rev. Mr. Pomfret at the Methodist Vestry, Thursday evening, was favored with an audience slightly larger than was in attendance last week, but not in any sense commensurate with the merits of the lecture or subject. Mr. Pomfret said that the able lectures of the speakers who had preceded him had only touched the hem of the garment of the subject. His lecture would be a presentation of well-known facts and arguments, very like to the banquet of flowers sent by a lady to a friend with the remark that nothing was left to give except the string that bound them. Like the framers of the Declaration of Independence, he proposed to show some of the reasons why we should cut forever free from the tyranny of the liquor traffic. He cited the enormous amount of liquor drunk in this country, and showed that its cost in money was more every year than the yearly cost of the war; in thirty years it amounted to the enormous sum of \$6,780,161,805, and more than five gallons of pure alcohol to every person in the United States every year. He thoroughly believed in the efficiency of law as an educator of public sentiment, and somewhat sharply criticised the course of argument pursued by some of the speakers who had preceded him in the course. His lecture was forceful and radical, and left no opportunity for doubt as to just what he believed and where he stood.

DEATH OF VETERAN RAILROADERS.—Mr. John Barrett, well known in this vicinity and by the patrons of the Boston & Lowell railroad, died at his home in Somerville, Wednesday night, at the ripe age of eighty years. Mr. Barrett was the first conductor on the Boston & Lowell railroad, and ran the first train of cars to Lowell. He was born at Newport, R. I., in 1800, and at the age of twelve years enlisted in the United States army as a fifer, and was a pensioner of the government by virtue of his early service. He leaves one son and one daughter, and one son lost his life in the war of the rebellion.

Mr. William H. Pettigill, for many years train-despatcher at the old Boston & Lowell depot on Lowell street, Boston, died at his home in West Medford, Thursday. The sonorous ring of his voice, as his "all aboard for Lowell" reverberated through the depot, and his genial face are pleasant memories to many people. He was sixty-nine years of age.

TOWN MEETING.—The warrant for the annual town meeting will be posted in a few days, and will contain twenty-seven articles. The polls are to be opened at nine o'clock, A. M. The points of special interest aside from the election of officers, are contained in Article 12, "To see what action the town will take relative to securing to citizens their rights to the use of the sidewalk on High street leading from Main street;" Article 13, "To see if the Town will take any action or appoint any committee with reference to building a Town Hall;" Article 21, "To see if a stone crusher and engine shall be purchased; and Article 26, to see if any appropriation be made to purchase fire alarm telegraph.

WHAT IS IT?—We venture to say that the lectures that have been given under the auspices of the Committee of Public Safety by Revs. Mills, March, Young and Pomfret were three better temperance lectures than have ever been consecutively delivered in this town, and yet the audience each time has been of the meagerest description, and in no sense a representation of the temperance sentiment of the town. Why is it? Verily, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

The Lynn Reporter has been purchased by Mr. Eugene F. Forman, formerly of the *City Item*, and a newspaper man of experience and ability.

Y. M. C. A.—The quarterly convention of the Y. M. C. A., at Salem, Thursday, 11th, was attended by eight delegates from Woburn.

We received a pleasant call last Thursday, from Mr. Horace N. Hastings, editor of the *Lynn City Item*.

Burlington.

TOWN MEETING.—The adjourned town meeting on Monday, it having been decided that the proceedings of the meeting one week since were legal, proceeded to elect the balance of the town officers as follows: Third assessor, John Pollock, and four supplementary assessors, Edward Reed, Stephen Carter, William E. Carter, Wm. H. Winn; voted not to choose highway surveyors and overseers of poor, which makes the duties of those officers incumbent on the selectmen, who were also chosen free viewers; field drivers, Nathan Simonds, Henry D. Stone and Samuel Winn; school committee for three years, John W. Hutchinson, Wm. H. Winn, Thomas L. Reed; seal of weights and measures, Chas. G. Foster; pound keeper, R. J. Alley; surveyor of lumber, Edward Reed; wood surveyor, Charles G. Foster, Henry Nichols, Nathan Simonds; tax-collector, M. H. Nichols, at 14 per cent.

Appropriations, support of poor and incidental \$2500; roads and bridges, \$1200; schools, \$1200 and dog tax; library \$75; cemetery, \$50. The article in reference to selling the poor farm was passed over, and the matter of the payment of the note of the heirs of Geo. Holden was left discretionary with the treasurer.

FAIR.—The church fair Wednesday evening was a success. The attendance was good, and the net profits for the church about \$70.

A glass of liquor sells for a dime and is consumed in a minute. It fires the brain, and deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same table lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million type; it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than half the glass of stimulant; but it is none the less as true that there is a large number of people who think whiskey cheap and newspapers dear.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

Winchester.

TOWN REPORT.—The report of the Selectmen and other town officers is out, and from it we learn that the total amount appropriated for the expenses of the town for the year ending February, 28, 1880, was \$45,829.69, and that the various departments have been so prudently managed as to leave an unexpended balance of \$5,325.99. The amount asked for the year just entered upon is \$53,700. The town clerk reports 45 deaths during the year 1879, 24 being natives of Winchester, 3 foreign born; and the remainder nearly all of New England birth; 62 births, evenly divided between the sexes, 29 of American parentage, 34 foreign, and 5 mixed; 29 marriages. The report of the Water Board is a document of more than ordinary interest on account of the reports of the professional gentlemen who had been employed to examine into the causes of the contamination of the water by minute plants. The school report is also an interesting one, showing the average attendance in all the schools to have been 590, a larger number than for the years previous. The total amount paid to teachers was \$9,890. A letter from Hon. O. R. Clark of Tewksbury settles the matter of who was the donor of the town clock.

MR. SKILLINGS' FUNERAL.—The funeral of the late D. N. Skillings took place at 1 o'clock, Saturday, in the Congregational church; and if further evidence was needed of the respect and estimation in which he was held by the people of Winchester, his business associates and every one with whom he came in contact, the great number assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory furnished it in abundance. The business places were all closed, and the people attended the services almost en masse. There were nearly two hundred business men from Boston in attendance, including delegations from the directors of the Boston & Albany and Lowell & Nashua railroads, the Elliot national bank, the Elliot Insurance Company, Boston Board of Trade, Lumber Dealers' Association, the president of the Boston & Albany Railroad, Ex-Gov. Page of Vermont, Ex-Gov. Talbot of Massachusetts, Mayor Prince of Boston, Hon. John Cummings, Mr. Skillings' partner, Mr. Charles Whitney, and many others whose names stand high in business and political circles. The town was officially represented by its Board of Selectmen and town clerk, the Water Board, and Mr. J. H. Tyler, the Congregational church by a committee of four, and the Winchester Savings Bank by its officers and directors. The gentlemen from Boston arrived at 12.40 by special train and were escorted to the late residence of the deceased by the above named representatives of the town, church and Savings' bank.

Private

Journal Club Column

"To have and to hold from this time forth," said Augustus, who is studying law, as he took Matilda Jane on his lap, on the evening they became engaged. And Augustus placed upon her finger a ring, and clasped upon her snowy arm a bracelet, and murmured "Know all men by these presents," etc., and that he might show that he was in lawful possession of the chattels, he did then and there produce what purported to be a bill of sale, wherein was stated that "In consideration of one dollar to me paid, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, I do bargain, sell and convey one plated ring, the value whereof is twenty-five cents, and one pinhead bracelet, of value seventy-five cents." To which Matilda, realizing that she had become "articled to an attorney," replied, "I am lawfully seized in fee simple," and "I am held and firmly bound unto Richard Roe," which Augustus regarded not, knowing him to be a fabulous character, incessantly in litigation with John Doe, and whose name he knew Matilda took upon her lips, only from adhering too literally to the text. And Matilda, having vested in Augustus "power of attorney," as a form did repeat, "I do appoint Augustus to be my true and lawful attorney, in token of which I have pledged my hand, and now cause the seal of our lips to be affixed." And Matilda, observing that it was now the end of the term for which this court was sitting, did this court adjourn; but Augustus, as petitioner, did humbly pray that the court might not adjourn sine die. And so she fixed the day, and the attorney turned away.

WOMAN'S SOFTENING INFLUENCE.—"It's astonishing," remarked the old fogey, this morning, as he nodded over his glass to our reporter, "it's astonishing" what a coward a man is at home—a regular cowering snail, by Jove! I've traveled a good bit, and held up my end in most of the camps on the coast since '49. I've got three bullets inside of me. I've shot an' been shot at, an' never heard nobody say I hadn't as good grit as most fellows that's going. But at home I'm a kyste. After I'd let the old woman know that her hot biscuit wasn't all, when it's like stiff analam, I'll fill myself as full as a retort. I've done it lots of times. Most of my teeth is gone from tugging on beefsteaks that the old woman has fried. I've like it roar out and cuss when I go over a chair in the dark? No, sir. I'm rubbing my shins and keeping back the tears, I'm likewise sweating fear the old woman has been woke by the upset. It didn't use to be so," sighed the old fellow, thoughtfully rubbing his shining scalp—"When we was first hitched, I thought I was the superintendent, but after a year or two of arguing the pnt, I settled down, shoving the car at low wages. I know any man of my age and size," cried the old gentleman, banging the saloon table with his wrinkled fist. "I'll shoot, knife, stand up or rough and tumble for coin, but when I hang my hat on the peg in the hall, and take off my muddy boots, and hear the old woman ask if that's me, I tell you the starch comes right out of me."—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

"No, dis club nebber hez any debates," replied Brother Gardner. "I used to encourage his flings, an' dar was a time when I felt myself a power in de land on debate. But I liked to see de evil effects. I disklivered dat if de ole woman wanted an armful o' wood, I wanted to stop fur half an hour and argy the matter. If I wanted a c'lan shirt, she had fifteen different reasons why de hull pile war in de wash. Members of de society squatted in grocery stores, an' made demselves believe dey was at work an' airnin' \$2 a day, an' two of dem would stop on de street an' argy fur half a day ober de query: 'Which am de greatest benefactor, de eloquent or de whale?' I fink we are doin' well 'nuff as it am, an' we will leave debates to outsiders."

A newly-married man went home the other night, and found his wife asleep on the lounge. He knelt beside her, and devoured her with his loving eyes. "John," she murmured, in her sleep. "Yes, my pet—what is it?" he whispered, thrilled to his heart's depths, by the calling of his name. "John," she again murmured, "spare-rib is only nine cents a pound." The thrill passed off.

"Henry," she said, "you don't know what a soothing influence you have on me."

"My darling," he whispered, softly, while a glad light came into his eyes, "can it be so?"

"Yes," she said; "when you are here, I always feel inclined to sleep."

Why, Bridget, how came you to burn the bread so? "Och an' it is burned it is? Sure, thin, ma'am, but it's no fault of mine, for wasn't ye after tellin' me the last thing afore ye went out, a large loaf must bake one hour, an' I made three large loaves, so I baked 'em three hours jist; or what else should I do?"

It makes a mother's heart revert to her younger days when she comes into the parlor next morning after her daughter's beau has been around, and finds only one chair in front of the fireplace, and the others sitting along the wall, as if they hadn't been touched for three years.

A New York inventor claims to have discovered a process for making all fabrics water-proof. But what is more needed is an invention to make milk cans water-proof. Or the cow. We believe that it has never been definitely settled whether the water leaks through the cow, or the can.

"Will you name the bones of the head?" said a teacher to one of his class, at a medical college.

"I got 'em all in my head, teacher," replied the pupil, "but I can't give 'em."

A gay rooster came tripping light fantastic toes up to the occupant of a quiet nest, and said, "Will you dance, Biddy?" "Excuse me," said the hen, "I am engaged for this set."

"How nicely this corn pops," said a young man, who sitting with his sweetheart before the fire. "Yes," she responded demurely, "it's got over being green."

"The women who do fancy work don't fancy work."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Continued from first page.

so much easier to get folks ready for heaven by and by than it is to make them heavenly now! But our moral work is all of one great piece: it doesn't consist of patching here and there, but it does consist of so getting high ideals rooted in the hearts of men that they are fully removed from all danger of going astray, that they are put on to so high and noble moral plane that their living is all one sweet song.

Now, applying that to temperance you get my meaning; the temperate man is not he who refuses the beer and gorges with ice water; the temperate woman is not she who doesn't believe in alcoholic stimulation, but must have her strong tea; he is not the temperate man who rushes about town to get signers to the pledge while himself a helpless slave to tobacco; but temperance is a something which runs all through our lives and keeps us from doing harmful things. Now, who of us is ready to cast the first stone? Pick it up if you dare, but before you throw it remember that he who was without sin was allowed to be the proper one to bring accusation against the poor woman.

Interference! Well, I pity those poor fellows who stagger through our streets; they put that in their mouths which has stolen away what little brains they had; but I pity any other man or woman who is so in bondage to any other appetite that the slavery is just as deplorable—yes, and just as despicable.

O yes, you say, that's very good for fitting people for the Millennium, but it's too big a job to try to accomplish all at once, what we are to fight alcohol. Well, fight it, but remember you can't isolate any sin and simply by trying to remove that get the best condition of manhood or womanhood. Take the saddest case of drunkenness in your midst; get the poor fellow in his sober senses; he knows his degradation just as well as and a thousand times better than you know it. How are you going to make him forsake his cups? By simply signing a pledge? By getting your town to adopt prohibition instead of license? By even all that you haven't gained your principal point; you are not sure of that fellow keeping straight till you have so made him over that he has no desire to pitch his tent toward Sodom. That can be done only by so butressing all his moral nature that on its every side he is protected against any and all incursions of sin. You remember the disciple asked for washing of not his feet only but hands and head also; and in order to truly save this intemperate fellow you have got to so convert him that he is bound as by bonds of steel to all good impulses. By attacking this or that appetite, by going at that simple of a man's wrong-doing and evil-doing, you don't get the influence of a new spirit exerting its power all through his being.

The secret of a great deal of slavery to intemperate is not any real love for liquor in itself. Those who drink, say they do not enjoy the drink, but they are moved by desire for excitement, they want to forget some ills, or they are down in some valley of humiliation, and are seeking to be lifted out of it, and so they attempt to even up their spirits by that which degrades. Is it any wonder that intemperate are so popular? Take this population right around us. Here are these hundreds of men hard at work all the day; night comes; they are exhausted by toil; they go to what you call their homes,—meagrely furnished, having no attractiveness; the meal is eaten—what is then for them? Nothing in their homes to keep them; utterly without any resources in themselves, they start out for good cheer; the saloon is the inviting place; their mates are inside, and in they go, to do what the next day they will tell you they were silly for doing; but then they saw no other way for getting a good time. Geo. MacDonald says compared with the place where Geo. Galbraith had all the day worked, Mistress Crawl's saloon was paradise.

I certainly believe the most effective offset to all this is accomplished by those instrumentalities which in some communities are so successful, by which respectable people are seeking to give these fellows a good time on a more rational and a more moral basis. Charles Barnard went to the lowest theatres in Boston, made acquaintance of the boys in the gallery, persuaded them to accompany him to other and more respectable theatres, and finally drew them into his chapel, where they were molded into decency. Great hope may well be put in such institutions as the English coffee houses, Holly Tree Inns, Ministry at large, and People's clubs, like that which is doing such magnificent work in Lowell.

We must remove the old loyalty, and put in the place a new allegiance, and these humane charities have for their prime object aiding men to do this very thing, so that as they get accustomed to the new ways of seeking amusement, the old methods lose their attractiveness.

Now, compare that with the common hope of temperance people in a stringent law. Enact the law, enforce it; but what does all that do toward this necessity of getting men out of their craving? Leave a man with his old appetite all the time gnawing—leave him with no more rational methods of getting amusement than those which he has found in the saloon, and license or prohibition, it matters not,—you can't enact a law big enough, strong enough, stringent enough, so but what the old appetite will find means of getting satisfied. You must in some way make the man a law unto himself,—make him feel interest in the better things, lead him by slow degrees into the new manhood.

You are trying to establish a better temperance sentiment in this goodly town. Remember the eternal fact that human nature demands some attractions beside its daily, grinding toil. The respectable portion of the community finds its need satisfied to a very large degree by library privileges, by the delights of home, by occasional visits to theatre or concert, by church activities, or by some other high, humane interest. But for that immense proportion in every community, who see no beauty in these things, who find no pleasure in frequenting the saloon and getting hilarious, what are you going to do for these, better or more sensible than some such instrumentality as has been found to work so great good in many of our towns, where something like the English coffee houses, and the People's club, have been instituted? You may get your pastors to give public lectures week after

week, and month after month, and year after year; but it will amount to little unless it issue in some practical work of this sort. I would like to see as the outcome of this series of meetings, a vigorous attempt made to open somewhere here some pleasant, cozy rooms for that sort of work so successfully done in towns not very far from us,—rooms not so elegant but what the most commonly dressed boy or young man would easily feel at home—rooms where perhaps, there might be smoking if you choose in some part of the building, rooms where there should be games, with readings and concerts on a level with the appreciation of those who would be drawn in, rooms which should be in charge of men and women who have real hearty, solid faith in human nature, and who believe that something noble and grand can be done with what we call the lower classes of society.

You have read those recent volumes of letters of Chas. Dickens—books of absorbing interest because they so let us into the inner life of the great novelist. The letters smell most too much of the punch bowl to make them quite satisfactory, but the point I want to mention is Dickens' word in a letter to a friend regarding an Art Exhibition at Manchester. Great care and provision had been made for the comfort of the common people, but, he said, they wanted "more amusement, particularly something in motion, though it were only a twisting fountain. The thing is too still after their lives of machinery, and art flies over their heads in consequence." I fear a great deal of our hope is in instrumentalities that fly over the heads of common people; the folks we want to get at to lift their lives into nobler beauty have come to think that our churches are only cliques of well dressed people who look down on the coarsely clothed; they see no special good for them in their sanctuaries; for reading they care but little and so public libraries do them not much good, art flies over their heads; and so off they go to the saloon for free and easy comforts; the bliss of their cups is all the bliss they find. Dickens hit the nail on the head in his remark about that "amusement in motion," and where that sort of instrumentality has been tried as in penny readings in England and the clubs which in America within the last ten years have done so much in this direction by furnishing concerts and dramatics—amusements on a level with the common mind, and reading rooms full of newspapers and illustrated magazines, good work has been accomplished. I have faith in this idea; it means work for somebody but it is work which pays in winning souls into nobler, richer, holier, allegiance. Not by any means that everything is done for a man by even this sort of labor, but something is done in giving him a taste in other directions than that of whiskey drinking, and, as Chas. Barnard finally succeeded in winning those boys by gradual improvement away from the lowest theatres where only basest passions were pampered so that in the end they learned that it was good to be respectable, so it's my faith that we can destroy the drinker's love for his drink in no way so effectively as by supplanting that taste with something nobler,—starve it out by giving him a new and better love.

To you and to me it is no credit that we are not in the gutter; we are surrounded with friends; we have comfortable homes; we have resources in ourselves; but all around us are poor fellows destitute of all these, who need the help of a warm humanity to lift them up into better habits, into higher manhood, into holier conduct. Of any of these, despair not, for in them all are possibilities of good; and in doing what we call temperance work the need is that we build on that possible good. But the bother with so many of us is that we put trust in what our legislators may do; we want to bring heaven by statute; but let me tell you this world is to be saved to good morals only by our getting willing to leave our slipper and dressing-gown comfort and going right down into the slums of society set at work those methods which will entice sinners into the Kingdom. This can't be done by wholesale, it must be brought about by labor with individuals, one by one. It was the one lost sheep, dearer than all to the shepherd—that one sheep was so great worth, that the shepherd left the ninety and nine and went after the lost.

All this may seem to you inadequate because it will look to some minds like attempt to accomplish a great work by indirect methods. But has it ever occurred to you that such is the providential way of doing things? The child is cross and out of sorts; you don't club him to make him pleasant; you seek by indirect means to get his mind set in another direction. You call your physician to prescribe for some blotches on your face. He applies nothing directly, but seeks to purify your blood.

I would seek the drunkard's reform by similar methods. He need not be aware that you are attacking his appetite; indeed you need not attack it,—you may starve it out, and say what you will, you won't succeed in making him a temperate man till you do that. His moral blood must be cleansed. But to the degree that you give him a new and more commanding taste in the better direction, to just that extent do you succeed in setting him in the upward way.

You may declare all this Utopian, yet in these suggestions we are to find the true method of reform. When I say this word "reform," I give you a very familiar word, one which is on the lips of our politicians especially. George Eliot says that "reform is oftentimes a trick to get a new set of men into the offices." If any of our reformatory work means only that, and it is whispered on the street that this movement means that, it won't amount to much, but if it mean this other idea of so elevating this life around us that a better taste will be cultivated, and so these many saloons find their occupation zone, then we shall do a successful temperance work; then we shall make our town morally cleaner. Do what you can by legal measures; do what you can by getting the best men into office; do what you can by putting into State legislation the moral sentiment of the people; but do not forget that Satan is not expelled from the heart by any mandate of legislation. The heart must be washed clean. And the morals of the community will be made whiter, when the world learns that the safety of the State depends less on statutes than on getting the hearts of individual men purified so that they will love the right.

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5:35, 6:15, 7:30, 11:15, P. M.

Lawrence, 7:45 A. M.; 2:35, 4:45, 6:15, 7:15, P. M.

Wilmington, 7:45 A. M.; 11 A. M.; 1:15, 2:35, 4:45,

6:15, 7:15, P. M.

Walton Hill, 7:45 A. M.; 11 A. M.; 2:35, 4:45, 6:15,

7:15, P. M.

Stoneham, 7:45 A. M.; 12:10, 2:35, 4:45, 6:15, 6:30,

10:30, P. M.

Montvale, 7:45 A. M.; 12:10, 2:35, 4:45, 6:15, 6:30,

7:10, 11:15, P. M.

WOBURN CENTRAL, 6:45, 7:45, 10:30, 11:30, A. M.,

12:10, 1:15, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:10, 5:45, 6:15, 6:30, 7:30,

10:30, 11:20, P. M.

Winchester, 6:45, 7:40, 7:45, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00, 11:30, A. M.,

12:10, 1:15, 2:30, 2:55, 3:00, 4:00, 4:45, 5:10, 5:15,

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1:30, 2:30, 4:10, 5:30, 6:15, 9:15, 9:50, P. M.

Walton Hill, 6:15, 7:35, 8:07, 10:08, A. M.; 2:51, 9:50,

10:30, P. M.

Stoneham, 5:50, 6:50, 7:20, 8:10, 8:50, 10:05, A. M.,

1:00, 3:30, 4:30, 6:15, 10:05, P. M.

Montvale, 6:02, 6:35, 7:02, 7:31, 8:23, 9:00, 10:17, 11:38, A. M.,

1:17, 2:52, 4:02, 5:02, 6:25, 10:17, 9:52, 10:52, P. M.

WOBURN CENTRAL, 6:00, 7:00, 7:20, 8:20, 9:00, 10:15,

11:30, A. M.; 1:10, 4:00, 5:00, 6:25, 10:15, 10:15, P. M.

Winchester, 6:05, 6:57, 7:08, 7:40, 7:54, 8:28, 9:10, 10:25,

11:45, A. M.; 1:25, 1:57, 2:57, 4:05, 5:08, 6:33, 6:56,

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*He who died at Assa sends
This to comfort all his friends:*

Faithful friends! Flies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow,
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it be;
It was mine, it is not 'I'."

Sweet friends! what the women have,
For its lost bed of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Like a hawk, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the falcon, not the hawk.
Which kept him from the splendid stars!

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone;
The shell is broken—it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury.
A mind that loved him, yet he let
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood!
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Why ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell;
I am gone before your face—
A moment's time, a little space;
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will wonder why ye loved,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
Lo Allah! Allah! ye!
Thus love divine! Thus love alive!

*He that died at Assa gave
This to those who made his grave.*

Selected Story.**AN EASTER CARD.**

"What can a girl do in our day!" exclaimed Agnes Clement, petulantly.

The speaker rested her elbows on the table and gazed at the lamp.

Opposite was sister Anne, calm, matronly, self-satisfied, mending baby's pinafore.

"Plenty of occupation may be found in your profession, if you would seek it," replied sister Anne, biting off a thread, and forming a new knot. "Painting china, designing wood-toots, even coloring photographs."

Agnes raised her head, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, why do you not add taking in washing, or scrubbing down the stairs?" she cried, with scorn and anger.

"That is the difficulty," continued sister Anne, with unflinching composure. "You are impatient, and despise the beginning. One can not spring into a full-fledged artist at once. Pray, how did the great European artists commence, about whom you are so fond of reading? Very modestly, I promise you."

Agnes made no immediate response. Instead, she ruffled her blonde hair with her hands, and stared moodily at the lamp. The room was plain, and the noise of the street below was audible in the tinkling of a car bell, the rattle of carts on the pavement, the distant strains of a wheezy organ, blending with the footstep of late customers to the shops. Located on one of the wide business avenues of the city of New York, this modest home of a clerk with a slender salary, possessed a different significance to the two women seated beside it. To sister Anne, comely, thrifty, and practical, good wife and mother, it was the humble beacon of welcome to the absent husband. To Agnes, imbibed by hard study, overwork, the failures of youthful rashness in unfulfilled dreams, it meant a dull yellow flame, fed by kerosene oil, and burning monotonously in an ugly room, faintly redolent of cabbage and onions. Such a chamber has often been the cage of genius.

"I could not obtain any of the work you propose, if I tried," resumed the young artist. "There are more applicants than labor in all fields and in every land."

"True," sighed sister Anne, mindful that a week of illness would replace her husband at the store by a dozen eager competitors in demand.

A key was inserted in a neighboring door, and the object of her solicitude entered, bringing a gust of keen winter air with him. The husband of sister Anne was a brisk little man, with shrewd blue eyes, flaxen hair, and a spot of red on either cheek-bone. He greeted his family cheerfully while unwinding a silk handkerchief from his throat.

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"I've got something for you in my pocket, Aggy," he said to his sister-in-law. "The very thing for you."

She looked at him with a faint smile.

"Yes, I came on it quite by accident, I may say—riding up town in a car," he pursued, with animation.

Then he unfolded a newspaper, and placed his finger on a paragraph. The trio read together the following advertisement:

PREMIUM offered of \$100 for best design of Easter card for the approaching season. Competitors are requested to present their applications to
LANG & CO.

Sister Anne read over the shoulder of her husband.

"What a chance for you, Agnes!" she said. "I am confident you would win the prize. One hundred dollars, too!"

"Lang and Co. are the great lithographers, you know," supplemented the husband. "I saw it by the merest chance in a column of advertisements. Nothing like reading the papers."

Agnes studied the paragraph, and made no comment. She grew pale, and her eyes darkened ominously. One would have inferred that she had received some affront, but restrained her indignation. Finally she rose, and took the journal in her hand.

"Thank you, and good-night," she said, dryly.

"Is she offended?" demanded the little man, puzzled.

"She is very silly," said sister Anne, rather tartly, as she poured a cup of tea and placed some delicate cakes before him.

Agnes went to her room, locked the door, knelt beside the bed, and burst into tears. A prize given by a lithographer was offered to her competition! She had dreamed of fame and artistic excellence! Instead of the mountain-peak where she had longed to plant her standard, the slough of the valley of poverty was destined to engulf her. Oh, the scorching tears of discouragement and humiliation which fell from her eyes! At length she rose and lighted the gas jet, in order to again read the detested advertisement.

Her room was cold and bare, partaking of the characteristics of a studio rather than the abode of a woman. In one corner the iron bedstead was concealed by a screen, with a tiny mirror suspended near it; opposite, a stove reached with its rusty pipe to a shelf holding several plaster busts. The windows opened on a glass-covered piazza, the sanctuary of the glass. Here the artist indulged in reveries, or wrought with pencil and brush, forgetful of the hour of the noonday meal, and oblivious of the vicinity of a laundress, who employed the next glass-covered piazza for the purpose of drying linen—a practical industry which brought in far more satisfactory returns, in payment, than did the color-box of Agnes Clement. The latter sought the spot now, and seated herself on the sole chair it boasted, mechanically. A large canvass was propped against the wall, representing a life-sized Beatrice in Paradise beckoning to a shadowy Dante. Agnes had concentrated the labor, ambition, and hopes of a year's application in this bold attempt, had entered the lists valiantly for exhibition in the National Academy of Design, and suffered the cruel blow of rejection. Beyond was an Ophelia with yellow hair, who had shared a similar fate the previous year. These lovely heroines languished in the obscurity of the glass piazza, without ever having met the approving smile of an appreciative public. Oh, the cold selfishness of the world, and the willful blindness of hanging committees and art critics! For the first time Agnes found the smile of Beatrice insipid, and her gaze vacant. A doubt chilled her heart. Quickly she turned the picture to the wall, and sought the easement, gazing forth into the night rather than longer contemplate her own work.

The piazza, located in the rear of the noisy avenue, overlooked the houses of the next street. These residences were aristocratic in proportion as their neighbors were humble. A high brick wall, bordered by a vine of wistaria, inclosed stable and garden of the mansion opposite, while brilliant lights within revealed a conservatory to the observer. The light came through curtains of silk and lace in a more remote drawing-room, where the chandelier was visible, like a great golden cone, and slanted across the conservatory, resting here on a front of quivering blossoms, and there on a mass of gorgeous blossoms. At the same time the rippling melody of a piano, touched by a skillful hand, reached the ear of this lonely spectator, who looked down on all this luxury, gaiety, and life not so much with a sting of envy as a crushing, overwhelming sense of personal failure.

The night was clear, stars sparkled in the sky above, and the radiance of a full moon began to illuminate the city roofs.

A girl entered the conservatory, approached a sash, and opened it, leaning out to discover the moon. She wore a pink dress, with soft white lace on neck and arms; a jeweled flash in her hair. Turning aside from the window, her sleeve caught in the branch of a flowering plant, she overturned it, and it fell outside the window with a crash of broken pottery. The girl uttered a little cry of dismay, glanced downward on the wreck she had occasioned a moment, then withdrew her head, and closed the sash. The plant, an offshoot of the conservatory's wealth of bloom and fragrance, remained on the ledge where it had fallen.

Now the silk curtain separated, and a gentleman joined her. He was a tall and slender young man in evening dress, with a flower in his button-hole, and he tossed aside a cigarette as he approached.

"There is one for whom life is fortunate," murmured the artist. "How readily I can picture him attaining maturity, smiling and good-humored, and growing old in that charming home, surrounded by friends!"

The girl had clasped her hands on the young man's arm, and gazed up into his face. He responded to this thoughtful scrutiny by touching her hair lightly, caressingly, with his lips, and then speaking with a careless laugh.

"Well, I have consented to go to Minnesota for the winter, May. Such nonsense as it is! I should prefer Paris or Italy. A mere trifle of a cough, and all the doctors looking so wise and glum. They rejoice to secure a 'case,' I suppose."

May disengaged her hands from his arm, and plucked a camellia. Her face was as untroubled as his own.

"I shall return in the spring for our wedding, dearest," he continued. "What a weather-roughened giant you will have for a bridegroom!"

"Henry, take me with you," she pleaded, softly. "Do not go away all alone, dear. Let us be married tomorrow."

"Without the Worth tulle, *ma chérie*, and a great reception?" he questioned, half mockingly.

"You should be gallant, and say something about beauty unadorned," said May, tossing the camellia at him.

Then the brilliant eyes of the young man clouded, the rich color in his cheek paled with the emotion which made his lips tremble.

"My noble girl! my good little wife!" he whispered, folding her closely in his embrace.

Agnes Clement witnessed this scene without divining all its significance, and a tender smile dawned on her own face. The homely devotion of sister Anne to her husband in her cabbage-scented dominions did not touch her. The meeting of the two young people in the conservatory moved her profoundly.

Was not her artistic taste gratified by their beauty, the light shed through the silk curtains behind them, the rosy shimmer of the girl's draperies, and the shadow of exotic plants meeting above their heads? She remained there motionless long after the pair had disappeared, her eyes fixed on the fallen plant, which still rested on the ledge.

The stone-work blanched, in contrast, the delicate white blossoms to snow, and the moonbeams touched each petal with a silvery lustre, until the spray resembled the lilies of the Medici chapel in the Church of S. S. Annunziata at Florence. The plant had been cast out into the frosty night, to die and be forgotten in the cold purity of the moonlight, and beneath the cruel brilliancy of the distant stars.

If she could have rescued it from such a death by stretching forth her hand, she would have done so; but she was powerless to avert evil. Slowly she returned to her room, extinguished the gas, and sought forgetfulness in sleep. The journal containing the advertisement of Lang & Co. remained on the floor, where she had thrown it down at an earlier hour.

Next morning her first thought was of the neglected plant. Had it survived the night? What had become of it? She hastened to her post of observation of the previous evening. The conservatory sparkled in the morning light, and the plant remained on the cornice ledge. Yes; it had perished during the night, as she thought from its home in the balmy hot-house. Already the leaves were shriveled and blackened, the spray of blossoms drooped and gloomily in the dawn, retaining the rose tints of a shell. As Agnes looked at it, the early sunshine, which smote the sparkling colors from the glass dome, like the prism of a crystal, also touched the dead flowers with warm golden rays. Thus the flower soul might be absorbed in sunshine, and waited on, she thought.

Suddenly the artist put her hand to her forehead as if preoccupied with thought, her eyes dilated, and a smile imparted a warm glow to her usually pale face.

At breakfast she was silent, replying vaguely to the conversation of her brother-in-law. Afterward she went out, and was absent two hours. Returning, she shut herself in the studio, and spread about her recent purchases—sheets of paper, new brushes, and a box of water colors. Then she began to work, and as she labored, a soft, crooning song welled up from her lips unconsciously.

One Saturday evening, when the little clerk had returned home at an early hour, and was warming his feet luxuriously in slippers before the fire, he was surprised by the hasty entrance of Agnes. The artist's aspect was animated, and she held a sheet of paper in her hand.

"Humphrey, I have decided to compete for the prize of the Easter card," she said, quietly. "Tell me if you like my design."

Husband and wife hastened to inspect the proffered sketch. They saw an uprooted sharp, caught on a stone parapet, the blossoms still tinged with rose even in death. Above slanted a shower of golden sunbeams, and on this luminous pathway were inscribed the words:

*I am the Resurrection
And the Life.*

"Surely you have never done any work like this, dear," said sister Anne, kissing the artist affectionately. "I know you consider me no judge of art, but it reminds me of the studies you used to make when a girl at school. Do you remember gathering the leaves and wild flowers in the hedges, and painting them just as you held them in your left hand?"

"I burned all that rubbish when I began life seriously," replied Agnes with a curling lip. "Flower painting is all very well for school girls."

Humphrey continued to study the design attentively. "I suppose the uprooted plant signifies the human body after death, and the sunshine Christ in resurrection. The flower will bloom again," he said, slowly.

"Yes," replied Agnes. "Then she added, in a musing tone, unmindful that her companions would not understand her words:—
"It is the sole commemoration of the poor plant cast out in the cold. *No one else missed it!* The conservatory is so full."

"You will win the prize," affirmed sister Anne, the practical.

"If I do, I shall buy baby a new cap and muff," said Agnes, merrily.

A month later the little clerk brought home a letter. "I was tempted to open it, because it bears the stamp of Lang & Co.," he exclaimed.

Agnes took the missive, her fingers trembled, and the color rushed to her cheeks. "Accepted," she said, after a pause.

"We were sure of it," responded sister Anne and Humphrey in unison.

"Have you seen the favorite Easter card of the season, ladies?" inquired the clerk of a fashionable store.

With these words he displayed the design of Agnes Clement to a bevy of young ladies.

"How pretty," exclaimed one.

"The most charming means of atoning for the delinquencies of the past year in letter-writing," said another.

"I will send one to May and Harry, girls," added a third. "They must not consider themselves forgotten, so far away, and the Easter card will remind them."

"Of Spring bonnets trimmed with violets and roses," interrupted the first speaker, laughing. "The banishment must be poked enough, even if they are still bride and bridegroom. I do not believe Harry's lungs were really affected after a cold; his parents are so fussy, you know, because he is an only child."

On Easter Eve the snow of a late and severe winter still lingered about a little town of the far West, noted for the purity of a dry atmosphere.

The young wife, May Hartwell, put aside the book she had been reading aloud, for her listener had fallen asleep. Her fair face was unclouded by anxiety or trouble.

She smiled as she looked at her husband. He had developed the qualities of good wife and nurse, thus tested by experience, although her patient gave her little trouble except to amuse him. Suffering had not marred him; no painful cough racked his frame. He was fatigued, listless, and preferred the sofa, where he rested, while making plans for the future. Now he slept, with the light touch of his graceful head, the rich Persian colors of his dressing gown, and the gray tair of the rug spread over him. Certainly he was a trifle delicate, and it was wise to cure symptoms of illness in time. Had she not added her solicitations to those of his family by hastening her marriage in order to take care of him?

She left her seat, and went out noiselessly. It was the hour when letters were distributed in the hotel. At the stairway she paused, and looked down into the lower hall. Half an hour earlier the doctor—a cheerful presence in the lives of the two young strangers—had called, bringing with him a friend, quite by accident, as he happened to be in town. This friend, an older physician, had conversed chiefly with May, and about the East. She now perceived the latter standing beside the great stove in the hall, warming his hands, and while she hesitated about descending the staircase in consequence, he was joined by the other physician. The illness of the landlady's baby explained their detention in the house.

"Well, what do you think of the young man above-stairs?" inquired the resident doctor, in a low tone.

"Quick consumption, as you say. He may last a fortnight, and he may be gone tomorrow," was the grave response.

"May drew back, shocked and grieved, and returned to her room. Who was the young man above stairs? She did not know. Tomorrow she would ask the kind doctor about him. Perhaps he was poor and alone. Harry still slept, and she resumed her seat. Then, with her dimpled chin resting on her hand, she suffered thought to bear her back to her distant home, and the bevy of young friends who had remembered her in the shop the Easter season. The clock struck eleven. Decidedly her invalid should be in bed, but she was reluctant to disturb his refreshing slumber. Again she rested her dimpled chin in her palm. Her own eyelids closed.

A sensation of cold and fear awakened her. "Harry! Where are you, dear?" she said, bewildered by sleep and fright.

The lamp was burning low; the clock struck one; and the luminous whiteness of the outside world, where all nature was veiled in snow, invaded the silent room. May approached the sofa. Harry still slept. His face was pale, and his features appeared sharper, pinched, as if the cold of the night had chilled them. Midnight had sounded, and it was already Easter-day. May knelt beside the couch, and softly clasped the cold hand as a gentle means of awakening him.

Then he opened his eyes and looked at her. There was something so profound, steadfast and strange in this gaze that her heart ceased to beat; words of endearment remained frozen on her lips. Suddenly an awful change swept over the young man's face; terror dilated his beautiful dark eyes; a quivering light irradiated his pinched features.

"May!" he gasped, threw his arms about her neck, and leaned his head on her shoulder.

Silence succeeded. The lamp waned; the white arctic light invaded more boldly the chamber. What had happened? What dreaded presence and power was here? The head on May's shoulder became heavy, inert; her lover, bridegroom, husband, was dead. Stunned and crushed by the overwhelming blow, she did not yet recognize the truth in its full significance.

A lifetime of anguish may be compressed into twenty-four hours. Thus the young wife experienced more anxiety to those about her, than her dead, after her discovery on Easter morning, stretched insensible beside the sofa. Plunged in the depths of despair, or maddened by grief, she crouched beside the bed, silent and frozen, or threw herself prone upon the floor, tearing her hair. She demanded of the kind doctor, with haggard eyes, if the young man above stairs had been her own husband, and he endeavored to soothe, without understanding her. She besought the inanimate clay to forgive her for sleeping. "I did not know we should have only a few moments more together before our life would end," she moaned. Then she demanded quickly of her companions, the earth, the sky:—

"Where has he gone? How shall I ever find him again?"

Words of consolation and resignation fell on deaf ears. The landlady and the women wept in helpless sympathy, but May shed no tears. The doctor alone retained his usual composure. How often had he witnessed similar scenes! Telegrams were sent and received, friends were hastening to the aid of the living, and to obtain a last glimpse of the dead; all those silent and professional duties were transpiring about her, of which she took no heed. She clung desperately to her post beside the bed, and remained there, dry-eyed, wild, launching those reckless reproaches at God and man, which frequently mark the passionate ebullitions of a first grief. If there was a merciful Saviour, who heals all wounds of the soul, as the clergyman said, He had forgotten her! If there was a God, he had only robbed her! Why could not another have been snatched away by the angel of death? Then silence would ensue, dreary, immobile, rigid, the young watcher sitting with clasped hands, and her face of the same blue pallor as the marble face on the pillow.

The landlady detained the doctor outside the door.

"She has not slept nor tasted food for twenty-four hours," she whispered. "Her brain will turn. The shock was too great for her, and she has the look of a mad woman already."

The doctor held a letter. An idea came to him. The letter had just arrived by the post, and could not concern the recent bereavement. He entered the chamber of death, approached May, and presented the letter, saying, in natural tones: "This letter has just come. You will be kind enough to open it."

Surprised, she raised her head, received, and mechanically tore open the envelope. An Easter card was disclosed. An uprooted plant drooped on a stone parapet, with rays of sunshine slanting down in a golden tide, and in these rays the words were traced,—

*I am the Resurrection
And the Life.*

May read the card, and turned it over in her hand. The doctor paused behind her; the landlady stood in the doorway. Then a sound became audible in the room, a tumultuous sobbing, and the widow fell on her knees, clasping one of the dead hands, and covering it with tears and kisses.

"I am the resurrection and the life," she repeated tremulously. "Oh, beloved, I shall find you again!"

The Easter card had fallen on the floor. The doctor raised it, and placed it on the foot of the bed.

When the winter of another year brought its snows and clear, starlit nights, Agnes Clement still wrought in her studio, the glass covered piazza. The place was changed. Flowers now bloomed everywhere, with the difference between the piazza and the conservatory that the artist had painted them.

Roses swayed lightly on their stalks in the sketches on the wall; violets and daisies were scattered in profusion over boxes and fans; fairies peeped from blossoms on ornate carvings; portrait heads smiled from the centre of dishes garlanded in ivy and ferns. A glance into the domain of sister Anne would also have revealed little additional luxuries and comforts unattainable with the modest salary of Humphrey. Agnes had learned to love her task, and dealt tenderly with the flowers; hence her success. Occasionally her attention strayed to a distant corner consecrated to Beatrice in Paradise and Ophelia, and at such moments she sighed.

Opposite, the superb conservatory still bloomed in the sunshine, and here appeared occasionally a pale young lady in deep mourning, whose grave face seemed to have forgotten how to smile. The artist recognized her as the girl in the pink dress and jewels, and associated her garb with the absence of the brilliant young man. That was all. Between them was a gulf, and thought did not span it. Had Agnes penetrated the spacious mansion of her neighbor, she would have seen in May's chamber, placed where her eyes beheld it as the first object in awakening, an Easter card, framed in ebony, and veiled with crape. Sir Arthur Helps has written, "We are all so intertwined that the same wave beats on every shore."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Cowley is said to have spent a thousand dollars on his defence. This would have gone a good ways towards keeping the wolf from the lamb's door.

When a woman is thrown out of a carriage by a runaway horse, she has generally a tale of woe to tell.

A bookworm is usually a grave man, who is well versed in the dead languages.

In a hardship you should be satisfied if your daily bread is hard tack.

Our Boys in the War.

ROSTER OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF WOBURN, WHO SERVED IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION, 1861-5.

COMPILED BY A. P. BARRETT.

In presenting for publication, the roster of those who, on field and flood, fought for the preservation of the Union, and sustained the honor of Woburn, during the war of 1861-65, a few words of introduction may not be inappropriate.

It is by no means claimed to be free from errors, for absolute accuracy is impossible; but whatever sincere endeavor, careful research, and no small amount of labor for some years, can avail toward that desideratum, that much has certainly been done. It has proved to be a work of far greater magnitude than anticipated, in order to carry out the original plan; but it has at last been accomplished in an imperfect and feeble manner, it is true, and it is hoped that it may prove of interest to the citizens of the town.

In collating the facts connected with the individual history of the comrades, memories of the past, both pleasant and sad, have been evoked, which, if written out, would fill volumes. In these days of peace and prosperity, it almost seems a dream even to those who were active participants in the strife that has ever been on lot to experience those four years of toil, suffering and bloodshed on Southern soil, or of anxiety, anguish, and terrible suspense in our own Northern homes. Each name here recorded is a silent, but impressive reminder of that terrible epoch in our nation's history, and brings vividly to mind, not only the noble self-sacrifice and heroic deeds of our departed heroes, whose deaths have ensured the perpetuity of our glorious Union, and whose deeds have made the page of American history more resplendent with enduring lessons of unyielding loyalty to our country and our flag, even to the end, but also the brilliant achievements of those who are permitted to be with us to-day, living examples of American patriotism, and American heroism. The ranks of the nation's defenders are growing less and less, "as year by year Death marks his victim," and it is none too early to enter upon such an undertaking as this, when the testimony of the living may be obtained.

From Maryland to Texas, there was not a State on the soil of which Woburn men did not tread; and of the 2,800 engagements on land and sea, officially recorded, there were but few in which they did not participate. From Big Bethel to Appomattox Court House, Woburn was nobly represented, and in all the great conflicts, she was called upon to mourn the loss of her best and bravest sons. Whether on camp guard, or on the sanguinary battle-field, on land; or on their posts of duty, on board the flag-ship, the monitor, or the less glorious blackclad, on sea; or in those "hells on earth," the prison pens of the South, where scores of her sons preferred death by starvation, than dishonor their country and its flag, Woburn has reason to be proud of the record of duty well done, by her representatives in the War of the Rebellion.

It was in old Virginia, "where Death held high carnival," for four long, terrible years, that a large proportion of Woburn men were destined to serve, and few are her battle-fields, which were not consecrated by their deaths, or enriched by their blood. But it was not alone in the campaigns of the glorious army of the Potomac that Woburn men were true to their obligations, but whether in the campaigns of North Carolina, in the West under Grant and Sherman, or in the south-west, they were all equally devoted to the cause for which many gave up their lives. Woburn can well point with pride to her war record, both at home and in the field—and in the succeeding years of peace, she has been mindful of the patriotic services of her sons. To-day she stands second to none in her support of her citizen soldiers, and has well earned the proud reputation everywhere accorded her for hospitality and patriotic greeting to soldiers from abroad, who have from time to time, honored her by their presence. Not only has she been thus mindful of the living, but has ever cherished with gratitude, tenderly and reverently, the memory of her fallen heroes, and each annual recurrence of "Memorial Day" witnesses an increased interest in its simple, yet touching ceremonies. As long as the people are true to their memories, so long no one need "despair of the Republic."

In preparing this Roster, valuable assistance has been received from many of our citizens, and is hereby gratefully acknowledged. To Nathan Wyman, Esq., especially, honorable mention is here due, for from the record of soldiers and sailors from Woburn, compiled by him during the war with great labor and expense, the mass of the information concerning individual history has been drawn, and, without it, the roster, with the exception, perhaps, of one organization, would, to a great extent, be a mere array of names. His labors, early and late, in behalf of the soldier during the late war, and since, is too well known to need any extended notice here, for which he receives the gratitude and respect of all who "were the blue." But it is doubtful that any service he has rendered could be more valuable than thus placing on enduring record the facts of their military history therein contained. From G. R. Gage, Esq., who ever has the interest of the soldier at heart, and who united with his official duties during the war, a true and loyal fidelity to the welfare of the soldier's abroad, and heartfelt sympathy for the sorrows and trials of those left at home, upon whom the heaviest burdens of the conflict were to fall, mourning for those who were never to return, or filled with anxiety and suspense for the safety of those yet spared to them, much valuable information was received, especially from the State Aid rolls. To Thomas H. Hill, Esq., who cordially and earnestly entered into the spirit of this work, as he has ever done where the interests of the soldier are concerned, and who freely gave access to all sources of information in his possession, both in an official and unofficial capacity, the tabulated statement of taxes prepared by him, proving of special value, grateful recognition of assistance rendered, is accorded. To the Library Committee, who generously gave permission to freely examine the many

valuable files of contemporary publications, which recorded history as it was made from day to day, and to the Librarian and assistants for their kindness and courtesy, at all times, grateful acknowledgment is also due. Any notice of errors, omissions, or any additional facts in the history of any comrade, will be thankfully received, and properly placed on file, so that, when the military history of Woburn is written, as it surely will be, not the least important part of that work will be rendered, as far as it ever can be, absolutely correct; for these are the men who made history, and we should be derelict in our duty, did we not see to it that they received, at least, the award of honorable mention due their patriotic services and glorious deaths.

If the memory of the heroism and self-sacrifice of our martyred dead can be made more precious in the hearts of the people, and if those living can receive more marked recognition, due their faithful service, and patriotism in sustaining the honor, both of the nation and the town, by the publication of this roster, it will more than repay all expense and labor incurred in its preparation.

THREE MONTHS.

FOURTH REG. MASS. INF.

Big Bethel, Va.

COMPANY G, TAUNTON.

1. CYRUS B. RICHARDSON, private, born in Woburn, June 3, 1842. Mustered in, April 22, 1861. Wounded in left shoulder, at Big Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861. Discharged, July 22, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in Co. M, 1st Mass. Cavalry.

FIFTH REG. MASS. INF.

First Bull Run, Va.

COMPANY B, SO. READING.

2. OREN S. HOSMER, private, born in Woburn, October 16, 1829. Mustered in, May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

COMPANY C, CHARLESTOWN.

3. ALBERT D. GIFFORD, private, born in Stockholm, N. Y., 1834. Mustered in, May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Residence or place credited to in Mass. Record, Stockholm, N. Y. Should be credited to Woburn. Re-enlisted in Co. H, 50th Mass. Inf.

4. ALBERT S. LESLIE, private, born in Exeter, N. H., March 3, 1837. Mustered in, May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in Co. K, 39th Mass. Inf.

5. EUGENE J. MILLER, private. Mustered in May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Credited in Mass. Record to Boston. Re-enlisted in N. Y.

6. HORACE P. STONE, private, born in Draught, Mass., 1838. Mustered in, May 1, 1861. Discharged, June 2, 1861, disability. Credited in Mass. Record to Charlestown, Mass. Should be credited to Woburn.

7. WILLIAM SWEENEY, private. Mustered in, May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Recorded in Mass. Record, as William Selvey.

COMPANY E, MEDFORD.

8. JONAS L. SMITH, private, born in Watertown, Mass., Dec. 16, 1831. Mustered in, May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in Co. K, 19th Mass. Inf.

COMPANY F, BOSTON.

9. WILLIAM McDEVITT, private, born in Woburn, Feb. 21, 1843. Mustered in, May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Credited in Mass. Record to Boston. Re-enlisted in Co. K, Mass. Inf.

COMPANY G, CONCORD.

10. PETER J. CORMICK, private, born in Picton, N. S., 1844. Mustered in, July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in Co. G, 5th Mass. Inf.

11. JOSEPH G. DEAN, private, born in Woburn, Jan. 28, 1825. Mustered in, May 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Credited in Mass. Record to Concord. Should be credited to Woburn. Re-enlisted in Co. K, 39th Mass. Inf.

12. JAMES W. GOODWIN, private, born in Chatham, N. B., May 8, 1842. Mustered in, July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in Co. D, 11th Mass. Inf.

13. SAMUEL T. HOOPER, private, born in Athens, Ohio, 1838. Mustered in, July 1, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Omitted in Mass. Record. Re-enlisted in Co. K, 39th Mass. Inf.

14. THOMAS M. HOOPER, private, born in Mountaintop, Ohio, April 13, 1833. Mustered in, July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

15. MASON M. HOVER, private, born in Cambridgeport, Mass., 1840. Mustered in, July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

16. JONATHAN F. JEFFERDS, private, born in Middleboro, Mass., 1840. Mustered in, July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

17. JOSIAH LEATH, JR., private, born in N. Y. city, 1842. Mustered in, July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in Co. F, 32d Mass. Inf.

18. BENJAMIN T. LIVINGSTONE, private, born in New Boston, N. H., Jan. 6, 1827. Mustered in, July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in Co. C, 45th Mass. Inf.

19. JOHN M. MAXFIELD, private, born in Woburn, Feb. 15, 1832. Mustered in, July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Credited in Mass. Record to Concord. Should be credited to Woburn.

20. CHARLES F. MULLIKEN, private, born in Cambridge, 1838. Mustered in, July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Credited in Mass. Record to Concord. Should be credited to Woburn. Re-enlisted in Co. E, 23d Mass. Inf.

21. ROBERT PEMBERTON, private, born in Lubec, Me., June 26, 1835. Mustered in, July 4, 1861. Wounded in left shoulder, at Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in the State Aid rolls. To Thomas H. Hill, Esq., who cordially and earnestly entered into the spirit of this work, as he has ever done where the interests of the soldier are concerned, and who freely gave access to all sources of information in his possession, both in an official and unofficial capacity, the tabulated statement of taxes prepared by him, proving of special value, grateful recognition of assistance rendered, is accorded. To the Library Committee, who generously gave permission to freely examine the many

22. JOHN S. ROGERS, private, born in Harbor Creek, Pa., 1836. Mustered in, July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Re-enlisted in navy.

23. JOHN W. SMITH, private, born in Woburn, Sept. 8, 1837. Mustered in, July 4, 1861. Discharged, July 31, 1861, expiration of service. Credited in Mass. Record to Concord. Should be credited to Woburn. Re-enlisted in navy.

To be continued.

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